SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXII AUGUST, 1922 NO. 2

A Canticle

BY WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY

LOVELY is daytime when the joyful sun goes singing,
Lovely is night with stars and round or sickled moon,
Lovely are trees, forever lovely, whether in winter
Or musical midsummer or when they bud and tassel
Or crown themselves with stormy splendors in the fall.
But, lovelier than night or day or tree in blossom,
Is there no secret infinite loveliness behind?

Beautiful is water, running on rocks in mountains
Or bosoming sunsets where the valley rivers ponder,
Beautiful is ocean with its myriad colors,
Its southern blues and purples, its arctic gray and silver,
Blown into green frost-fretted or wine-dark in the evening.
But still more beautiful than waters calm or cloven,
Than ocean thunder-maned or floored for delicate springtime,
Is there no beauty visible save to our eyes?

Marvellous is the grass, friendly and very clean,
Though intimate with all the dead, the ceaseless dead,
It has great heart and makes the ancient earth forgetful;
It is not troubled by the wind and from the storm
It learns a radiance; all night it wears the dew
And in the morning it is glad with a pure gladness.
More marvellous than dew-strown morning grasses, is there
No brave immortal joyousness that wrought the grass?

Who lifteth in the eastern sky the dark, gold moon?
Who painteth green and purple on the blackbird's throat?
What hand of rapture scattereth sunshine through the rain
And flingeth round the barren boughs of spring returned
Dim fire? Who stencilled with caught breath the moth's wide wing,
And lit the ruby in his eyes? Whose ecstasy
Set silver ripples on the racing thunder-cloud
And flared the walls of storm with terrible dead green?
What dreamer fretted dew upon the flat-leafed corn
And twined in innocence of useless perfect art
The morning-glory with its bubble blue, soon gone?
Was there no hand that braided autumn branches in
Their solemn brede and stained them with a sombre rust?
Was there no love conceived the one-starred, rivered evening,
And dipped in crocus fire the gray horns of the moon?

They say there never was a god men loved but died—
Dead is Astarte, Astoreth is dead, and Baal;

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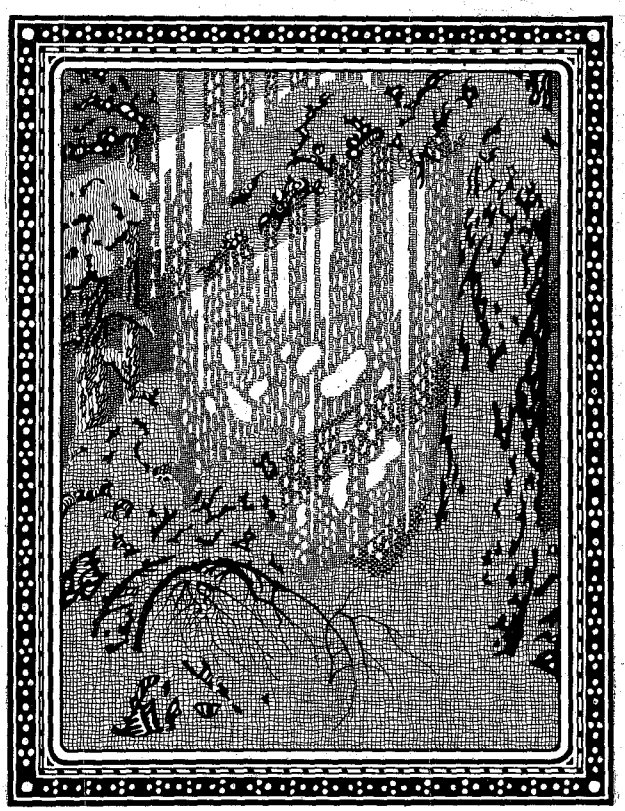
Zeus and Jehovah share a single grave and deep;
Spring comes, but Freia comes not nor Persephone:
On temple plinth and porch the random grasses run,
Of all their priests alone the white-stolled stars are faithful.
Dead are the gods, forever dead! And yet—and yet—
Who lifteth in the eastern sky the dark, gold moon? . . .
There is a loveliness outlasts the temporal gods,
A beauty that when all we know as beautiful
Is gone, will fashion in delight the forms it loves,
In that wide room where all our stars are but a drift
Of glimmering petals down an air from far away.



A Winter Tapestry.

When the firs are overloaded with new snow, a very little gust of wind will start a cascade down through the branches—huge clumps breaking and breaking again, and then across this dazzling curtain the shafts of the morning sun.

—"In an Oregon Wilderness."

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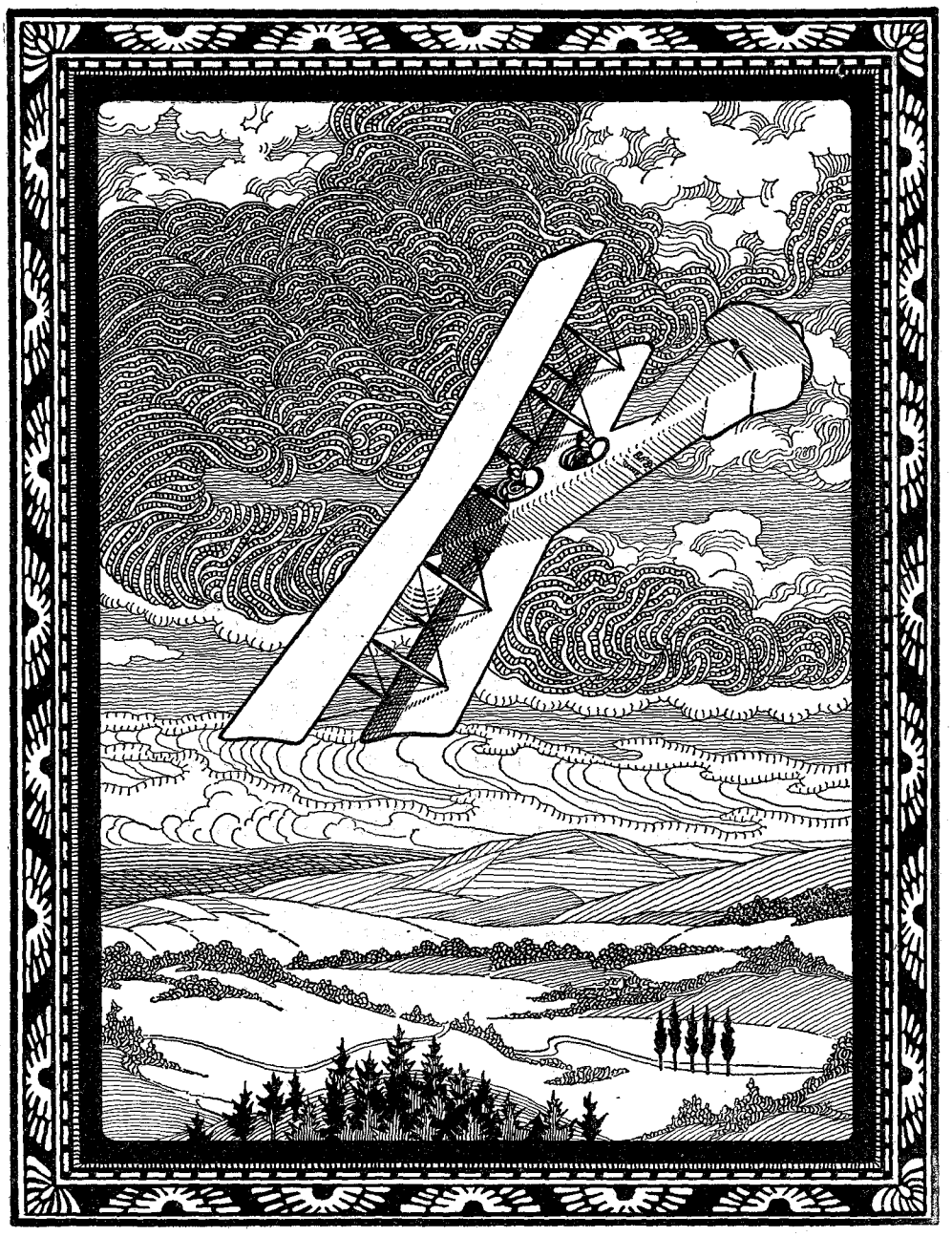
In an Oregon Wilderness

BY ANTHONY EUWER

A SERIES OF SEVEN DRAWINGS, INCLUDING FRONTISPIECE AND THE REPRODUCTION ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE



The Fire Patrol.

Over the mountain ranges and dipping across the fertile valleys is heard the far-off whir of the forest-service fire patrol.

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The Forest-Fires.

A rampage on the mountain—colors leaping swiftly in brilliant tongues of orange, green, and red—smoke-curtains lifting and shifting their purple-grays while the air reeks with pitchy incense—hot drafts roaring and flames hissing; it is the terror that fascinates and yet repels, a spectacle of diabolic splendor.

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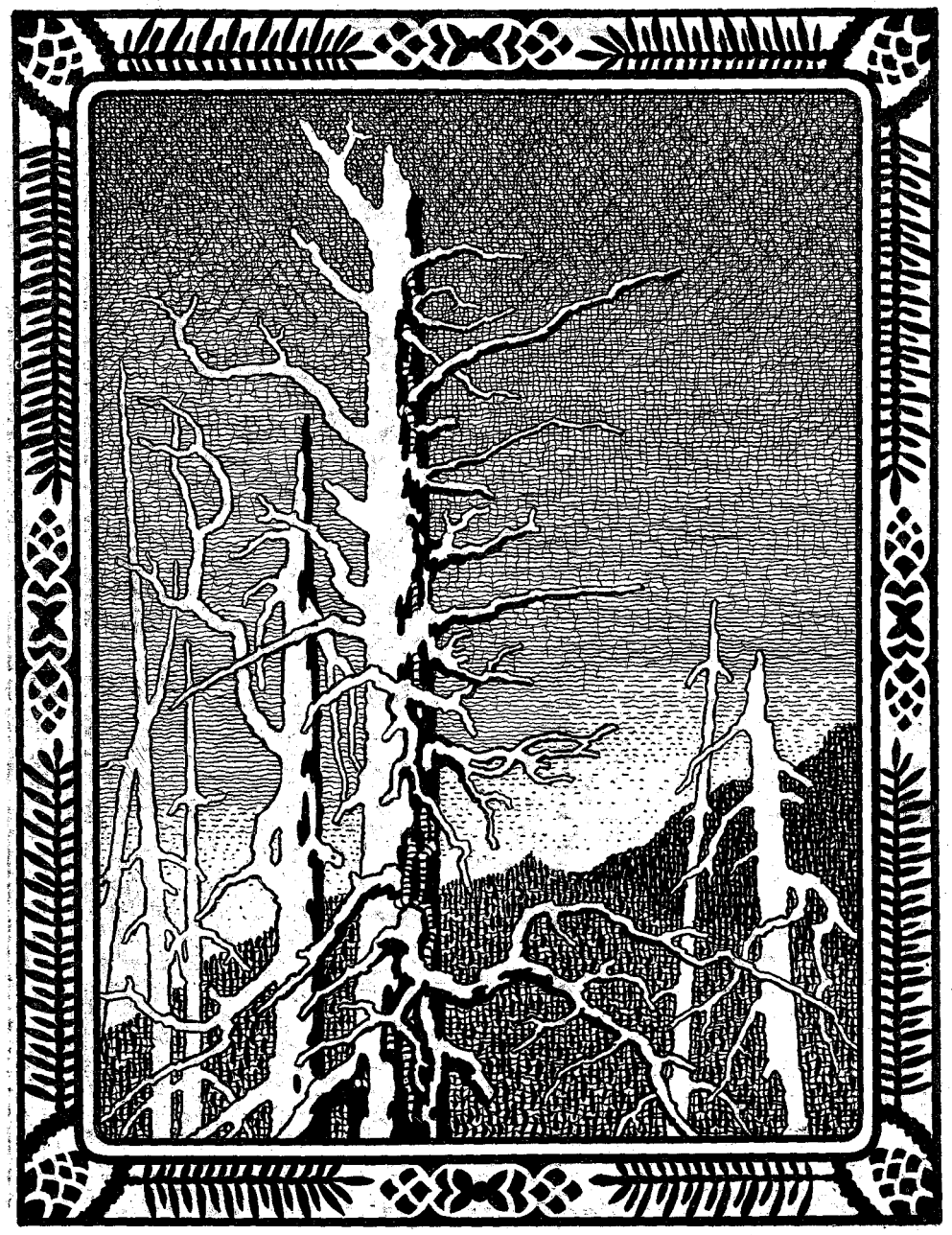

The Ghost Trees.

Decades ago the night-sky was crimson with their light—burned enough to kill but they did not fall. Year by year the bark flaked off and the gaunt skeletons were left—the standing dead—unnumbered leagues of them over the ranges everywhere.

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Sunset in the Canyon.

An Oregon sun knows where to set, drenching all the pines with dragon-gold, tingeing to a still more mellow ivory the waving spikes of squaw-grass, drawing the long cool shadows across the valley—and out there to the west somewhere the great Pacific has turned to a caldron of molten copper.

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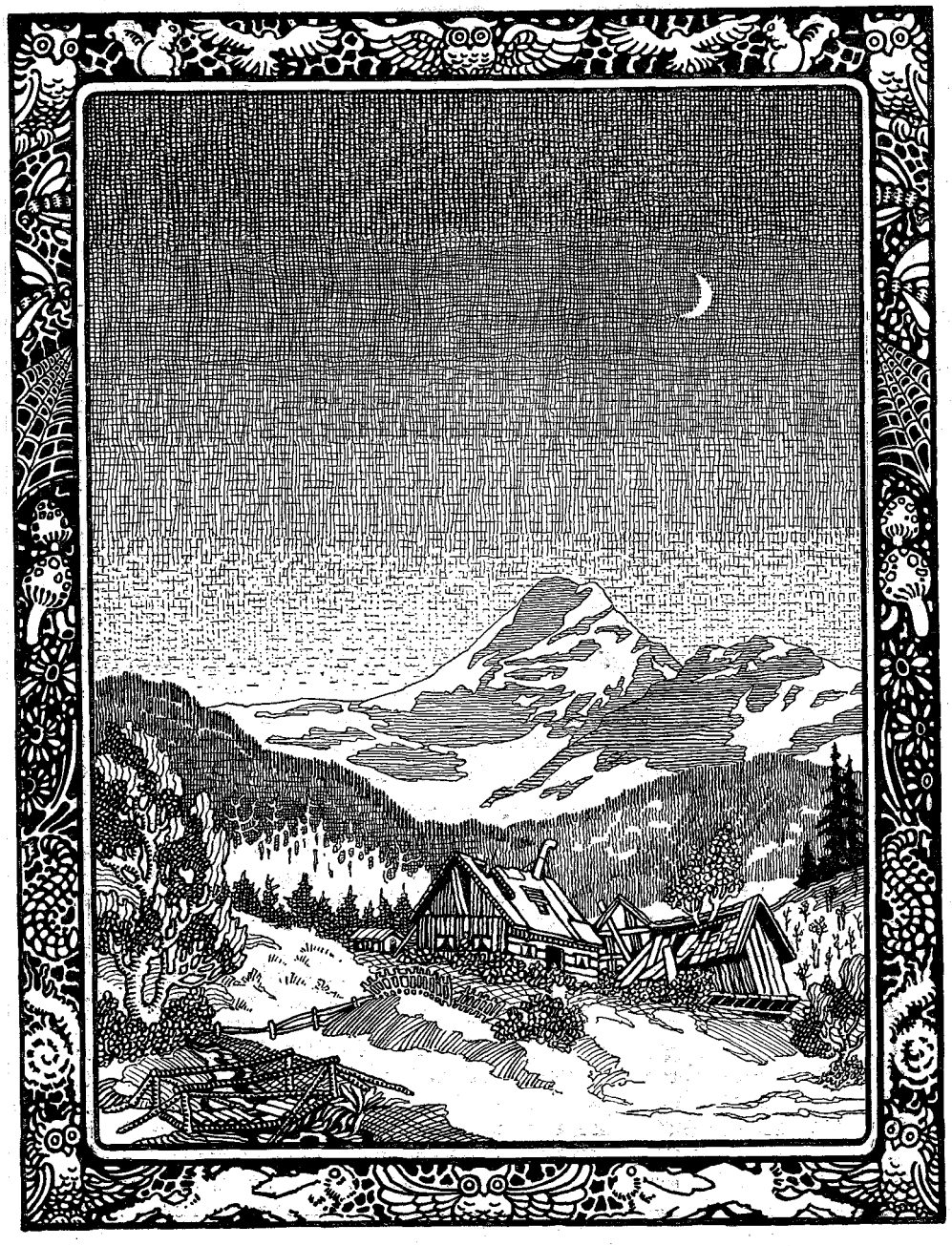

The Abandoned Shack.

It was built in an hour of hope and visioning—on the road to better days. In a few years it was found to be on the wrong road where the earth was not grateful and where the frosts stay late and come early and where the man who keeps on sticking is a fool.

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Prince Tatters

BY MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

THERE is a line in geometry whose name is, I think, a tangent. The affair of this line is to come inevitably out of somewhere very far off, and to keep on and on and on till it strikes, for just one moment, the edge of a circle which has been waiting in space for that moment since the solar system was mush. After the line has kept this momentary cosmic date with the circle it goes straight on and on and on again, and what becomes of it beyond that it is of no manner of use inquiring, for we are not built so that we know what infinity means. Of it nothing is heard again inside our limits. Or seldom. Once in a blue moon of æons the tangent makes a back loop, and touches the lost circle for another instant before finality.

Things may happen that way in a life. It is not new to compare life to a circle. Probably every human with nerves has at times regarded his own little specimen of existence and found it comparable to the round a captive squirrel makes in a cage. No one with a sense of humor ever feels himself or herself at all times aggressive, forward-going, and satisfactory. Youth especially is given to morbid discouragements.

There was a girl whose pretty name was Alixe Sherrill, whose age was twenty-four, whose good looks and charm were undoubted, and whose speech and temperament were of the pleasant country south of Mason and Dixon's line—God's country. This child of fortune on a day ungratefully had a grouch; good fortune is no hindrance to ungratefulness. She sat on the rough log step of the gallery of a camp deep in Canadian woods; a sunshiny lake, like an untouched drink poured in a bowl of jade, stretched away from her; she stared sorrowfully at the laughter of the lake running to hide constantly in vague shores two miles off. A man with a grizzled head and serene face read a trashy novel, sitting in a chair on the gallery; probably scholars and students read such exclusively on vacations.

"Father!" complained Alixe Sherrill.

The man put down his book, and one saw in the movement why his face wore that look of serenity. Long ago he had ordained that self should be deleted from him, and that nothing should ever irritate him. "Yes, my girl."

"Excuse me for interrupting you, father, but it's important."

"Is it, dear? What is it?"

"I feel like a squirrel in a cage, father."

"You do?" He did not even look bewildered. For twenty years, since the child's mother died, he had been used to thinking her thoughts with her. He knew that little thoughts were often quite big. "Like a squirrel," he repeated. "Around and around ad nauseam, it seems. You're not bored with camp, Alixe?"

"No. *No.* Never. It's heaven. I adore the woods; you know it. It's bigger than that, father. It's so hard to say, but I'm all futile, meaningless. I'm not getting anywhere, and I'm getting old. Twenty-four, father." She lifted her head out of her hands and the moody eyes turned inquiringly. Did he think twenty-four was rather old, also?

"Twenty-four," he considered. "And finding your life like a squirrel in a cage. You probably need to take in washing," he reflected, "but that can't be arranged. The alternative might be marrying. Your mother was nineteen."

The girl made a gesture of impatience. "So unmodern," she objected. "Is there nothing for a woman in this age but washing or wedlock? What about painting portraits? Who was it that Rupert Mortimer said was the hope of the year, if the

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year had a hope? That was me, Doctor Sherrill. And you suggest that I take in washing! Shame!"

"Why, then, a squirrel in a cage?"

He was packing his pipe carefully, but threw a brief glance at the boyish figure on the step below him, hands in the pockets of the gray checked sporting trousers. That glance told his experienced eye quite a bit. The look on the face dearest to him was shifting like bits of colored light in a kaleidoscope, like the play of shine and shadow on the Mountain over yonder; this little thought of his girl's was the fluttering tag end of something larger, hidden back in a sensitive, unsatisfied brain. Unsatisfied—that was the trouble; in spite of his infinite devotion, of his living for her, this child who was, after all, a quite separate being from him, wanted something. And he was inadequate to find it for her. A smile slightly grim stirred his lips.

"Do you know what you want, Alixe?"

"Darn it, I don't," she threw back, and laughed. She drew a hand from a manly pocket and pushed back a wave of most feminine hair. "But do you know what I'm suspecting, John Sherrill, M.D.?"

Sherrill shook his head.

"I'm suspecting that I want a tremendous love-affair with an unhappy ending."

"Unhappy?"

"Oh, silly! I can't leave you. I can't. You'd go to rack and ruin. So would I. I can't let go our combination, father, to try an uncertainty. It isn't marrying I want. But—but. I do want to fall in love." She grinned, biting her lower lip and eying him. "I never yet cared a whoop about one of my steadies. You know that. And it's not fair. I'm missing a trick. I'd like to be mad about somebody, somebody to satisfy me to the end of my soul, that's all."

"Oh, that's all."

"Yes, father. And then have him sail away at break of day, and leave me broken-hearted, with a hole in the universe the size of the sun. And I'd be entranced with my sorrow and happy with you ever after. Yet, likely, I'll end by marrying Basil Lynn, and be flourishing and pampered. He *is* a dear, father, Basil is. But yet—oh, I so want my lost love that I've never had. Isn't it queer of me, father?"

The pipe was smoked by now, and Doctor Sherrill took it from his mouth and knocked it upside down on the railing of the gallery. He did not smile. "There is such a thing as a divided or dissociated personality," he considered. "It's not a desirable thing. But I fancy it's more common in mild degrees than is supposed. I fancy that many an exemplary wife and mother of a family keeps hidden away, unforgotten and alive, some romance of the sort you're howling for, some hopeless lost love which seems to her dying day, maybe, the loveliest thing in life. Maybe the central thing in life. And yet she may love her lawful husband properly and devotedly all the time. Odd business, personality; it's not always the neat, compact bundle of qualities it's cracked up to be. Mighty mixed and loose-ended and split up at times. But you're just a spoiled brat," he finished. "You've had nothing but happiness and love all your days, and you don't know what sorrow means. I'll have to pray double-quick that you don't learn, for your blasphemy. I'm convinced now that a week's washing would be the prescription."

"Oh, tut." The girl got up and stood, tall and smiling. "What I need, temporarily, like a month at a sanitarium, is a great and hopeless love. And I can't, for the life of me, love anything I've ever seen."

"You'll get yours," her father answered, nodding darkly. "Meanwhile, paddle me across to the mouth of the Rivière des Perdrix. The shadow of the Mountain is on it, and the trout ought to be jumping. We've time for a half-hour's fishing before dinner."

"Bug-juice, fish-net, paddles, rod; that's all," spoke the girl, kneeling by the canoe at the dock five minutes later. "Maybe my hopeless love is on the way; meantime we'll fish. Step into the bus, doctor."

It was no more than an hour later, and the doctor and the girl sat at dinner—or supper—in the dining-room which had no walls but greenery, which was merely

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a table and a roof, with seats about it, on a point of land. Lake water lapped at pebbles on shores beneath them, and between them and the shores rose joyfully a cluster of mystical black spruce-trees and the silver and clear green of young birches. Across the lake, in glimpses through the spruces and birches, the Mountain was blue in afternoon haze. And a guide said:

"A canoe."

They looked out at the lake and saw it, leading its shining wake to the landing, and three men got out and came winding up the thread of a trail.

"Fire-rangers," explained Camille, the guide. "*Gardes-à-feu.*"

"We want to beg some sugar." It was the first man in the short procession, and he stood under the trees like a young prince just out of a lost battle. His face and hands were black; his clothes hung in rags. The back of his cotton shirt fell from the left shoulder clean to his waist; a handkerchief was tied around a hopeless hiatus at one knee and the trousers were otherwise shredded. For the rest, he was beautiful to look at, for he was six feet and two or three or four inches, and topped with a thickness of brown waves which grew low on his forehead and glittered. His eyes laughed from under long and black curly lashes which seemed half to bury them. He carried himself like a lord or a soldier.

"We want to beg some sugar."

"Beg sugar! Sit down and eat supper," ordered the doctor.

"We aren't fit," protested the first man, and the others came up and stood about laughing at each other, protesting too.

"We've our own provisions, you know, only we're out of sugar," they explained. "We've been down in the burned country, around Lac Carcajou, and our clothes are covered with charcoal, so that it's no use washing—it rubs off instantly again. We did wash our hands just now."

"I think we're a little torn, too," added the leader, glancing over his wrecked shoulder, and with that a general shout went up.

"It doesn't make the faintest difference. Please do as my father says and sit down and have supper," the girl begged them.

"I can't say I don't want to, because I do," stated the leader, and sat down.

The Mountain, across, sent back echoes of laughter in gay, deep young voices, as the three hungry boys put away food with the good appetite of out-of-doors, of exercise, of youth. They talked about little, hidden lakes and blind portages and old Indian trails; they talked about what bay the blazes could be found in, and at what pools in the rivers fish were taken; they talked about their work for the government, watching and fighting the ever-recurring fires of the great forest. One learned that one of them was an engineer, sent in to estimate the extent of the big Carcajou fire; that two were students in McGill University, taking this way of spending the summer in the woods; and then it came out that they were all ex-soldiers. Ex-soldiers, of the heroic Canadian army! The girl stared speechless, stirred. What sights those smiling eyes had seen!

"My brother, my only brother, was fighting with the Canadians," she hurried to say proudly.

"Is that so?" They said it civilly, but so many girls' brothers were over there.

They were reticent; they volunteered little but they answered easily enough when some one asked a question.

"Were you wounded?"

"Wounded? Oh, yes. Everybody was wounded. Perfectly fit now. Cough a bit still. Gassed. I got it at Ypres the first time it was used, and we hadn't any masks."

"You were gassed at Ypres!" Alixe whispered the words.

"Yes. Could I have more butter, please? Don, we didn't get trout like this in our camp, did we? You know, that beggar fell into the river with all the fish—twenty-five of them—for lunch yesterday. So we hadn't any lunch." Homeric laughter greeted the memory.

One fitted them out in the guest-cabin after dinner, and everybody, being sleepy, went early to bed. Yet Alixe lay awake a long time, wide-eyed in the dark, looking, looking at a sudden, splendid vision which had stood with shining hair and tattered garments, smiling from the forest. "It's a trifle silly," reasoned Alixe, "to keep thinking about a stranger. It's merely because he's so remarkably hand-

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"We want to beg some sugar."—Page 140.

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some and I'm an artist. Beauty hits me. It would be the same if he were a girl," she assured herself. And proceeded to recapitulate a Scotch accent. Prince Tatters! whispered Alixe in the dark on top of her good and adequate reasoning, and stayed awake, as many another girl has done, because the taste of living was too good to lose in sleeping.

Next morning the three guests came to breakfast shining and soapy with cleanliness. "I hold my fists away from my clothes so as to keep clean for a bit," announced Don.

The sun and shadow rippled and intersplashed about the white table under the trees; the lake ran up the pebbles in musical eager bucketfuls, as if longing to join the feast; the breeze rustled the mystical spruces, and the gay birches and the ragged, big young chaps with their dramatic past framing them, to the eyes of Alixe, with dim haloes, quite unconscious for their part of any past or any haloes, applied themselves to food. Then, through the morning woods, along the winding brown trail, the five strolled over to the big camp and sat about the gallery, and Alixe and her "Prince Tatters," as if strong magnets had pulled them instantly into place, found themselves together, and shortly did not know if the rest were there or not.

"Do you mind talking about France?"

"Not a bit, if I don't bore you," smiled Prince Tatters. His face was clean this morning; an artist, like Alixe, could not but rejoice in it. Lines! A square jaw, a grim Scotch mouth, sensitive lips! and the amazing color of that brown thatch!

"You see," explained the artist, "I'm awfully interested, because my only brother was fighting with the Canadians before we went in. Wouldn't it be queer if you'd known him. David Sherrill."

The prince shook his head. He certainly wished he had known this girl's brother. "I might," he said doubtfully. "Such a mob of men one met. I can't begin to remember, except the ones I saw a lot of."

"There's one man who met him," Alixe spoke, "whom I'm hoping some time to find. If I do, and if he wants anything I have, or everything, he can have it."

"Risky promise," warned the prince.

"I mean it," Alixe repeated recklessly. "He saved David's life."

"Oh!" the prince agreed. "Of course one would feel a bit under obligations."

The prince was Scotch and Alixe was Southern; likely they meant the same thing, but they phrased it differently. Yet there was no chill in the restraint of the words; Scotch reticence is of that quality; one senses it as a coating of ice over a volcano of fire.

"Under obligations—no! Ready to give him—well—myself if he wanted me—yes." She laughed. Silly way to talk! What impelled her to talk in that extravagant style?

Clear gray eyes considered her gravely from away back under the lashes. "Now that might make some fellow lay claim to another man's record," he stated. "What did the chap do?"

She was only too eager to tell the story, one of a thousand like stories of heroism and self-sacrifice, of magnificent courage served by a quick brain and an iron will and an athlete's body. One of the thousand thousand stories which will be told by our children's children, and by their great-grandchildren while civilization endures, and while a race lives to honor those who saved it. One of the thousand thousand—and more thousands than are ever told will be buried forever in silence.

Alixe told this story of the man who had rescued her brother by the forlornest of forlorn hopes, with her soul throbbing in face and voice. Her mouth twisted and her eyes filled and her voice stopped dead once or twice as she told it, and the man who listened was stirred by her emotion more than by the story. One had heard of so many hairbreadth rescues; one had, of course, been in them; it had seemed rather commonplace over there to run out into hell and pull in a comrade; all one's friends did it; rescuing life was the game. So that the young man hardly listened to what the girl told, so absorbed was he in the way she was telling it.

"You see," she ended, "how I'd want to give everything I have and am, if I could, to the man who did that for David, my brother David."

"Oh, well," protested Prince Tatters. "Come now! The chap did the clean thing, of course, but—oh, well! Not yourself—not as bad as all that, don't you know!"

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And they both laughed out easy young laughter. "The chap may be a bounder, don't you see," protested the prince.

"Bounder! That's blasphemous! He couldn't be anything but"— she choked on her eagerness—"anything but a prince," she flung at him.

"Very good, then, a prince we'll have him, and let it go at that," agreed the boy cheerfully, and somehow, then, she was asking questions about himself.

And he was answering. Never had he told any one so much about himself, about that three years and eight months of horror and adventure and suffering and happiness before he was invalided home, too knocked to pieces to fight any more.

"You see, I picked up eleven wounds in my last battle, on the Somme." He glanced at the other group, and spoke a bit lower. The boys would scorn him for talking about himself. Yet he wanted to, for the first time ever; and she wanted to hear; he knew that, surely, and the knowledge was a manner of warmth and joy to him. "I was an enlisted man, and in the trenches a lot," he went on. "I've always been glad I didn't go as an officer."

"Eleven wounds—one battle!" Alixe repeated it. And then, anxiously: "Are you sure you're all right now?"

"Perfectly," the prince assured her. "One arm's a bit smaller than the other, and weaker, but that's nothing. And this bothers a trifle when I carry a pack." He flung over the bronze head and in the back of his powerful neck was a seam, a furrow of three inches. "Do you mind putting your hand here?" He pushed back the wave of hair on his forehead, and the girl put up her fingers and felt under the skin something hard and loose. "Shrapnel," grinned the boy. "I haven't bothered to have it out."

"Do you know," the girl told him, "I saw you sail. I saw the line of thirty-eight great ships steam down from Quebec, that September day in 1914. We were going back from this camp. And I'll never forget coming through Valcartier two days before and the crowd at the little station, and the soldiers getting on the train. Yes, and their friends leaving them, their mothers and their sweethearts. And the big dining-room that night at the Château Frontenac, full of the saddest dinner-parties I ever saw. Do you know," she went on eagerly, "I thought I was crazy. There was a great fellow in Highland uniform—a Canadian Highlander, I suppose—who got on at Valcartier, and he must have been six feet four—huge. And when we went into the Frontenac there he was; and two minutes later I met him around a corner in a corridor; and one minute later again in another corridor. I kept seeing him every second. I suddenly realized that there was a regiment of him and that they were all six feet four. Giants."

The boy threw back his head and shouted laughter. "Well, not all quite six four," he said. "I'm only six two, and I went over with that lot."

"You did!" It seemed a tremendous coincidence to Alixe. "Maybe I saw you at the Frontenac that day; maybe you were at one of those tragic dinner-parties that night."

"I was."

"But I didn't see you." She shook her head with decision. "I wouldn't have forgotten you."

A swift glow crept from somewhere into the boy's tanned face. Did she mean it? Wouldn't she forget him? Of course he never could forget her, never. But if his everlasting soul hung in the balance he could not say so to her straightly and simply, as she was saying it to him. That iron bar to emotional speech, Scotchness, prevented him, and because of it he was miserable. He sat dumb, staring at her, wishing.

Then suddenly she asked: "Will you let me sew up the shoulder of that shirt?"

Let her? He looked up at her. And in one minute he was sitting, petrified, blissful, while her head bent over him and her fingers touched him and flashed away and came back—yes, again and again and again.

"I don't know how to thank you," he stammered. But indeed he did not need to know how, with the smile he had. But of that he had no knowledge.

"Thank me? *Thank me?* I'm so grateful, so glad I am to do the least thing after all you've done for us. To sew up a man who was gassed at Ypres and wounded on the Somme—I'll brag of it all my life."

And once more the boy had no word at all to say, though he hunted one franti-

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cally. But he could smile. And then that confounded Don—who wasn't talking to her—had suggested going, and they were getting into the canoe at the landing. He waited, making a pretense of arranging their meagre pacquetons, so that the others might say good-by first, so that he might touch her hand last. What a fool a man was to let his heart get like lead and the world grow empty because of leaving a girl he'd never seen till last night, and would never see again!

"Have you gone to sleep?" demanded Don from the bow, and he stood up and shook hands with Doctor Sherrill, and spoke words of thanks, and turned. Her fingers slipped to his with a queer thrill, as if they forever and inevitably belonged there. He could not speak, not even to say "Good-by." But she looked up with eyes that were dim with something she did not trouble to hide.

"Good-by, Prince Tatters," whispered Alixe.

He was paddling furiously with his cracked old paddle down the lake, away—away. About half a mile along suddenly, as if the skies had opened, he had a revelation. That youngster he had stopped for and thrown over his shoulder the day a hundred of them were surrounded by the Germans—that was at Cantigny, that was in the spring of 1917—that was her brother. He knew, the moment he thought of it, without a shadow of doubt. Moreover, hadn't she said that the boy cried out about his photograph case that he'd dropped, and that his rescuer had laid him down carefully and gone back for the case. He did that; he remembered now. Of course any man would have done it; photographs were as valuable as life over there.

But it was a coincidence, and, with other coincidences, was proof. He was the man to whom that girl had said she would give anything—herself—if the man wanted her. A mighty stroke of the cracked paddle slewed the departing canoe around in its tracks and another very nearly headed it back to the camp. There was outcry from the canoe.

"What the hell, man? What are you doing?" Don gazed around from the bow in astonishment.

"Did you forget something?" asked McNairn from amidships.

"Yes, I did. That is," the prince explained, with Scotch exactness, "that is, there's something I've got to say to Miss Sherrill."

Which was greeted with roars of laughter. "Swim back. We're going to make the train," Don suggested, and McNairn commented:

"Hard hit, poor lad, oh, very hard hit!"

And to the prince, turning slowly lobster color, a realization flashed that life was not a fairy story; that he could not possibly imagine rushing back to this only girl of the world, and setting forth to her: "I saved your brother. I am ready to accept your gratitude and yourself." It was out of perspective, that idea. Moreover, she had simply been exaggerating in her graceful way. People do; he could not. Of course, of course she didn't dream of being taken literally. What could he say if he should go back? Slowly, wearily the cracked paddle dipped and pushed water till the bow stood forward again.

"I wonder what made him turn the boat around," spoke Alixe, watching from the camp gallery.

That embalmer of might-have-beens, Time, took this half-day of Alixe Sherrill's life and wrapped it in cobwebs and stored it a little deeper every hour in the chest of perhaps things, where memories are kept also. It never sank so far but the girl's hand could reach in and lift it out and look at it. It seemed always very beautiful to her. Inside the silvery gray fold on fold of cobwebs, in the heart of it, flamed and glowed color—rose and green and purple shifting like an opal, which stayed bright always. Yet the thing was an incident only, and only eighteen hours long at that.

Alixe was married two years later, and the young Basil Lynns went to Montreal on their wedding trip. In a room of the Ritz-Carlton, gay with English chintzes, she was moved to tell her husband about this cobweb-opal memory. The tall and very well-dressed young man smiled.

"Don't you mind?" asked Alixe.

"Not a bit, dearest. Of course, every man who saw you was in love with you. I'm prepared for that."

"But the point is—I was in love with

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

The tangent had touched the circle again and gone on into space.—Page 146.

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him. He left a fearful ache. And he was the first who ever made a dent in me."

"Oh," reflected Basil Lynn.

"I can't help a feeling that it was he who saved David," she went on.

"Did he say so?"

"Say so! Heavens, no!"

"And you told him about David?"

"Yes."

"Then," Lynn settled it, "he didn't. He'd have said so."

"Oh, well—likely," agreed the girl reluctantly. "But I still have a hunch." The caressing voice went on: "You know I love you, Basil?"

"I know it—thank heaven."

"But if I saw my Prince Tatters again how can I tell but that wonderful understanding would happen—but that awful ache would happen when he went?"

Lynn, sitting back in a luxurious stuffed armchair, a picture of prosperous youth, refused to be worried. "It was all environment and picturesqueness, darling; all romance."

"But romance is strong."

"A casual fire-ranger, in rags, dear; and likely it was the rags that made the romance. Probably in citizens clothes he'd be a bounder."

"Stop it!" ordered Alixe. "'Bounder.' He was a glory." She put out her hands to ward off something. "Don't try to kick over my dream, or I won't talk to you about it."

"I won't," promised Lynn contritely. "But, my dearest, what's the good of working yourself up over a dream? It was only a few hours long, and it's gone, and you love me, and you're my wife. What's in the world besides that marvellous fact?"

"Well," set forth Alixe, curling her patent-leathered toes under her on a sofa, "well, things are pleasant, and you're a lamb. But what I want to know is if I may strictly-honorably go on loving a dream to the end of my days and still be quite satisfactory to you as a wife. *I* can do it—somehow I'm built that way; to love the memory of my hero boy in rags forever till I die—my hopeless love. And still adore you as your everyday wife, splendid you, and enjoy my lucky lot. But is it satisfactory to you? I always wanted a hopeless love, Basil; don't grudge it to me."

And Lynn, who had not set out to own all the subtleties of the soul he loved, put his arms around her and whispered: "As long as you don't stop loving me, precious, it's perfectly satisfactory."

And then: "Come along—put on the green hat I like and let's go out and see the procession."

A member of the royal family of England had arrived in Montreal the day before, and the whole beautiful city flew gay with bunting and was jubilant with bands and marching troops. The Lynns stood on the corner of a street which leads down from Sherbrooke Street to St. Catherine's, and the troops, turning here, came close to the curbstone. Alixe gazed up the wide avenue at the endless, elastic lines of marching men; khaki, khaki, and yet more khaki. Till a glint of strong color broke, with splashes of white, with Scotch caps jaunty on lofty heads, with fluttering plaids—the Canadian Highlanders were coming; the pipes droned out their mystical, stirring, restrained, maddening music. Alixe's pulse jumped.

"The 'Ladies from Hell,'" she whispered, and caught her husband's sleeve and thought of what deeds had won that name, and of what hell in very fact these steadfast faces had looked into.

And with that, swiftly, a ragged boy with deep eyes was smiling at her across a table in the woods, and she heard the tones of his voice: "I went over with that lot," he had said. Her breath came fast; how quickly they marched; she could not possibly look at them all. And then suddenly—he was there! At the end of the line, turning now close by her—three feet away. The Scotch cap was a crown on the brown hair, the face and figure were more magnificent even than she remembered. With the sight the warm impetuousness of her soul seized her; the crowd, the marching troops, faded. She tossed out her hands to him, standing alone in all the world—almost her hands touched him, and he turned as if a bullet had struck him in the ranks.

"Prince Tatters—oh, Prince Tatters!" cried Alixe.

His eyes held hers a second with the unfaded memory in them of a little eternal day; he passed. The tangent had touched the circle again and gone on into space.

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Dramatis Personæ

BY DONN BYRNE

IT must be for the thousandth time now he was sitting down at the neat table looking out on the little lawn, and trying to get his ideas together, trying to get something new, something startling, that would awaken these hard-boiled men who had control of theatres, magazines, publishing houses to the sense that he was alive, worth while, valuable. If he could only think up a new detective, or—or something.

Any other than he would have given up the game long ago, but he knew he had talent—he wouldn't go quite so far as to say genius—but great talent. It was no use their turning him down all the time. He was certain they never read the stuff.

He was certain, too, there was some trick, some knack he hadn't discovered. Just some little trick. These men of national, international fame, he could see from their faces they had no especial brains—any more than he had.

But just some little trick he couldn't get.

He had taken courses in writing, gone to schools of journalism, and here were all his manuscripts with neat rejection slips; here was what he thought the great American novel battered and dog-eared, a study of the temptations of a girl in the great city; and here was his crook drama, that some filthy reader had marked with the rim of a coffee-cup. It was enough to make a man quit.

But he wouldn't quit. He'd be as big as the biggest of them. He, too, would have his picture in the papers, not gaunt and bitter as most of them seemed, but pleasant, dignified, literary. And his picture would look like an author's, with its well-marked features, its masculine little mustache, its intellectual glasses. And he, too, would be interviewed. And he, too, would sign contracts involving great sums of money. And there would be gossip about him, too, in the papers, where in Florida he was spending the winter vacation, what he was doing in summer.

He wouldn't quit. Hadn't they all said at school and college he was cut out to be a writer? Hadn't he gone to Europe for six months? And, what was more, hadn't he the money his father, the hardware man, had left him? Hadn't he his home? He could stick it out.

His home! His wife! If instead of these few trees, this lawn, the outlook on the quiet Sound, if instead of here he lived somewhere in the welter of affairs, wouldn't he be better? Somewhere things changed, where one did not have to go three-quarters of an hour in a train to the theatre. Downtown in New York. Only trees and grass and water and sky here. Nothing to write about.

And his wife, Berenice, oh, she was a sweet girl, a nice girl, but—hadn't he perhaps made a mistake? She was so good and wholesome! Too much? Wouldn't it have been better to be married to—to an actress, or a sculptress, or—or something. Some one who could feel things; who wouldn't smile, and be nice. Berenice was all right, but——

And his mother. She was a nice, darling person, but—she didn't just understand. She was just a mother, like anybody's mother. If she could feel the great complex things! But she was just loving, and everything he did was right.

Berenice, and his mother . . . the trees, the water . . . essential barrenness of life . . . nothing to write about . . . so unfair.

I

BECAUSE Barry had hinted it annoyed him to have her in the house while he was trying to write, Berenice had decided to go out for an hour or so, to give the poor lad a chance. And for a few minutes it bothered her to be idling, whereas there were so many little things that needed her attention. A house became so awry. It needed a flick of the hand here and there, a touch to flowers. But the white road,

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and the arching blue-green trees, and the drift of the dogwood—a cloud, not a flower did it seem, so delicately balanced was it in the May air—all these took her eyes, and the immense miracle of spring drew her thoughts from the gracious artifices of the house. How gently, how imperceptibly it came, a little curling wave of the west wind, and the clearly pitched note of an adventuring bird. It was like the moon, spring was; a clear thin line of silver in the gray sky, like the minute green of the waking willow-tree, and it grew . . . under your eyes was its sweet benevolence. And it was hard to go asleep at night, so much was being accomplished, for fear you would miss some phase of the return of beauty. Oh, the little birds so fussy, so intense about their nests. The showers like great sheets of silver; and after each the slim trees were more like pretty ladies, and the great thick trees like pleasant stalwart men. And the flowers came shyly, demurely, just as young girls might come, just as she herself, Berenice, felt, acted, when she was fifteen, and was brought into a strange roomful of people.

And she stopped for an instant at the dark pool where the little turtles were busy, swimming to and fro, a clear-cut fine line on the dusky water, a minute head with crystalline beads of eyes, just showing, and if they thought you were watching them, they dived—a flick and they were gone, and if you saw clearly enough you could notice their flippers waggle slowly as they made for the downy bed of the pool. And some kept fearfully quiet, sitting on stones, or on logs, and at any quick movement you made, they plumped like stones. And the great trees around, so much alive, so patient. She could understand how poets of an older, simpler age saw dryads in them. Pan she could not understand, nor satyrs, but dryads were sib to her, young shy women in garments of apple-green. You could tell a good picture of a tree from a bad one that way—some had dryads in them and some were only wood.

So many thoughts were in her, so keenly did she feel a kinship with the trees, with the singing birds, with the west wind that cleared the air, that she wished she had some one to speak to about it. But a great shyness . . . and perhaps even it couldn't be said in words, perhaps music. Well, hardly even that. She had tried to speak to Barry about it. But Barry had kissed her and thought her a moon-struck kid, as he said. Poor Barry, directors of periodicals were so hard on him; it was dreadful to hurt him that way. Though she confessed the treason with a shock to herself, she found it hard, well-nigh impossible, to read what he wrote. It was hard for her to understand artificial women and noble men. All she knew was nature, and that was not artificial. Nor was it noble, either, she thought; it had just a sweet harmonious kindliness. There could only be nobility where ignominy existed too—and in nature was no ignominy. She wished she knew more about men and women, for Barry's sake, to understand these matters he wrote of, passion and crime. But dramatic passion seemed so needless in her eyes, and crime was so sickly; she just felt a pity for it, a sense that they, poor people, must be crazy to do such things. Oh, she wished she understood—could help him. She remembered over a year ago when a little periodical had decided to print one of his writings, the letter came as the first snowflakes fell. And she could not feel excited with him, because in her heart, beyond her control, was some strange rhythm. The snow, the soft and harmonious snow, and in her head was a picture of nursery days, of pine-trees under a delicate white weight, and old Saint Nicholas, whom little children called Santa Claus, driving through a fleecy world, his red cheeks, his white beard, his reindeer with the silver tinkling bells. And reindeer brought the thought to her of squat hairy Laplanders, fishing solemnly near the Pole, through a little hole they had cut in the ice, while away in the background ambled a great polar bear. A very terrible animal it must be, but one always thought of it as gentle as some big old dog.

Oh, she wished she were a better woman, a woman who had her husband's interests at heart. People said a woman could make a man. She wondered how. And it was said of some that their husbands owed their careers all to them. How? But how? And even if she knew, her terrible shyness. She could be inti-

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mate with dogs, and horses, and solemn, aloof kine. But words didn't come to her somehow. It was such a drawback!

And when he was disappointed, she stood there, dumb as a stone. Nothing would formulate. All she could think of was to lift his hand and kiss it quietly, and oftentimes a tear would come because he was hurt. But she could say nothing that would make things seem easy. All she could think of would be to take him out in the dusky night, and look in silence at the stars. All the immensity of gleaming worlds . . . so scattered, so varied, and not one ugliness. And one felt drawn out of oneself toward the beautiful, terrific heavens, and all the worries and troubles seemed of less consequence than the droning of a bee. A little sum of money lost, a pretty ambition frustrated, a cheap man's jibe, those hurt for a moment, but how little they mattered under the clouds of stars.

And if she could take him out and be silent with him, while the crickets sang and the little frogs croaked their funny dissonant harmony, and earth rolled along eastward under the arching heavens. But maybe he was right—she was only a funny dreaming kid.

She had come to the Sound now, and quiet as a lake the broad stretch of water was before her. And here and there was a steamer, and southward a spluttering tug pulling a line of barges rigged with square auxiliary sails. Her mind leaped forward to eight weeks from then, when the regattas would begin, and from all parts of the Sound, from north of it, Marblehead even, the boats would come with white curving sails to fight for supremacy. Great forty-footers, and the smaller thirties, and the fast P-boats with their immense Bermuda rigs, and little handicap sloops, and catboats manned by boys in bathing-suits, all scurrying, swishing, all in turn jibbing, coming about, jockeying to go over the line with the gun.

And then, too, soon the great blind porpoises would come gambolling, shining like negroes, follow-my-leader. And the bluefish would run. And on the rocks the querulous bird population would screech and chatter. And one would look out for the boats going to New Bedford and to Fall River . . . their calm progress like a steady horse's, and their lights. And the great lumber schooners would come down from Nova Scotia, with their blue-eyed taciturn sailors, to anchor at City Island.

A little quiver underneath her heart reminded her. How should she tell Barry she was going to have a little baby? When should she tell him, and what should she say? She must be careful. She mustn't disturb his work. And would he be happy about it? Or would he—would he—she bit her lips suddenly—would he not be pleased?

II

It seemed to her that it was all one with the coming of the springtime, the budding of the flowers, and the westward wind, the miracle of the baby. One was first one's own sentient self, bending to the wind with the trees, breasting the curling waves of summer, and patiently listening to the song of some ambitious bird, and before you knew how, a little thing had come nestling under your wing. The flowers had made you sister, and the wind protected you, and the grass was careful lest your foot should touch a stone. Whence did it come, the little life that was delicate as the petal of the apple-blossom, soft as a little bird asleep in a nest? In summer one felt it had come over the bending grasses and between the gentle rains, and the robins did it reverence. And in spring it was borne on the first generous delicate wind, and the trees nodded their highest newest boughs. And in autumn the Brown Woman of the Woods brought it, while the little chipmunks stared. In winter it came with a shaft of the loud aggressive sun. However? Wherever? But one moment you were yourself, alone, with only your own problems. And suddenly you had been trusted with something softer than flowers, more precious than diamonds, a little molecule of life itself. Such a trust!

Every woman had a little dream about her child. A woman of the tenements might see in a little parcel of flesh and blood a one-day president of her great republic. And another might see in him a minister of God bearing a light to thousands. And a third would see in a little daughter a voice that would gush forth in

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immense harmony. And some who knew the bitter tooth of want would dream of their children as powerful merchants, with great cars and yachts. Such rosy stories do women think in their heads.

But all Berenice could imagine was the little daughter of fair tresses in her small bed at the close of day, when the short Occidental twilight hovered like a bird, and night came trudging westward with dun feet. Below in their drawing-room people would be assembled for dinner or for the playing of cards, laughter and candle-light, and the glow of an open hearth, and tobacco sending up bluish-gray smoke from little tubes. But Berenice would be alone with the fair child in the dim nursery, putting her to sleep and teaching her the rhyme that is a child's first prayer and, at the same time, a charm against evil spirits; against great bulks in the darkness that make little children scream; against strange gray women who take small humans from the warm beds mothers put them in and whisk them to deep underground burrows where trolls and misshapen demons are, replacing them with wizened ill-natured changelings. Against all the powers of darkness the little prayer was potent:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
And if I die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take!"

And then, reverently:

"Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
Guard the bed that I lie on!"

And when the small eyes were closed and the minute mouth had taken on the sweet smile of sleeping, and the hands had relaxed into white starry flowers, she would steal down-stairs to her guests, to the gracious room where sleek, well-bred women and kindly burly men were gathered to dine in company or to play cards, where the bluish smoke rose in whorls from the white tubes of tobacco, and there was soft candle-light and tinkling glass. And she would feel happy there, secure. There would be no apprehension in her. For above at the four corners of the bed where the minute humanity slept were four figures of great power, four lumbering, grizzled fishermen — Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John!

III

THE old lady watched Berenice walk down the road, pausing for a moment at her beautiful needlework to admire her young daughter-in-law's slim willowy figure, the eager pose of her head, her brown beautifully plaited hair. The apple-green of her dress and the blue-green of the trees—she made such a beautiful picture, and the old lady shook her head and sighed.

And one might imagine the old lady saying: When I was young I was as lissome as that, as pretty, had as eager a head. Time flies and we grow old. Ah, the fine days of young womanhood!

But that was not in her mind at all: she shook her head because she knew the heartaches, the difficulties, the terrors the young girl must go through before she attained to the reward of women: wisdom and peace.

For they all came to that in the latter end, the old lady thought—the girls who started out dancing, and the girls whose eyes were troubled with thought, and the girls deep as deep rivers, and the shallow girls who angled for a honeyed word. And life, like some deft schoolmistress, caught them and taught them and put wisdom in their heads, and in their hearts little modest flowers, like forget-me-nots. And the sad girls learned laughter from little children on the floor, and the wayward ones learned loyalty from trouble, and great emotional currents put depths into the shallow ones. And life seemed so hard, the present so brutal, the future terrible as an army with banners—but one day it was gone. All was past. And in retrospect they seemed so little pain to have had to have learned such a great lesson, to have come to such a sweet place! If one came through it, it was so much worth while.

The hazards one made so much of. Oh! Didn't she know!

It seemed to her as she looked back now very strange that all the little tragedies of her life appeared to have faded and all the happiness intensified, and this was peculiar, for at the time the pain seemed so poignant and the happiness so diverse, so hard to grasp. A night at a theatre, for instance, twenty years ago, and a dinner

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before it, and a supper afterward, how queer one could remember all that, even the tunes the orchestra played, the clothes one wore, what this man said, how this woman looked. And one thought of the night young Barry, below writing, was so near to death, and the utter terror, the tragedy of that time had faded. And one remembered only how pretty he looked, how kind the doctor was, how Mr. Valance, her husband, had put his hand on her shoulder, in his big kindly way.

If young people knew how these things came out, they wouldn't worry so much, but there was no use telling them. They would have to find out for themselves.

She had never been one to admire nature, had the old lady, but one thing she did know, she knew people and she knew life. Berenice was all right, a very fine girl, for all her romantic thoughts, but Barry worried her occasionally. He was so intense about his career in writing. And she felt in her heart that it was not going to be a success. One knew, somehow. For instance this: she could tell whether or not a novice was going to be a great pianist, because she could see him as a master, if he were ever to arrive; his power, his aloofness, his concentration. She could see a merchant. She supposed it was a gift, just feeling what people were.

And her son Barry below, she could not see him. And she wasn't going to tell him, either. Men were queer. They bore grudges, even to their mothers. It was better to let him fight himself out, and be conquered, drop; and then pick himself up, and think it over, and go to something else with a pang, and more wisdom. And month by month the disappointment would pass, until the ramping of his early days was no more to him than a quaint gesture. And years later he would meet some great author for a moment, and be very courteous, a little shy with him. But he would never tell him of the struggle on his own account, never mention a word—ah, she knew, she knew!

Barry would be all right. Only—only he must be broken. All humans must be broken, as Mr. Valance, her husband, had said horses are. And some horses are great race-horses, and some are hacks, and some hunters, and some just simply for use. But all have to be broken. And they are nearly all kind, nearly all good, as human beings are. For nearly all men and women are good, the old lady thought. One had to know their hearts—their appearance, their gestures meant nothing—and their hearts ought to have a chance to grow. And then they would all be good. Those who weren't had had the growth of their hearts stunted somehow. And they weren't to be hated, but pitied, poor things.

If any one, any young person, were to know what her thoughts were, the old lady smiled, he would say she had known no trouble in life, was shallow, did not understand the tragedy of things.

Well, she had had her share of life; her troubles as well as the rest of them. She had been a very sensitive girl. When she married Mr. Valance, her husband, she had hardly known him—for such was the custom in her day, that he should satisfy her parents of his affection rather than herself—and when the day came to leave her father and mother and her four brothers and her sisters, to leave the house she had known since she was born, to leave her own virginal room, and go away with a strange, terrifying, fascinating man—why it was like jumping into the sea without knowing how to swim. In those days young girls did not know, were scared. And yet everything had been all right. She loved Mr. Valance, her husband. No two could ever have been so close as she and he. And she smiled at the terror of her leaving the home.

And before Barry was born—oh, the ghastly nights, the ghastly, ghastly nights, of lying awake and fearing, fearing, and the hideous unimaginable dreams, and the birth itself, the surge of pain like some cruel driving knife, and strength ebbing in a fast flood! And came kind unconsciousness, and when she woke there was a sort of white peace in her, and the little dark-haired boy, by some beneficent magic, was on the broad nurse's lap. And the strange miracle of how she had forgotten all the pain so soon, how little it seemed, how natural. And how ready she would have been again. A little daughter, she had thought, how nice it would have been! But it wasn't to have been.

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And when Mr. Valance, her husband, had died, for her had come, she thought, the end of the world. Yet now all she could remember was the peace and trust in his quiet face, when all had gone. And into the room where she was alone with him there came the quiet message that all was well. And the hearts of people were so warm. The doctor himself, who had seen so many die one would have thought he would have become callous, was so unaffectedly kind. Even people one had thought were enemies, or not enemies but just careless of one, showed a warmth, an understanding.

And she had thought it impossible for her ever to be on the world alone; but somewhence strength had come to her, and poise, and all the fears she had when Mr. Valance, her husband, was alive, were dead now, she a widow. Lonely and down in grief at times, but afraid, never!

And she thought to herself, with a queer little smile, of the times when in the dark of the night, by the eerie Long Island waters, she had gone out, crying in a little misery, praying, wishing that Mr. Valance, her husband, would appear to her, that she might once more hear the beloved voice, sense the big dignity, perhaps feel the kindly hand upon her shoulder. But she waited in vain. Nothing came to her cries, her prayers, her wishes. But when she came in again, she felt she had emptied her heart of longing and loneliness, and all the familiar furnishings of her rooms spoke to her tactfully and friendly.

She smiled, because now she recognized, however she did it she did not know, that what she wanted could not possibly be granted. Just for her alone an exception could not be made against the seemingly cruel, tremendously wise law that the dead should be silent. Everything was so wise, so ordered. And if one were to know exactly, the merchant would leave his shop, the sempstress her embroidery, the workman his lathe. So it was kept a curtain of mystery, with a little hedge of terror before it.

All was well. Life and death, all in good hands.

She had often thought to herself, sitting there, as an old person might, that things did not seem as well as they were in her young days. But on second thoughts she discovered they were just the same. Life was a constant, as Mr. Valance, her husband, used to say of things. Oftentimes while she sat in a corner and heard young people talk, she was amused, for they seemed to think she knew nothing of modern life. And life could not be modern or ancient. Life was a constant, as Mr. Valance, her husband, used to say. They had only manufactured new terms, discovered new angles. She smiled as she thought of their talks of psychoanalysis; of how one was very complex; and how one must get rid of obsessions by discovering them and talking about them to a specialist. One did the same in her day. One called the obsessions troubles, and on one's knees one poured one's heart out to God. And their talk of psychic things, why, when she was a grown woman, didn't they have the queer Eddys in Vermont, and that strange Russian woman, Madame Blavatsky, and Home, the medium, who floated through a window, feet first. And she was sure that when she was young there were just as intricate card games as bridge. And their talk of Socialism and man's rights! Did they forget that Lincoln freed the slaves? Ah, the young!

She remembered a man saying, an old man, that what was wrong with the new generation was this: they left nothing to God. They wanted to do everything their own way. Fifty years ago, he said, every one was cognizant of God.

But were they, pondered the old lady. Yes, they went to church. But didn't they go just because one went, as nowadays one goes to the movies? A habit. And did the rounded sentences of the ministers mean anything to the young? No. And the hymns, they were just melodies. One sang them, as young boys sang college songs. It was only when one was grown, man or woman tall, and the great wolves of the world harried one, harried until one could sense their white teeth, their red slavering mouths, and there was a blank wall and no escape—it was only then one felt the Immense Hand. And rarely afterward did one ever speak of it. It seemed like a strange secret order, being initiated to God. She was sure that it was like that to-day, as it was fifty

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years ago, as it must ever have been, as it must ever be.

Looking up from her sewing an instant she saw Berenice coming toward the house. It must be later than she thought. It must be lunch-time. They must make Barry, poor boy, stop now. Brain-work was so fatiguing and he shouldn't overdo it.

She paused for a breath, watching the brown head, the apple-green dress. She knew the girl's secret, though Berenice had never said anything, hinted at all about a baby. But the little exalted look in the eyes——

"I must say a prayer to-night," thought the old lady.

. . . . . .

He got up from the desk. No! it was no use. Nothing would come to-day. Another fruitless morning. If he could only find the trick those fellows had!

Yes, but they all had something to write about, and he had nothing: this wretched urban setting, this calm uninteresting Sound. And he knew nobody. There was no encouragement, no inspiration. His mother, dear old lady, she knew nothing, could tell him nothing. And his wife—she was a dear girl, and he loved her, but— Oh, there was nothing to write about; no drama; no people of drama.

The Ghost on the Wire

BY ROBERT P. LOWRY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GORDON STEVENSON

A NEWSPAPER office is the last place in the world where one would expect to see a ghost, except, perhaps, the traditional spectre that walks on pay-day. But the ghost in this narrative had nothing to do with salaries, and it came into the *Torch* office over the wire during the busiest part of the night, a little before the first edition was going to press.

When an A. P. flash, announcing that a cloudburst had broken the dam two miles above Largen and wiped out the town, reached the *Torch* late one April afternoon in 1921, the first thing Howard Henry, the managing editor, did was to locate the town on the map, the second was to look up trains for Barlow, the nearest junction point, and the third was to pry Bill O'Brien loose from his typewriter and send him in a taxi to the ferry to catch the 6.30 on the D. L. & W.

No one knew better than Henry that O'Brien would almost certainly not arrive in Largen until some time the next day, but there was a gambler's chance that he might make it by midnight and, in any case, he would be there in good time for the second-day story. Largen was one hundred and fifty miles away, and the branch line from Barlow, according to a later despatch, was out of commission and would remain so until three bridges had been repaired. The state road between Barlow and Largen, which also followed the narrow valley of the creek, was likewise impassable, and the only way into the town was by a fifty-mile détour over the hills. There was one consolation: Largen was still in touch with the outside world by wire.

Henry next sought out Holden, the telegraph editor.

"Have we a correspondent at Largen?" he asked.

"Yes; R. F. Johnson. I have just wired him."

"I don't remember him. Did he ever send us a query?"

"Not in my time. Fat chance we have of getting anything from him to-night. You remember the bird we telegraphed to at the time of the Austin flood who

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came back with the famous: 'All is confusion. Cannot get story.' "

"Well, we'll just have to depend on the grace of God and the A. P. But think what a good man in Largen to-night could do with the story. Just think of it!"

Two hours later, Henry, returning from dinner, was hailed by Holden as he passed the telegraph desk.

"Would you ever have guessed it?" he began. "That hick at Largen has got our wire and will start filing in an hour."

"Good! Here's what we will do: turn over everything to Thurston, all the A. P. and the specials from Barlow and this gink's stuff. He can knock together something that will, at least, resemble a story. I'll speak to Thurston now."

With the despatch from Largen in his hand, Thurston burst into Henry's room and threw the sheets on his desk.

"What in hell's bells do you expect me to do with this?" he inquired.

"No doubt it is pretty bad," Henry returned soothingly, for no one knew better than he how temperamentally akin are rewrite men and opera stars. "But there must be something you can use and with the A. P. and the other——"

"Bad! Did you say bad? Why, you poor downtrodden proletariat, this is the best story I have ever read. You might as well tell me to rewrite 'The Sermon on the Mount.' I tell you this is a lallapolulu humdinger. If I could write one story like this, I would be willing to quit for good. I have just one piece of advice to you: Don't let any smart desk man change a line of it. Here, read it yourself and say your prayers." And Thurston left the room as abruptly as he had entered.

Henry glanced at the first page, gasped in wonder, and then went back to the date line and started reading through the whole thing very slowly. Before he reached the end his hands shook so that he had to put the pages on his desk and bend over them.

The story was a masterpiece of newspaper reporting. Very simply, yet powerfully, it etched the whole terrific scene. The tragic suddenness with which the waters swept down on the town. The bald-headed Paul Revere in a flivver who rushed through the streets and saved hundreds by his warning shouts, and, heedless of himself, kept on until the waters closed over him and his faithful Lizzie. The heroism of the telephone "girl" who forgot her own three children and stayed at her switchboard until the wires went dead and the water rose to her knees. The pitiful corpses of children swirling amidst wash-tubs and horsehair sofas. The plight of the fugitives on the hills, where families were miraculously reunited. How a two-months-old baby, the sole survivor of a family, was rescued from the top of a small tree. How an Airedale saved another baby. The terror, the misery, the sardonic humor of the whole thing were brought out with wonderful wealth of detail and yet it was all synchronized as if the writer had had months to collect and sift his material.

After he had finished, Henry sat staring at the signature, "R. F. Johnson," and slowly shook his head.

"No, Mr. Johnson," he said aloud, "you may be a fine little fellow and well thought of in your late-lamented home town, but you never in the world wrote this story."

Henry knew that only one man could have written the story from Largen. He recognized the style in the first three lines and the rest confirmed his view in a dozen ways, little tricks of phrasing, the use of certain words, the sentence structure, even the rare mistakes. He knew it as an art critic knows an unsigned painting by a master, or a youth knows the handwriting of his best girl. But the man who had written the Largen story had been dead for three years. It was amazing. It was unbelievable.

The managing editor gritted his teeth and pulled himself together, sent the despatch to the composing-room, and himself wrote the eight column lines for the first page. Then he turned to the great pile of proofs which had been accumulating during the evening. Outside in the big city room telephones were ringing, typewriters clicking, men calling for copy boys. Everything was as it had been the night before and the night before that.

Half an hour later Holden waddled in waving some proofs in a fat hand.

"I turned over the Largen story to Thurston without even glancing at it," he

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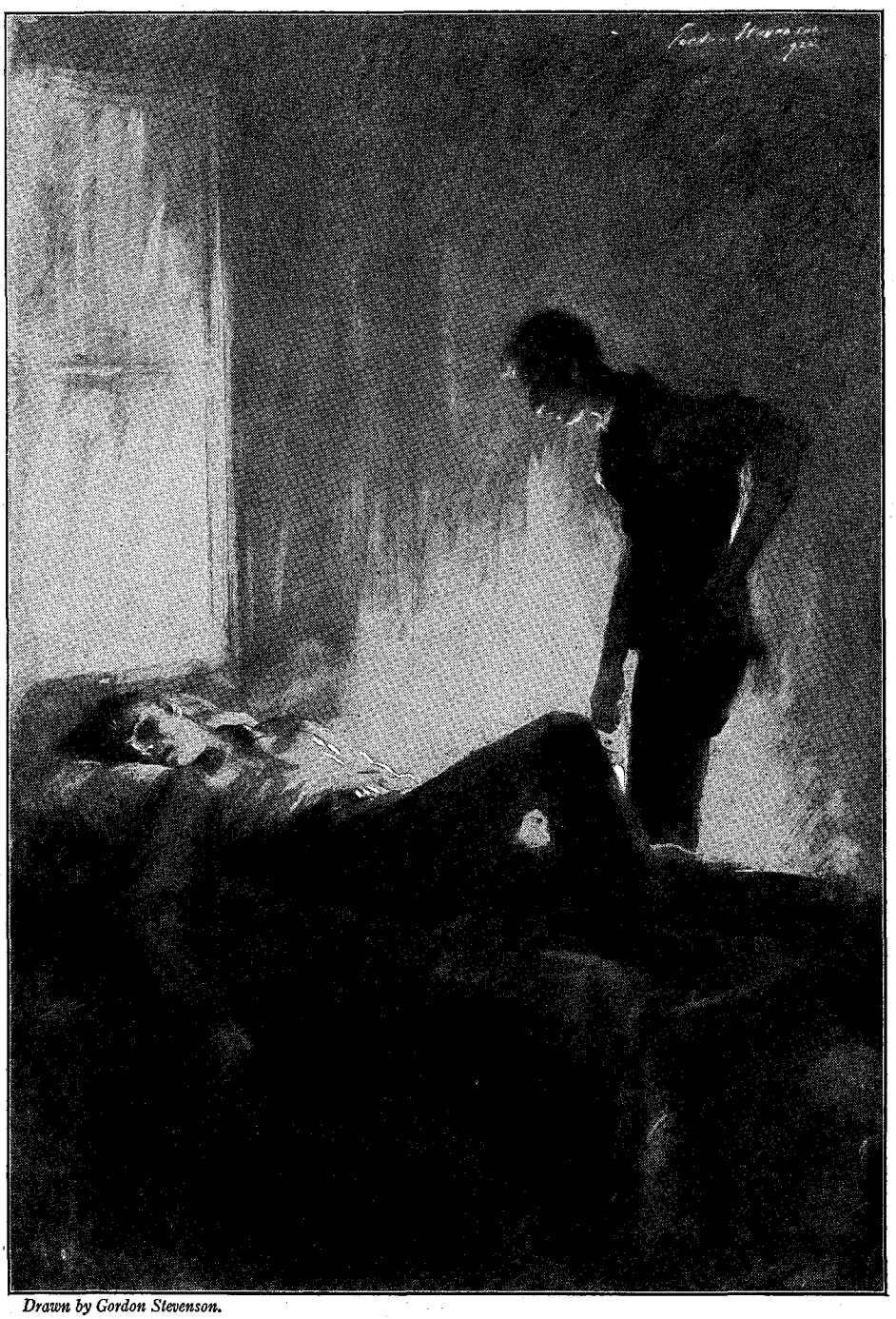

Drawn by Gordon Stevenson.

"'Long about midnight . . . I took him up-stairs where we have a cot."—Page 157.

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said excitedly, "but it has just come down in the proofs and it's given me the willies for fair. I'd be willing to swear that no one but Jim Benson could have written that story. It's exactly like his stuff, word for word. Did it strike you that way? Why, if you only read the bit about the man in the Ford or the rescue of the kid by the dog, you would know that it was Jim by all the gods. The angels at Mons have nothing on this."

"Jim Benson did write the story," Henry replied casually.

"But, boss, he couldn't; you know he couldn't. Killed in France in the spring of 1918 and buried in Yonkers four weeks ago last Sunday with all the old gang there! Why, you have the papers found on his body right there in your desk. You showed them to me within a year. And his name's on the tablet in the front office with a star opposite."

"I tell you, once for all, Jim Benson wrote the Largen story. Don't ask me how he did it, but he did do it. I didn't go through Princeton with Jim and live with him and work with him all these years and not know his stuff when I see it. I'm off for Largen the first thing in the morning and I'm going to get to the bottom of this thing. There's a train at six and I'm going home now and get a little sleep."

"One thing sure," muttered Holden, as he plucked an A. P. despatch from under the proofs in his hand, "that fellow Johnson didn't write the story, whoever else did. Look here."

It was a list of the identified dead at Largen and the third name was "Robert F. Johnson, editor, *Largen Weekly News*."

Bill O'Brien was astounded to run into Henry the next afternoon as he picked his way along the wrecked Main Street of Largen, but the managing editor did nothing to enlighten him except to ask the way to the telegraph office. It was in the station, and as the railroad bed is some twenty-five feet above the main part of the town, the station had escaped the flood.

Inside there were half a dozen keys clicking away for dear life, while a number of young gentlemen of the press sat at a near-by table grinding out copy by hand and protesting vigorously at the necessity for so doing. Henry approached an operator.

"Will you tell me where I can find the man who was sending last night?" he asked, and the man waved his free hand toward a lanky figure in an armchair which was tilted far back against the wall. The gentleman in question was smoking a new corn-cob pipe with an air of infinite leisure.

"I am looking for the man who filed the despatch to the *Torch* from here last night. Can you tell me where he is?" Henry asked him.

"And who are you?" the lounging telegrapher drawled back at him.

"Howard Henry, managing editor of the *Torch*."

The telegrapher brought his chair down on all fours with a bang and stared intently at Henry.

"Holy mackerel! I just knew I'd get in wrong with that despatch. I ought never to have sent it, but he kept saying it was all right. I was a fool to do it, I know. Honest, I didn't mean——"

"Don't worry about that part," Henry broke in. "The *Torch* appreciates your good work and here is a twenty that says so. Everything is all right except I must get hold of the chap who filed the story. It is a personal matter. He's my oldest friend."

"Mighty white of you, Mr. Henry. I sure can use this. You know, it was queer all the way through. Of course, everything was all to hell and gone here last night. Then, when your message come, I didn't know what in the world to do about it. I couldn't deliver it because I'd just helped carry Bob Johnson's body into the shed along the tracks there. I was just about to send back word that Johnson was dead, when along come a guy by the name of Jenkins who has been baggageman here for two years. He was soppin' wet to the waist and all het up with excitement. He kept sayin' it was the greatest story ever and he must get a wire right into the *Torch* office. That reminded me of the telegram and I showed it to him. 'This simplifies matters,' he said and wrote an answer and signed Johnson's name. I know I oughtn't to 've sent it, but he had me all sort of worked

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up and all the time he kept sayin' to himself somethin' about beatin' the whole country.

"The next thing he did was to grab the old Remington over there and start writin' like he'd been a stenog all his life, only he didn't use but two fingers. Pretty soon he ripped a page out of the machine. 'Here's a start,' he said. As soon as I got the *Torch* I began, but by that time he had three pages written. You'd never have thought he could 've done it. Why, if I hadn't been right in the thing myself what he wrote would 've made me see it. We kept it up for three hours and as fast as I got through one page he had another all ready and waiting for me. And you can tell that smart Aleck in your office that as soon as I get time I'll take a trip down to the big town and wipe up the place with him. Just because I don't know all the code there is and can't send like a steam-engine, there was no call for him to get personal.

"Well, when Jenkins finished, he seemed like to go all to pieces and fell right asleep in his chair. 'Long about midnight he half woke up and I took him up-stairs where we have a cot. This morning, when I went to look for him he was gone and I ain't seen him since. Reckon he's around here somewhere. If I see him I'll tell him you're lookin' for him."

"One other thing," Henry asked. "Will you describe Jenkins?"

"Tall and rather broad across the shoulders, light hair, gray eyes, and a scar across the bridge of his nose."

"I thought so," Henry commented.

As he finished speaking, Bill O'Brien hurled himself into the room, and Henry, for the first time in their long association, had the rare privilege of seeing him thoroughly rattled.

"Chief, this thing has sure got me," he whispered hoarsely, and glancing behind him with every other word as if he expected something to come in the door. "I thought I was hard-boiled after two years of war. But I'm going bugs. I've just seen Jim Benson walking along the street—Jim—and we buried him in Yonkers. You were there." And he paused to mop his forehead. "It's all your fault, chief, sending me off in such a rush. If you had only given me time to stop and get some good stuff from my regular bootlegger, it would never have happened," he added.

"Bill, I'm certain of only one thing. Jim is alive. He sent in a story from here last night that was a wonder. I came up to-day to get hold of him and take him back to town. I suspect he may be in pretty bad shape. So if you see him again, be careful what you say. Which way was he going?"

"Down by the creek where the main part of the town *was*."

"All right, now for it." And Henry started down Main Street. A block or so from the creek in the section where masses of wreckage had taken the place of houses and stores a rope had been stretched across the street and all the townsfolk who were alive and not engaged in mopping up, together with a sprinkling of farmers and their families from the surrounding country, were surging against it. Henry squeezed himself through to the rope, presented his city-police card to the state policeman on the other side, and was allowed to proceed.

Then, before he realized it, he came on Jim Benson. Jim was sitting on a log watching the men at work. Henry could not see his face. He did not need to. One glance at that sturdy back was sufficient. Henry wanted to rush forward and slap the back of the ragged brown flannel shirt Jim was wearing. But his shaking knees refused for the moment to carry him forward and a sudden fear surged over him. True, it was Jim's body, but was Jim still the man he had known all these years?

Henry advanced slowly until he stood directly behind the man on the log. After a time Benson placed a cigarette between his lips and then searched in vain for a match. He half turned to Henry and held up his right hand. "Could you let me have a match?" he asked.

Apparently intent on the workers, Henry held out a box of matches in his left hand. In the act of taking them, Benson caught sight of the gold football ring on the little finger of Henry's hand. His eye travelled swiftly up the arm and took in the man himself. Benson jumped to his feet like a shot.

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"Hen, old Hen," he quavered.

Henry jumped violently. There was no pretense about it. The sound of Benson's voice did the business.

"Why, it's Jim," he said joyfully, reaching for his friend's hand. "I came up here on purpose to see you and I've been looking all over the place for you. That was a bully story you wrote. We licked the country with it."

Henry looked straight into the familiar gray eyes. There was no madness there, but his friend's face was drawn, his body gaunt, and his hand shook like that of a drug fiend. Suddenly Benson reached over and caught Henry by the shoulder.

"Hen, I'm done," he broke out. "It's no use. I can't ever write another word. Last night was just a flash, but I can't repeat. To-day I can't even think. I've been trying for hours and hours to collect a story for to-morrow, but I can't. My God! I tell you I can't." His voice broke and he turned away to hide the tears in his eyes.

Henry patted him on the back.

"Easy there, old man," he soothed. "Never mind about the story. Bill O'Brien is up here and will attend to that. You and I are going back to town to-night. Your old room is all ready for you at the apartment. Your books and papers are there just as they were the day you went away. And old Koto this minute is grinning with delight and brushing and pressing your clothes; all but the suit I have in the bag up in the car I came over from Barlow in. There's a farmhouse up on the hill where you can have a bath and a shave and change your clothes. Come along," he pleaded, taking his friend's arm.

But Jim Benson pulled away fiercely.

"Hen, I can't," he said sadly. "I'm not going back to the *Torch* and have everybody feeling sorry for me because I've lost my grip, and saying how nice it is for the *Torch* to take care of me, and what a lucky thing it is that I've got you to see that it does it. Can't you see yourself how it will be? I've got a job here. That is, I suppose I still have a job, and here I'm going to stay. Now that we've settled this, tell me one thing: Am I supposed to be living or dead? This may sound queer, but I want to know and don't be afraid that it will drive me dotty to tell me right out."

"Very well, if you insist. You were reported killed in action and a body identified as yours was brought back from France. We gave you a bang-up funeral. It is too bad you couldn't have been there and seen it for yourself. It was easily worth the car-fare just to see fat old Holden in the uniform of the Nutley Home Guards."

Jim Benson laughed the old ringing laugh of freshman days.

"To think of you putting away that Heinie like that," he said. "Here's what happened: I got hit in the leg with a machine-gun bullet as we were advancing through a forest. I was lying there waiting for stretcher-bearers, when along came a German about my size and stripped off my uniform, shoes, and identification tag. He took off his own uniform and put on mine and left me there in my undies, mighty glad he hadn't taken a notion to put a bullet from his automatic through me. A little later the Huns started shelling the wood like mad, and the last thing I remembered was a sound as if ten thousand Jack Johnsons were going off right under me.

"I woke up in a hospital pretty badly bunged up, and when they asked me my name, I did not pay any attention to them, for, to save my life, I could not recall it myself. After a time they gave up trying to find out who I was, and I never bothered to tell them on my own account when I remembered. A little later I was put on a hospital ship and sent to Fox Hills when we landed. I was in bed there for months until my leg got better and I managed to walk a bit with a stick. You would naturally suppose that in all this time I might have sent you a line, you being the nearest thing to a family I own, but it was utterly beyond me. The very sight of a paper made me shake all over, and every time I thought of coming back here to work I started to sweat, and I knew damned well if you ever found out about me I would get no peace until I was back in harness.

"Then, one day I took a sudden notion I would come over and see you. So I borrowed a quarter from the man in the next bed; for being without a name,

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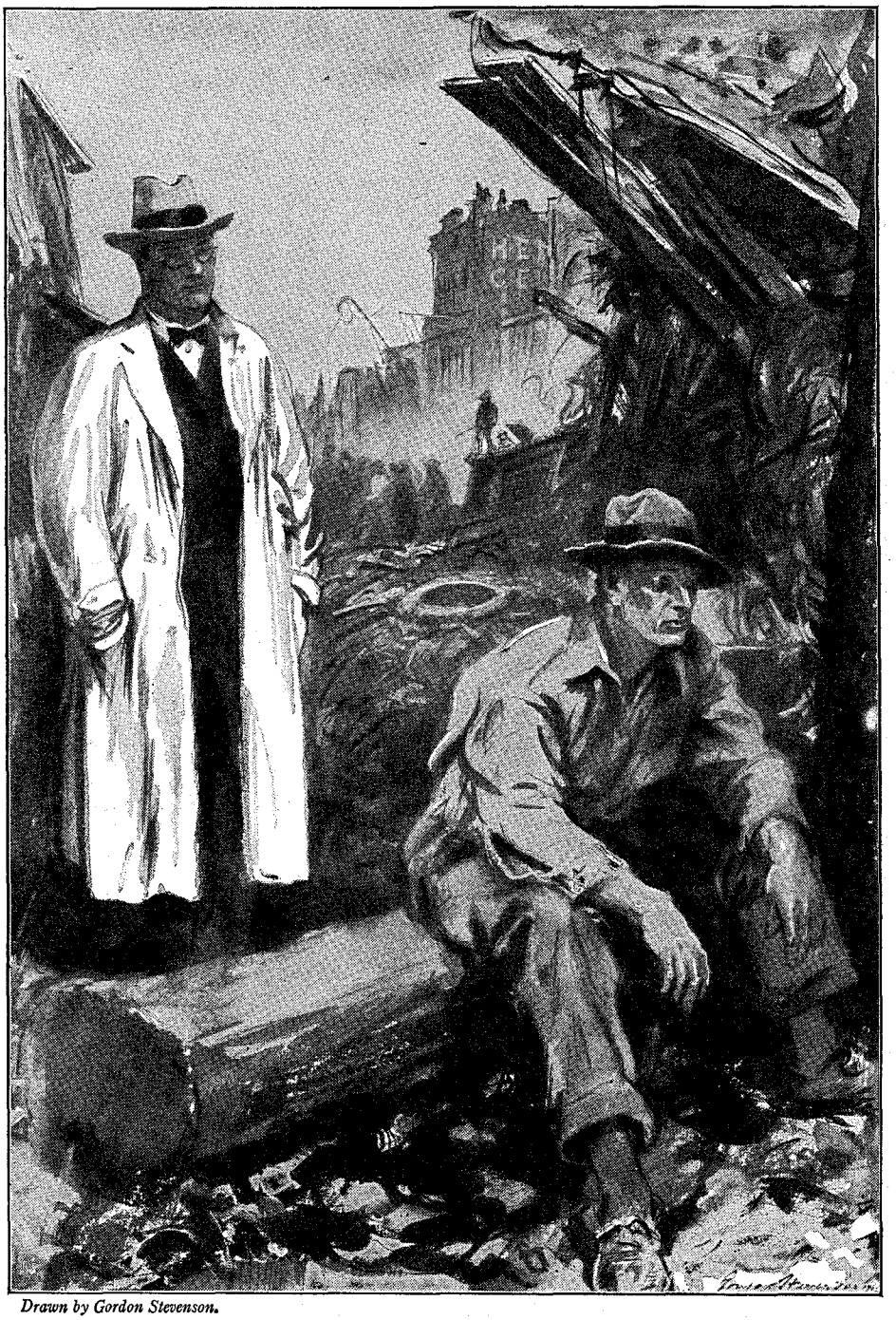

Drawn by Gordon Stevenson.

Henry advanced slowly until he stood directly behind the man on the log.—Page 157.

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needless to say, I was without funds. I took the elevated up from South Ferry, but crossing City Hall Park my nerve failed me and I sat on a bench for hours staring up at the *Torch*. At last, when it came dusk, I walked into the old place, but I never got past the bronze tablet in the front office. I saw there was a star after my name and I realized at once that the German who stole my clothes and things had been killed. All this time my deadly fear of coming back to work was getting stronger and stronger. Now, I saw my chance. I would simply stay dead. I hurried out of the place in a panic lest some one should recognize me and you would find out about it and grab me. I also decided that I had had enough of that hospital and I made for West Street. Suddenly I realized that I did not have a cent left and I asked a perfectly scrumptious girl in black for money to get across the river. As she searched in her bag, I noticed a tiny gold star pinned to her waist and that her eyes were full of tears. She thrust a bill into my hand without a word and hurried away. I saw it was a ten and called to her and started hobbling after her, but she only went faster. Hen, I'm going to find that girl if it takes ten years and pay her back and thank her. I wake up in the night thinking about her and wondering whether she is in trouble and needs help. I bought a ticket for Barlow, where I spent a week once working on the Trench murder. After a week I came on here, and the station-agent, who lost a boy in France, gave me a job baggage smashing. You ought to see me juggling trunks. It's a good act and would easily be worth a try-out at the Palace.

"Then, yesterday, came the flood, and for a few hours I was a newspaper man again. I didn't want to write the story. I had to. I couldn't let the old *Torch* miss such a chance to put one over. I came through yesterday, but I can't repeat and I don't intend to go back and be a pensioner. And, Hen, you won't give me away, will you? You won't tell anybody that I'm up here—that I'm still alive."

"No, Jim, I won't tell," said Henry. "Your secret is safe with me, and if Bill O'Brien has found out anything about you, I'll see to it that he keeps it quiet. Of course I'll miss not having you back at the old apartment with me. It has been lonely since you went away, but perhaps you are right about staying up here. It is certainly a nice quiet place, or it will be when they get the town rebuilt. Some day they will make you station-master and superintendent of the Baptist Sunday-school. I only wish I had such a place to spend my old age in."

Benson winced at the reference to old age, but he said nothing and Henry continued:

"Jim, your old top-sergeant, Finnegan, came in to see me when he got back from France. He told me about the day you were wounded and how you tied your first-aid bandage around your leg and tried to go ahead and cried with rage when you kept falling down, until you lost so much blood you were too weak to stand. And I told him about the Yale game when you played through the last quarter with a broken collar-bone and fainted on the way to the showers. Of course people as they grow older become more sensible. They realize when they can't do a thing and just let it go at that, but it's taken you some time to get that way, hasn't it?"

Henry paused, as if he had not intended the question to be merely rhetorical, but all he got from Jim Benson was a very disdainful "huh!"

"On the way up here," Henry continued, "I was thinking about you in connection with the hardest assignment I have had to give any one since the war. Naturally, it's out of the question now so far as you're concerned, but in the old days I would have backed you to have pulled it through, though it wouldn't have been easy for you even then, and the story you wrote last night made me think you were still in the running. As it is, I'll have to send Bill O'Brien."

"Bill's a good man," Jim volunteered heartily. "Where is it you're sending him?" He failed by a hair's breadth to make the question entirely casual and then continued hastily: "Not that it really matters one way or another with me, but I'm just a bit curious to know what this world-beater assignment is."

"I guess I can trust you not to tip off

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the other papers, even if you are no longer with us," Henry replied maliciously. "I have just heard that things are bad down in West Virginia between the operators and the miners, and hell's likely to break loose there any minute. I want some one to go down there and get the truth and the whole truth about the situation. I want the real story. The man who goes down there not only has his work cut out for him but he's more likely than not to be shot. If the miners don't get him, the deputies are sure to. And so far as I'm concerned, he's a cub starting out on his first assignment. No matter who he is, he's got to make good all over again, and if he doesn't come across I'll fire him by wire. That reminds me, I'd better look up Bill right now and break the news to him. Well, good luck to you, Jim," and Henry held out his hand in farewell.

"Wait a second, Hen, you don't need to bother about seeing Bill. You see, I'm going to West Virginia. I'm going to get that story or get shot," Benson said eagerly.

"Do you really mean it, Jim?" Henry asked doubtfully.

"You old jackass, you bet your socks I mean it. I'm not dead yet by a hell of a sight even if you did bury me. Come along and dig up that suit. I lost everything except what I have on yesterday in the flood. And don't flatter yourself I don't see through your little schemes, old man Machiavelli, but I'm glad I bit anyhow."

"I sort of thought you might, Jim," Henry said.

Near the station they met Bill O'Brien, but that bright and particular luminary of Park Row pretended not to see them.

"What the blue blazes ails you, Bill?" Jim Benson roared at him, and Bill jumped a good yard. Smiling sheepishly he crossed the road.

"I heard all about how you planted the Heinie in mistake for me in the family plot in Yonkers," said Jim.

"No doubt it seems mighty funny to you," Bill shot back at him. "But how about me? How about the fifty dollars that were coaxed out of my jeans to help bury you? Boss, it's up to you to hold it out of his salary, if he won't pay me back."

Unpublished Letters of Edward FitzGerald

THE TRANSLATOR OF OMAR KHAYYAM TO BERNARD BARTON, THE QUAKER POET

[FIRST PAPER]

INTRODUCTION

TWENTY years have elapsed since the last collection of Edward FitzGerald's letters was published,* and there seemed little likelihood that any more would be forthcoming. Readers who take delight in pure English will therefore rejoice to know that, thanks to timely interference, some sixty unpublished letters addressed by him to Bernard Barton have been saved from destruction.

FitzGerald's regular correspondents were not many. His sensitive and retiring nature stood in the way of his making a multitude of friends, but to the chosen few he was almost quixotically devoted. His closest friends may be divided into three classes: those made at school and college, his Suffolk friends, and friends of later life with whom he kept up intercourse by letter, but never met face to face. Other

* "More Letters of Edward FitzGerald." (Macmillan, 1901.)

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than these his most intimate correspondents were Thomas Carlyle and Fanny Kemble, the actress. Among his Suffolk friends was Bernard Barton, the Quaker poet.

Barton was descended from an ancient family of simple-hearted Cumberland statesmen. His grandfather left the pleasant vale of his forefathers and settled in Carlisle, and his son—Bernard's father—married a Quakeress and himself became a member of the Society of Friends. In this faith Bernard Barton was born and brought up, and he lived and died a Quaker. He married while young, and had but one child, Lucy, whose mother died in giving birth to her. His vocation was an humble one. For the greater part of his life he was managing clerk at Alexander's Bank at the small country town of Woodbridge in Suffolk. In his spare hours he wrote poetry, of which he published several volumes. His artless verse made particular appeal to that urbane class of persons of the period whose religious scruples forbade them the enjoyment of livelier, more ardent, poetry. Readers who are familiar with Charles Lamb's letters will remember his delightful remonstrance with Barton for his incurable habit of writing consolatory poems on the deaths of infants. "If there be a cavil," he wrote, "it is that the topics of religious consolation, however beautiful, are repeated till a sort of triteness attends them. It seems as if you were for ever losing friends' children by death, and reminding their parents of the Resurrection. Do children die so often, and so good in your parts?" Yet, both Lamb and FitzGerald found enjoyment in Barton's verse. "Your plain Quakerish beauty has captivated me," wrote Lamb; while to FitzGerald the appeal made lay in its "leisurely elegance and quiet unimpassioned pensiveness."

Insipid as Barton's poetry may be to the taste of such modern readers as have had the hardihood to peruse it, it is due to him thus to have recorded that these two literary purists both found something praiseworthy therein. Nor is there any doubt that during his lifetime, at least, the Quaker poet's verses were widely read. "The iniquity of Oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy": Barton—the poet—is forgotten, but there will ever remain a niche in the halls of posterity for Barton—the friend of Lamb and FitzGerald.

Situated about three miles distance from Woodbridge, where Barton lived, is the parish of Boulge. In this parish FitzGerald's parents owned a large mansion, surrounded by a pleasant park, known as Boulge Hall. Soon after he had left Cambridge, FitzGerald settled in this spot; at first with his parents at the Hall. He was then twenty-seven, but even at that early age the habit of seclusion and an intolerance of the conventions of society had taken possession of him, with the consequence that within a few months he left the Hall and took up his abode at a small thatched cottage on the edge of the park. Here he was wont to entertain his neighboring friends to supper: Crabbe, son of the poet and rector of an adjoining parish; Churchyard, the Woodbridge lawyer and amateur painter; Barton, the jovial and tolerant Quaker; and one or two others—the Woodbridge wits, as they were locally called.

It seems to have been agreed between FitzGerald and Barton that when the former was absent from Boulge they should keep in touch by writing to each other a weekly letter. They were both ardent collectors of pictures. In his "Memoir" of the Quaker poet, FitzGerald relates prettily in what manner Barton's modest collection was formed. "Nor could any itinerant picture-dealer," he says, "pass Mr. Barton's door without calling to tempt him to a new purchase. And then was B. B. to be seen, just come up from the bank, with broad-brim and spectacles on, examining some picture set before him on a chair in the most advantageous light; the dealer recommending, and Barton wavering, until partly by money and partly by exchange of some older favourites, with perhaps a snuff-box thrown in to turn the scale, a bargain was concluded—generally to B. B.'s great disadvantage and great content." During his visits in London FitzGerald whiled away many a leisure hour in the agreeable pastime of picture-hunting at pawnbrokers' shops and auction sales. His weekly letters are therefore often filled with amusing descriptions of these exploits. And so, what with this and that subject, the pleasant correspon-

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dence, which was maintained intermittently for ten years, was brought to an end at last by Barton's sudden death in 1849 at the age of sixty-four.

Seven years later FitzGerald married the Quaker poet's only daughter, Lucy. By this time they were both nearly fifty years of age; he, a shy, reserved man of retiring disposition, careless of dress and intolerant of formalism; she, fond of society, correct, deliberate, and outspoken. They were both too old to accommodate themselves to each other's ways of life, and so, after six months of mutual misery, they prudently agreed to separate. It was during those six months that FitzGerald first bent himself seriously to the study of old Persian poetry, partly, no doubt, to distract his mind from the mortification of the knowledge that he had made a blunder by marrying. Had it not been that he needed an antidote to relieve his mental distress, it is questionable whether he would have discovered his affinity for that kindred spirit—his Omar, who, as he said in a letter written at that time, breathed a sort of consolation to him. But for this marriage, therefore, English literature might never have become the possessor of those haunting quatrains—his translation of the "Rubáiyát."

F. R. BARTON.

Edward FitzGerald's Letters

To Bernard Barton

London. Saturday.
[November 25, 1839]

MY DEAR SIR,

I am not indeed coming down to Boulge direct just yet: but I hope that ten days more will see me clear of London—perhaps at Geldestone—and it will not be long before I come Woodbridge-wards then. As to Kerrich's drawing, it will bide its time, being in good keeping—

Your verses on Assington Hall I had not only seen and read—but even bought—for passing through Cheapside the other day I saw the print up at a Stationer's window, and for old acquaintance sake went in and bought the Pocket book—

I have got Alfred Tennyson up with me here, and to-day I give a dinner to him and two or three others—It is just ordered: soles, two boiled fowls, and an Apple Tart—cheese &c. After this plenty of smoking. I am quite smoke dried as it is—If you drop in you shall be welcome—

I asked young Spring Rice* about your Dream verses—he believes that his Father shewed them to the Queen. R. M. Milnes, Esq., M. P. sent her a sonnet, which she said she was very much obliged to him for, but she couldn't understand it—We went to Windsor a fortnight ago (did I tell you this before?) and saw her, and the Castle and the pictures—The Vandykes are noble indeed—And what say you to Nelson's Bust on the mainmast of the Victory?—

I have bought few new Pictures since I last wrote, and hope I have done now with the Trade for this season. But who can resist, when one sees a thing hanging outside a Pawnbroker's shop, like fruit ready to fall into one's lap,—for a pound or two. The most prudent of my purchases is—an *Umbrella*—

Monday. I could not finish my letter on Saturday, and here I sit down to it again—still more smoke dried and two-o'clock-in-the-morning-fuddled than before—I want A. T. to publish another volume: as all his friends do: especially Moxon, who has been calling on him for the last 2 years for a new edition of his old volume: but he is too lazy and wayward to put his hand to the business—He has got fine things in a large Butcher's Account Book that now lies in my room: but I don't know if any would take you much. A Sir Somebody Hanmer* is said to have published some pretty poetry lately: or as Spring Rice calls it inversely "potery"—We are all reading Carlyle's Miscellanies—some abusing: some praising: I among the latter. I am glad to hear that nearly all of the edition that came from America is sold. Carlyle has got a horse and rides about Chelsea, and he has improved his digestion wonderfully—An accumulation of undigested

* Charles Spring Rice, son of Lord Monteagle.

* Sir John Hanmer; published "Fra Cipolla and Other Poems" in 1839.

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matter is worse than an unsold Edition—Dear me, I haven't seen you since I have been in Ireland—A man* has just come from Italy, and he stood on one of the Alps and saw at once the moon rising over the Adriatic while [the] sun sank into the Mediterranean—That was a neat sight.

You do not mention Miss Barton: but I conclude she is with you, and trust she is well. Will you be so good as to remember me to her. And now farewell again for the present.

Ever yrs
E. F. G.

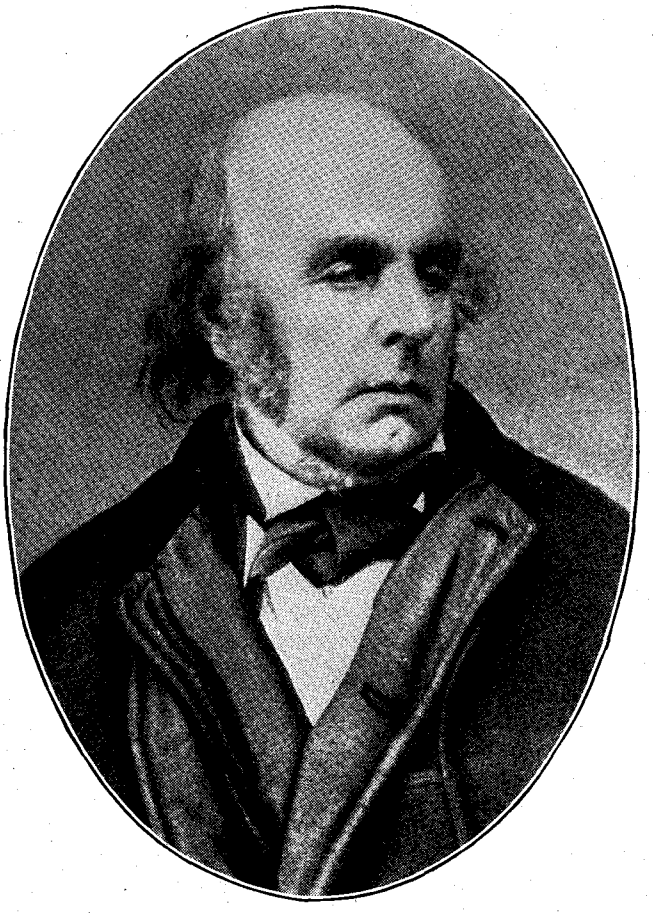
* Probably Savile Morton.

39 Norton St.
Portland Place
[May 1841]

MY DEAR BARTON,

You know what I think about your book—you go on the principle of gathering together all you can of hitherto unpublished; I should select about one third of all I had ever published—So, we shall never agree. But I wish you peace and success in all things—

I have bought a shilling print of old Stothard, which proves the genuineness of your portrait. I will bring it down with me for you—Some splendid pictures



yrs truly Edward FitzGerald

Edward FitzGerald.
From a photograph, taken about the time he married Lucy Barton. (1856.)

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were sold at Christie's on Saturday. I bid for an admirable little sketch by Wilson, and had not courage to go beyond £6. So I did not get it, and am sorry now. Two small finished Gainsboro's went for over £30 a piece. They were not of his best kind.

Tell Churchyard that if he comes to London, I can shew him a Constable as good and as large as Salisbury Cathedral. He may buy it for £600—which is just £400 too much for it. And the best Morland I have ever seen for £25—not very large—but of capital colour and character—I mean *capital* for the man; who is no very capital performer to my thinking.

I have been so busy in attendance at Portland Place* that I have seen but little of my friends. Now I mean to have a week's holiday with them. I have not lost a very fair month in the country; May is but a young month, and a sad coquette. April is scarce out of the nursery and one expects her to be giddy; but May ought to know better. Ever yrs

E. FITZGERALD

Bernard Barton.

Reproduction of a large portrait in crayons and colored chalk by Samuel Laurence. Drawn in 1847.

* His father's town house was in Portland Place.

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London: Decr. 24/41

DEAR BARTON,

I am just going off to Brighton to visit my mother for a week. I should have liked much to have gone down into Suffolk to see all my friends there: but I must put that off for the present. I want to have an evening's chat with you in your snuggery—I want to see Mr. Jenney, who, I understand, is not well. But all this must be put off for a while—I have bought no more pictures: indeed I have spent all my money: and I must wait till next quarter before I make a fresh plunge. But I have not seen anything very tempting lately: I flatter myself I have exhausted the pawnbrokers of the probability of anything good in their shops for at least a quarter of a year. Near here is a sweet little sea piece by Morland, £20—and a very clever landscape by some Fleming, £10. But I can live very well without either, now I have got my Titian to feed on. It is cut and come again with him, so far as colour is concerned.

And now for that hatefullest of all places, Brighton: whither if you wish to direct me a letter (do) direct it 129 King's Road. I have not seen the Pocket Book you speak of: but I remember now having heard Mills murmur something about having sent a pen and ink sketch I made of his house to be engraved. We'll have Boulge cottage in the next. Alfred Tennyson, my neighbour, is getting better: and I advise him to go down to his friends for Xmas:—To this he seems half inclined: so whether I shall find him here on my return is very doubtful. I shall miss him very much though we squabble and growl like dogs at each other.

I wish you and yours'

A Merrie Xmas

& am yrs as ever

E. F. G.

London. January/42.

Once more, my dear Barton, I sit down to write another chapter in the History of our Dilettantism. It is such pleasant trifling that I hope we shall not bid it quite Adieu with this year. I have been to two Auctions since I wrote to you: at the first of which I bought a huge naked woman—a copy of Raffaelle—as large as life down to the knees—which you will allow is quite enough of her. I bought her at dusk—one of the last lots—when all other bidders had buttoned up their money in their breeches pockets, and made up their minds that nothing more was to be done. The auctioneer himself was tired, and glad to have done: so she was knocked down to me for £3.10. I could scarcely see her: and when I went with Laurence* to look at her this morning, expected to find a daub: but it is a very good copy:—only such exhibitions are not fit for Quakers' eyes—I have sent her to Laurence's house to preserve my reputation. He is a married man. At this sale the pictures went cheap. I went to a sale this morning where all went as dear: and the whole concern was a hoax. I saw that fat fellow Rowe of Ipswich at both these auctions. At the last he bought a pretty little landscape at my recommendation. But he gave the full value for it—

Well now about the Poacher. He is bought. He is home. He is d—d ugly. Droll enough, the same man who was about to buy my Constable (No. 2) was also about to buy the Poacher, just when I made up my mind to take them. This was no stratagem of the dealer to sharpen my desire to buy; for he told me of it both times after I had bought. How shall the Poacher go to you?—Must he have a box made?—I can make no doubt that if you want £3 for him, you will easily get it in Suffolk, when you grow tired of him: indeed he is worth £5 to those who like the subject—Your idea of Peter Bell is a very apposite one indeed.

We have had trouble at home. Captain Allen, Lusia's betrothed lover, is dead with nearly all his crew on the shore of the fatal Niger. He wrote to her in good health and spirits the day before he was taken ill: and lay ill more than 30 days—He was a gallant fellow, true to the cause to the last: for when they proposed to turn back to the River's mouth and take him out of the evil air, he bid them hold on—You may imagine it was a sad thing to break this to poor Lusia, who was sanguine of his return: I shall not easily forget doing it. I knew of what had happened all day, and she was not to be told till night. It is an awful thing to be as

* Samuel Laurence, the well-known portrait-painter.

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it were in the secret of Fate, and see another smiling unconscious of the bolt that you know must fall. She was much benumbed: and finally taking off a golden bracelet which her lover had sent her from Africa, and which she had worn night and day, from the moment she had received it, crushed it into my Father's hand and fell upon his bosom, in a way that no affectation of passion could reach, however novel-like it may seem to read. She has shewn great fortitude and determination to bear up since.

You may wonder how with all this going on I have the heart to run about picture dealing. I cannot however help it: though I wish I had a stronger sense of these afflictions. What I can do for my poor dear Lusia I hope to do now and as long as I live. She is a noble-hearted girl: and should be married to a good fellow. Here is a monstrous letter. And so goodbye.

Oh Barton, how inferior are all the black Wouvermans, Holbeins, Ruysdaels &c. to a fresh Constable, with the dew on it. Pictures have their ages as men—The darkening shadow of time does not so much injure the effect of figures, especially in religious or dramatic subjects: but all the freshness of colours is required to give the freshness of landscape—

E. F. G.

One of FitzGerald's favorite pictures, which he bequeathed to the FitzWilliam Museum, Cambridge. FitzGerald believed the picture to be a Titian, but it is now attributed to the school of Bassano.

P. S. Don't bargain about the picture till you see it: I do not say it is anything very fine: but a good bit of Northcote for £2—That is all.

P. S. I really like your picture very much, on looking more at it. *Keep* it—It is a kind of *pendant* to Reynold's Banished Lord—*banished* meaning perhaps *transported*.*

* Both postscripts refer to the picture he called "The Poacher."

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[London]
Sat. Feb 19/42

DEAR BARTON,

That this wonderful correspondence may not languish till it dies a natural sudden death, I send you such a Report on the Fine Arts as has been laid on your table every Sunday morning, I think, for several weeks. Your temptations have ended in a fall: you have bought the box:* well—I have had smaller temptations which I have resisted. In particular, a little bit of evening landscape by some body: very like what I remember of a village near Cambridge: a small bit of canvas, but well suggestive of the Spirit of the time: that is, of Twilight. £4.10 they want: but the picture has been rubbed in parts, especially in the sky: so that it is not in keeping. I don't know however if I can yet pronounce myself safe: I walk insensibly *that* way: flutter round the shop-window—there it is: meeting my gaze with a kind of ironical quiet—I have also seen a picture of Highland Shooting by Ward: and fortunately recollecting that my Uncle goes every year to shoot in Perthshire, I think I cant do better than lay out £7 for him—What I gain by buying pictures for my friends is the keeping those pictures for a time in my room, and then seeing them from time to time afterward. Besides, the pride of making a good purchase and shewing one's taste: all that contributes to health and long life. I hope you like the Gainsborough still: I shall be really glad to see that little picture again. I knew it would want varnishing soon: indeed it was varnished (by the dealer's mistake) too soon after I had cleaned it with oil—There are three genuine pictures of Gainsborough now to be seen in Conduit S^{t}. I understand: the property of some Suffolk man. Laurence saw them: says they are copies of Wynant's manner: do you know whose they are? I dare say Mr. C. does. Poor old Nursey†—I think I remember his sketch of Bealings Bridge in the good old picturesque days: when little rivers were suffered to run wild.

I have cut down my great Opie, and think I have done well: I am going to paint it on Monday, as it has suffered during the late operation: it will then be cleaned, and left at a dealer's shop to earn what it can. Never was a stupider purchase. I am glad you have got rid of your sham Constable. Only wait till I come down and shew you a real one. You have some picture of a Holy Family, or some sacred subject—people in red and yellow—by Rubens or P. Veronese—which you must get rid of one day. It has no merit if I recollect rightly—

My dear Barton, I hope you keep all this nonsense of mine to yourself. You have a bad habit of reading letters out, have you not?—Pray, pray dont these. I have lost some of my confidence in you since I hear that you read those lines of mine to my Mother! My dear fellow! You have no idea of what FitzGeralds are. If you betray me further, you shall learn what they are by my abusing you like a pick pocket. So look out. Does not your little Nellie laugh at two elderly gentlemen (for am not I 33—which is certainly elderly in a damsel's eyes) corresponding in this way?—She hasn't those eyes for nothing—rather mischievous eyes, if I remember. Now goodbye again.

[unsigned]

. . . . . .

[London]
[March 2. 1842]

And now, Barton, know that I really have made my last purchase in the picture line for the season—today at Phillips' I fell—my virtue fell under the Auctioneer's hammer—an early Venetian picture the seducer—a Holy Family—to think such Families should be painted to allure unwary youths into Sin!—There they sit collected in a quiet group just outside the walls of Nazareth, or Bethlehem—sweet St. Catherine with the palm in her hand, her yellow hair encircled with a row of pearls. The child is an ugly swollen child:—but I skip him—This picture pleases me hugely—But my encouragement to buy afresh has been this: that Mr. Browne* the elder (long life to him!) came to town yesterday: eat a meat tea at my rooms: and was pleased to express himself lauda-

* Barton collected snuff-boxes; he had no less than thirty at the time of his death, many of them valuable works of art.

† Perry Nursey—a Suffolk artist.

* Alderman Browne of Bedford; *vide* letter in the present series dated November, 1839.

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torily of my Opie Fruit Girl:—I said nothing then: but I hope to make him buy her for what I gave—£4. She has cost me some shillings more in getting her curtailed: and then have I not painted her myself?—Besides this I understand a man at Bedford has offered to buy a picture I have there: good fellow: so he shall: and then I shant have to borrow monies this quarter, shall I?—And as for the future, I utterly scorn it—I bought the best picture in to-day's auction: and this over the dealers' heads: who had agreed the picture had been painted on:—"Look there—there's a patch" &c.—whereas the picture has been *rubbed*, not re-painted, and probably was but a sketch at first. I exult over the whole tribe.

Alfred Tennyson suddenly appeared in town to-day: I carried him off to the auction: and then with violence to Moxon: who is to call on him to-morrow, and settle the publishing of a new volume. And only think: 2 new volumes are just coming out: one by Daddy Wordsworth:* another by Campbell—the Daddy's Tragedy!—what a lamentable one it will be—and Campbell's book is to get money—then Trench is coming out!—such wonders is this Spring to call forth. Milnes talks of a popular edition of his poems!—poor devil, as if he could make one by any act of typography.

Goodbye. Given under our hand in the exultation of a new purchase this 2nd or 1st day of March in the year 1842

E. FitzGerald

[London]
[March 17. 1842]

Dear Barton,

I went for two days to see my friend Spring Rice at Lewisham; the fresh air made me a new man, but my return to London has knocked me up again. When I can stow away all these pictures and books I shall be off to good old Suffolk. I have sold a pony which I had in Bedfordshire, and which I have relied on as something to fall back upon—If I happen to go down Holborn, I shall scarce be able to resist the Battle Piece now—However, as one sees more pictures, one becomes more fastidious: and I hope to be less tempted another year. I could part with 3 or 4 that I have without caring: my Constable, my Venetian Holy Family, and my Twilight, are all I greatly wish to keep. I saw a portrait by Sir Joshua sold for £46 the other day—very good—but not worth that.

Your verses to Mrs. H* are very kindly: and you will much improve them by a little condensation of expression—Poor Tennyson has got home some of his proof sheets: and, now that his verses are in hard print, thinks them detestable—There is much I had always told him of—his great fault of being too full and complicated—which he now sees, or fancies he sees, and wishes he had never been persuaded to print. But with all his faults, he will publish such a volume† as has not been published since the time of Keats: and which, once published, will never be suffered to die. This is my prophecy: for I live before Posterity.

I dont know that you will care for most of his poems, which are in the heroic way: but there are some on quieter themes which you cannot fail to like. "Lady Exeter" is among them: and an English Eclogue called "Dora", which comes near the book of Ruth—To add to the list of Poets who are to be seen all together above the horizon this Spring, is Henry Artewelde Taylor—He has got a Saxon story:‡ which will be a d—d bore, I should think.

I have been given 5 bottles of wine: and tomorrow night 4 artists are coming to drink them quite up—And now good bye—If you want any masterpieces before I leave London, you must write soon.

Ever yrs,

E. F. G.

Geldestone,
Oct 21./43

My dear Barton,

I have just returned from Norwich, where I assisted (a French phrase) at a Ball and a Concert. Also bought a picture of course—a fine head, either by Georgione, or a Flemish copyist—But as I am not particular, I call it Georgione: and shall sell it to old Rogers at a vast profit—

Rossi, the dealer of whom I bought it, told me that Mr. Churchyard had been

*" The Borderers."

* Mrs. Hemans: Barton took the hint.
† Poems (1842).
‡ "Edwin the Fair."

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at Norwich lately, and bought two Cromes of him. I suppose you have been tempted with these before now. Rossi showed me another: which I did not consider a good specimen. The Lake scene* you have is (taking it all in all) the best Crome I ever saw—it is the most poetical. That cold fishy mere!—

I hear tis as hard to find a lodging at Ipswich as at Woodbridge. Where is a single gentleman to rest the sole of his foot! Norwich looked not unamiable this time—Anywhere so it be somewhere!—

Farewell. It will not be long before I move toward you. Isabella was married on Wednesday: and sailed to the Continent next day.

Ever yrs

E F G.

13 Coran St.
Tuesday
[? November 1843]

MY DEAR BARTON,

If Mr. Churchyard says that the sketch is either Reynolds or Gainsborough, I beg you to buy it for me for £5 directly—As to Wodderspoon's own opinion of its genuineness, I can have no reliance on it as I dont know his genuineness—Is the sketch of the size of life?—Pray let me hear this—I have yet bought no pictures which makes me more bold about the sketch. You have the money, and can pay for it at once—You see that I attributed your delay in writing to illness: desk work is better than that anyhow—

I got a slap on the back from Carlyle yesterday as I was walking up Regent St with a cigar in my mouth, (N. B.—a very misty day)—"there you are going along quite at your ease"—He was dressed in a coat called a Zephyr. Farewell.

E F G.

Brighton.
Decr 29/44

DEAR BARTON,

I sit here at home this very wet Sunday; and having looked over a volume of Blackwood, will now endite you a note all about nothing. I had yesterday a letter from Crabbe, to whom I had written about some parish business. Tell him if you see him, or write to him, that he is too severe on our poor Beauty. He wishes "God may soon take him to himself!" The poor Beauty—

Well and did my turkey eat well—and were you merry? Who dined with you? or were you all alone?—I called on the Proctors and saw Mrs.—and left a bird for them—and on the day I came here, I was touched on the shoulder, and when I turned, there was my dear little Barry,* all muffled up from the cold, and his kind blue eyes, come to thank me. I was sorry I could not go to eat with him.

I return to London on Thursday, and shall be there for near a week; as I have a heap of engagements to fulfil. But in the middle of the week after this, I shall be borne down into Suffolk again, and tell you all the wonders I have met. How do you like Vestiges of Creation?—Are you all turned infidels—or Atheists, as Mrs. Turly was minded to become. I have not thought very much of the *Acarus Crossii* since I have been here; but I shall meditate upon it again when I get to Suffolk. Here one's thoughts are quite enough occupied with the phenomenon of living with the roaring unsophisticated ocean at one side, and four miles length of idle, useless ornamental population on the other—

I find in these older Blackwoods some fine papers by De Quincey, as I suppose. Surely no one else can roll out such sentences as I find here—a style which has not yet quite subsided from the Opium agitation—

And now I am going to eat some lunch and go to Church. It rains cats and dogs—We are all pretty well here. On Thursday I shall be at Charlotte St, Rathbone Place—mind that—

And now I am ever yrs

EDWD FITZGERALD

* Mr. E. V. Lucas in his book "Bernard Barton and his Friends" thus describes the picture: "An old Crome, a masterpiece of this great painter, depicting a rain-cloud bursting over a peaceful mere at evening."

* Bryan Waller Proctor, who wrote under the name of Barry Cornwall.

(To be concluded in September.)

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An Adventurer in a Velvet Jacket

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

THUS gallantly he appears in my mind's eye when I pause in rereading one of his books and summon up a fantasm of the author,—Robert Louis Stevenson, gentleman adventurer in life and letters, his brown eyes shining in a swarthy face, his lean, long-enduring body adorned with a black-velvet jacket.

This garment is no disguise but a symbol. It is short, so as not to impede him with entangling tails. It is unconventional, as a protest against the tyranny of fashion. But it is of velvet, mark you, to match a certain niceness of choice and preference of beauty,—yes, and probably a touch of bravura,—in all its wearer's vagaries. 'Tis like the silver spurs, broad sombrero and gay handkerchief of the thoroughbred cowboy,—not an element of the dandiacal, but a tribute to romance. Strange that the most genuine of men usually have a bit of this in their composition; your only incurable *poseur* being the fellow who affects never to pose and betrays himself by his attitude of scorn.

Of course, Stevenson did not always wear this symbolic garment. In fact the only time I met him in the flesh his clothes had a discouraging resemblance to those of the rest of us at the Authors Club in New York. And a few months ago, when I traced his "footprints on the sands of time" at Waikiki beach, near Honolulu, the picture drawn for me by those who knew him when he passed that way, was that of a lank, bare-footed, bright-eyed, sun-browned man who daundered along the shore in white-duck trousers and a shirt wide open at the neck. But the velvet jacket was in his wardrobe, you may be sure, ready for fitting weather and occasion. He wore it, very likely, when he went to beard the Honolulu colorman who was trying to "do" his stepson-in-law in the matter of a bill for paints. He put it on when he banqueted with his amiable but bibulous friend, King Kalakaua. You can follow it through many, if not most, of the photographs which he had taken from his twentieth to his forty-fourth, and last, year. And in his style you can almost always feel it,—the touch of distinction, the ease of a native elegance, the assurance of a well-born wanderer,—in short, the velvet jacket.

Robert Lewis Balfour Stevenson began the adventure of life in a decent little house in Howard Place, Edinburgh, on November 13, 1850. He completed it on the Samoan island of Upolu in the South Seas, December 3, 1894,—completed it, I think, for though he left his work unfinished he had arrived at the port of honor and the haven of happy rest.

His father, and his father's father, were engineers connected with the Board of Northern Lights. This sounds like being related to the Aurora Borealis; and indeed there was something of mystery and magic about Stevenson, as if an influence from that strange midnight dawn had entered his blood. But as a matter of fact the family occupation was nothing more uncanny than that of building and maintaining lighthouses and beacons along the Scottish coast, a profession in which they won considerable renown and to which the lad himself was originally assigned. He made a fair try at it, and even won a silver medal for an essay on improvements in lighthouses. But the calling did not suit him, and he said afterward that he gained little from it except "properties for some possible romance, or words to add to my vocabulary."

This lanky, queer, delicate, headstrong boy was a dreamer of dreams, and from youth desperately fond of writing. He felt himself a predestinated author, and like a true Scot toiled diligently to make his calling and election sure.

But there was one thing for which he cared more than for writing, and that was living. He plunged into it eagerly, with more zest than wisdom, trying all the games that cities offer, and learning some

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rather disenchanting lessons at a high price. For, in truth, neither his physical, nor (as he later discovered) his moral, nature was suited to the sowing of wild oats. His constitution was one of the frailest ever exposed to the biting winds and soaking mists of the North British Boston. Early death seemed to be written in his horoscope. But an indomitable spirit laughs at dismal predictions. Robert Louis Stevenson, (as he now called himself, velvet-jacketing his own name,) was not the man to be easily snuffed out by weak lungs or wild weather. Mocking at "bloody Jack" he held fast to life with grim, cheerful, grotesque courage; his mother, his wife, his trusty friends, heartened him for the combat; and he succeeded in having a wider experience and doing more work than falls to the lot of many men in rudely exuberant health. To do this calls for a singular kind of bravery, not inferior to, nor unlike, that of the good soldier who walks with Death undismayed.

Undoubtedly Stevenson was born with a *Wanderlust.*

> "My mistress was the open road
> And the bright eyes of danger."

Ill health gave occasion and direction to many voyages and experiments, some of which bettered him, while others made him worse. As a bachelor he roamed mountains afoot and travelled rivers in his own boat, explored the purlieus and sublittorals of Paris, London, and Edinburgh, lodged "on the seacoast of Bohemia," crossed the ocean as an emigrant, and made himself vagrantly at home in California where he married the wife "the great Artificer made for him." They passed their honeymoon in a deserted miner's cabin, and then lived around, in Scotland, the Engadine, Southern France, Bournemouth, the Adirondacks, and on a schooner among the South Sea Islands, bringing up at last in the pleasant haven of Vailima. On all these distant roads Death pursued him, and, till the last ten years, Poverty was his companion. Yet he looked with keen and joyful eyes upon the changing face of the world and into its shadowy heart without trembling. He kept his spirit unbroken, his faith unquenched even when the lights burned low. He counted life

> "just a stuff
> To try the soul's strength on and educe the man."

He may have stumbled and sometimes fallen, things may have looked black to him; but he never gave up, and in spite of frailties and burdens, he travelled a long way,—upward. Through all his travels and tribulations he kept on writing, writing, writing,—the very type of a migratory author. He made his first appearance in a canoe. The log of this journey, *An Inland Voyage on French Rivers*, published in 1878, was a modest, whimsical, charming début in literature. In 1879 he appeared again, and this time with a quaint companion. *Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes* is one of the most delightful, uninstructive descriptions of a journey ever written in English. It contains no practical information but plenty of pleasure and profit. I do not envy the reader who can finish it without loving that obstinate little mouse-colored Modestine, and feeling that she is one of the best-drawn female characters, of her race, in fiction.

From this good, quiet beginning his books followed rapidly, and (after *Treasure Island*, that incomparable boys' book for men,) with growing popularity among the judicious, the "gentle readers," who choose books not because they are recommended by professors or advertised in department stores, but because they are really well written and worth reading.

It is difficult to classify Stevenson's books, perhaps just because they are migrants, borderers. Yet I think a rough grouping, at least of his significant works, may be made. There are five volumes of travels; six or seven volumes of short stories; nine longer novels or romances; three books of verse; three books of essays; one biography; and one study of South Sea politics. This long list lights up two vital points in the man: his industry and his versatility.

"A virtue and a vice," say you? Well, that may be as you choose to take it, reader. But if you say it in a sour or a puritanical spirit, Stevenson will gaily contradict you, making light of what you praise and vaunting what you blame.

Industry? Nonsense! Did he not write *An Apology for Idlers?* Yet unquestionably he was a toiler; his record proves it. Fleeing from one land to an-

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other to shake off his implacable enemy; camping briefly in strange places; often laid on his back by sickness and sometimes told to "move on" by Policeman Penury; collecting his books by post and correcting his proofs in bed; he made out to produce twenty-nine volumes in sixteen years,—say 8,000 pages of 300 words, each, — a thing manifestly impossible without a mort of work. But of this he thought less than of the fact that he did it, as a rule, cheerfully and with a high heart. Herein he came near to his own ideal of success: "To be honest, to be kind —to earn a little and to spend a little less, to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not to be embittered, to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation,—above all, on the same grim condition, to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy." Of his work I think he would have said that he stuck to it, first, because he needed the money that it brought in, and second, because he enjoyed it exceedingly. With this he would have smiled away the Puritan who wished to pat him on the back for industry.

That he was versatile, turned from one subject to another, tried many forms of his art, and succeeded in some better than in others, he would have admitted boldly —even before those critics who speak slightingly of versatility as if it marked some inferiority in a writer, whereas they dislike it chiefly because it gives them extra trouble in putting him into his precise pigeonhole of classification. Stevenson would have referred these gentlemen to his masters Scott and Thackeray for a justification. His versatility was not that of a weathercock whirled about by every wind of literary fashion, but that of a well-mounted gun which can be turned toward any mark. He did not think that because he had struck a rich vein of prose story-telling he must follow that lead until he had worked it or himself out. He was a prospector as well as a miner. He wished to roam around, to explore things, books, and men, to see life vividly as it is, and then to write what he thought of it in any form that seemed to him fit,—essay, or story, or verse. And this he did, thank God, without misgiving, and on the whole greatly to our benefit and enjoyment.

I am writing now of the things which make his books companionable. That is why I have begun with a thumb-nail sketch of the man in the velvet jacket who lives in them and in his four volumes of letters,—the best English letters, it seems to me, since Lamb and Thackeray. That also is why I have not cared to interrupt this simple essay by telling which of his works strike me as comparative failures, and giving more or less convincing reasons why certain volumes in my "collective edition" are less worn than others.

'Tis of these others that I wish to speak, —the volumes whose bindings are like a comfortable suit of old clothes and on whose pages there are pencil-marks like lovers' initials cut upon the bark of friendly trees. What charm keeps them alive and fresh, in an age when most books five years old are considered out of date and everything from the unspacious times of Queen Victoria is cordially damned? What manner of virility is in them to evoke, and to survive, such a flood of "Stevensoniana"? What qualities make them still welcome to so wide a range of readers, young and old, simple and learned,—yes, even among that fair and capricious sex whose claim to be courted his earlier writings seem so lightly (or prudently) to neglect?

I

Over and above the attraction of his pervading personality, I think the most obvious charm of Stevenson's books lies in the clear, vivid, accurate and strong English in which they are written. Reading them is like watching a good golfer drive or putt the ball with clean strokes in which energy is never wanting and never wasted. He does not foozle, or lose his temper in a hazard, or brandish his brassy like a war-club. There is a grace of freedom in his play which comes from practice and self-control.

Stevenson describes (as far as such a thing is possible) the way in which he got his style. "All through my boyhood and youth," says he, "I was known and pointed out for the pattern of an idler, and yet I was always busy on my own pri-

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vate end, which was to learn to write." He traces with gusto, and doubtless with as much accuracy as can be expected in a map drawn from memory, the trails of early admiration which he followed toward this goal. His list of "authors whom I have imitated" is most entertaining: Hazlitt, Lamb, Wordsworth, Sir Thomas Browne, Defoe, Hawthorne, Montaigne, Baudelaire, Obermann. In another essay, on "Books Which Have Influenced Me," he names *The Bible*, *Hamlet*, *As You Like It*, *King Lear*, *Le Vicomte de Bragelonne*, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, *Leaves of Grass*, Herbert Spencer's books, Lewes's *Life of Goethe*, the *Meditations* of Marcus Aurelius, the poems of Wordsworth, George Meredith's *The Egoist*, the essays of Thoreau and Hazlitt, Mitford's *Tales of Old Japan*,—a strange catalogue, but not incoherent if you remember that he is speaking now more of their effect upon his way of thinking than of their guidance in his manner of writing,—though in this also I reckon he learned something from them, especially from the English Bible.

Besides the books which he read, he carried about with him little blank-books in which he jotted down the noteworthy in what he saw, heard, or imagined. He learned also from penless authors, composers without a manuscript, masters of the *viva-voce* style, like Robert, the Scotch gardener, and John Todd, the shepherd. When he saw a beggar on horseback, he cared not where the horse came from, he watched the rascal ride. If an expression struck him "for some conspicuous force, some happy distinction," he promptly annexed it;—because he understood it, it was his.

In two separate essays, each of which he calls "A Gossip," he pays tribute to "the bracing influence of old Dumas," and to the sweeping power and broad charm of Walter Scott, "a great romantic—an idle child," the type of easy writers. But Stevenson is of a totally different type, though of a kindred spirit. He is the best example in modern English of a careful writer. He modelled and remodelled, touched and retouched his work, toiled tremendously. The chapter on Honolulu in *The Wrecker*, was rewritten ten times. His essays for *Scribner's Magazine* passed through half a dozen revisions.

His end in view was to bring his language closer to life, not to use the common language of life. That, he maintained, was too diffuse, too indiscriminate. He wished to condense, to distil, to bring out the real vitality of language. He was like *Sentimental Tommy* in Barrie's book, willing to cogitate three hours to find the solitary word which would make the thing he had in mind stand out distinct and unmistakable. What matter if his delay to finish his paper lost him the prize in the competition? Tommy's prize was the word; when he had that his work was crowned.

A willingness to be content with the wrong color, to put up with the word which does not fit, is the mark of inferior work. For example, the author of *Trilby*, wishing to describe a certain quick, retentive look, speaks of the painter's "*prehensile* eye." The adjective startles, but does not illuminate. The prehensile quality belongs to tails rather than to eyes.

There is a modern school of writers fondly given to the cross-breeding of adjectives and nouns. Their idea of a vivid style is satisfied by taking a subject which belongs to one region of life and describing it in terms drawn from another. Thus if they write of music, they use the language of painting; if of painting, they employ the terminology of music. They give us pink songs of love, purple roars of anger, and gray dirges of despair. Or they describe the andante passages of a landscape, and the minor key of a heroine's face.

This is the extravagance of a would-be pointed style which mistakes the incongruous for the brilliant. Stevenson may have had something to do with the effort to escape from the polished commonplace of an English which admitted no master earlier than Addison or later than Macaulay. He may have been a leader in the hunting of the unexpected, striking, pungent word. But for the excesses and absurdities of this school of writing in its decadence, he had no liking. He knew that if you are going to use striking words you must be all the more careful to make them hit the mark.

He sets forth his theory of style in the essay called *A Humble Remonstrance*. It amounts to this: First, you shall have an idea, a controlling thought; then you shall

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set your words and sentences marching after it as soldiers follow their captain; and if any turns back, looks the other way, fails to keep step, you shall put him out of the ranks as a malingerer, a deserter at heart. "The proper method of literature," says he, "is by selection, which is a kind of negative exaggeration." But the positive exaggeration,—the forced epithet, the violent phrase, the hysterical paragraph,—he does not allow. Hence we feel at once a restraint and an intensity, a poignancy and a delicacy in his style, which make it vivid without ever becoming insane even when he describes insanity, as he does in *The Merry Men*, *Olalla*, and *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. His words are focussed on the object as with a burning-glass. They light it up; they kindle it; but they do not distort it.

Now a style like this may have its occasional fatigues: it may convey a sense of over-carefulness, of a choice somewhat too meticulous,—to use a word which in itself illustrates my meaning. But after all it has a certain charm, especially in these days of slipshod, straddling English. You like to see a man put his foot down in the right place, neither stumbling nor swaggering. The assurance with which he treads may be the result of forethought and concentration, but to you, reading, it gives a feeling of ease and confidence. You follow him with pleasure because he knows where he is going and has taken pains to study the best way of getting there.

Take a couple of illustrations from the early sketches which Stevenson wrote to accompany a book of etchings of Edinburgh,—hack work, you may call them; but even hack work can be done with a nice conscience.

Here is the Edinburgh climate: "The weather is raw and boisterous in winter, shifty and ungenial in summer, and a downright meteorological purgatory in spring. The delicate die early, and I, as a survivor among bleak winds and plumping rains, have been sometimes tempted to envy them their fate."

Here is the Scottish love of home: (One of the tall "lands," inhabited by a hundred families, has crumbled and gone down.) "How many people all over the world, in London, Canada, New Zealand, could say with truth, 'The house I was born in fell last night'!"

Now turn to a volume of short stories. Here is a Hebridean night, in *The Merry Men:* "Outside was a wonderful clear night of stars, with here and there a cloud still hanging, last stragglers of the tempest. It was near the top of the flood, and the Merry Men were roaring in the windless quiet."

Here is a sirocco in Spain: "It came out of malarious lowlands, and over several snowy sierras. The nerves of those on whom it blew were strung and jangled; their eyes smarted with the dust; their legs ached under the burden of their body; and the touch of one hand upon another grew to be odious."

Now take an illustration from one of his very early essays, *Notes on the Movements of Young Children*, printed in 1874. Here are two very little girls learning to dance: "In these two, particularly, the rhythm was sometimes broken by an excess of energy, *as though the pleasure of the music in their light bodies could endure no longer the restraint of the regulated dance.*"

These examples are purposely chosen from tranquil pages; there is nothing far-fetched or extraordinary about them; yet I shall be sorry for you, reader, if you do not feel something rare and precious in a style like this, in which the object, however simple, is made alive with a touch, and stands before you as if you saw it for the first time.

II

Tusitala,—"Teller of Tales,—was the name which the South Sea Islanders gave to Stevenson; and he liked it well. Beginning as an essayist, he turned more and more, as his life went on, to the art of prose fiction as that in which he most desired to excel. It was in this field, indeed, that he made his greatest advance. His later essays do not surpass his earlier ones as much as his later stories excel his first attempts.

Here I conceive my reader objecting: Did not *Treasure Island* strike twelve early in the day? Is it not the best book of its kind in English?

Yes, my fellow Stevensonian, it is all that you say, and more,—of its kind it has no superior, so far as I know, in any language. But the man who wrote it wrote also books of a better kind,—deeper,

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broader, more significant, and in writing these he showed, in spite of some relapses, a steadily growing power which promised to place him in the very highest rank of English novelists.

The Master of Ballantrae, maugre its defects of construction, has the inevitable atmosphere of fate, and the unforgettable figures of the two brothers, born rivals. The second part of *David Balfour* is not only a better romance, but also a better piece of character drawing, than the first part. *St. Ives*, which was left unfinished, may have been little more than a regular "sword-and-cloak" story, more choicely written, perhaps, than is usual among the followers of "old Dumas." But Stevenson's other unfinished book, *Weir of Hermiston*, is the torso of a mighty and memorable work of art. It has the lines and the texture of something great.

Why, then, was it not finished? Ask Death.

Lorna Doone was written at forty-four years: *The Scarlet Letter* at forty-six: *The Egoist* at fifty-one: *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* at fifty-one. Stevenson died at forty-four, But considerations of what he might have done, (and disputes about the insoluble question,) should not hinder us from appraising his actual work as a teller of tales which do not lose their interest nor their charm.

He had a theory of the art of narration which he stated from time to time with considerable definiteness and inconsiderable variations. It is not obligatory to believe that his stories were written on this theory. It is more likely that he did the work first as he wanted to do it, and then, like a true Scot, reasoned out an explanation of why he had done it in just that way. But even so, his theory remains good as a comment on the things that he liked best in his own stories. Let us take it briefly.

His first point is that fiction does not, and can not, compete with real life. Life has a vastly more varied interest because it is more complex. Fiction must not try to reproduce this complexity literally, for that is manifestly impossible. What the novelist has to do is to turn deliberately the other way, and seek to hold you by simplifying and clarifying the material which life presents. He wins not by trying to tell you everything, but by telling you that which means most in the revelation of character and in the unfolding of the story. Of necessity he can deal only with a part of life, and that chiefly on the dramatic side, the dream side; for a life in which the ordinary, indispensable details of mere existence are omitted is, after all, more or less dream-like. Therefore, the story-teller must renounce the notion of making his story a literal transcript of even a single day of actual life, and concentrate his attention upon those things which seem to him the most real in life,—the things that count.

Now a man who takes this view of fiction, if he excels at all, will be sure to do so in the short story, a form in which the art of omission is at a high premium. Here, it seems to me, Stevenson is a master unsurpassed. *Will o' the Mill* is a perfect idyl; *Markheim*, a psychological tale in Hawthorne's manner, but as much deeper as Hawthorne is more profound than Poe; *Olalla*, a love-story of tragic beauty; and *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, in spite of its obvious moving-picture artifice, a parable of intense power.

Stevenson said to Graham Balfour: "There are three ways of writing a story. You may take a plot and fit characters to it, or you may take a character and choose incidents and situations to develop it, or lastly you may take a certain atmosphere and get actions and persons to express and realize it. I'll give you an example—*The Merry Men*. There I began with the feeling of one of those islands on the west coast of Scotland, and I gradually developed the feeling with which that coast affected me." This, probably, is somewhat the way in which Hawthorne wrote *The House of the Seven Gables;* yet I do not think that is one of his best romances, any more than I think *The Merry Men* one of Stevenson's best short stories. It is not memorable as a tale. Only the bits of description live. *The Treasure of Franchard*, light and airy as it is, has more of that kind of reality which Stevenson sought. Therefore it seems as if his third "way of writing a story" were not the best suited to his genius.

The first way,—that in which the plot links and unfolds the characters,—is the path on which he shows at his best. Here the gentleman adventurer was at ease from the moment he set forth on it. In

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Treasure Island he raised the dime novel to the level of a classic.

It has been charged against Stevenson's stories that there are no women in them. To this charge one might enter what the lawyers call a plea of "confession and avoidance." Even were it true, it would not necessarily be fatal. It may well be doubted whether that primitive factor which psychologists call "sex-interest" plays quite such a predominant, perpetual, and all-absorbing part in real life as that which neurotic writers assign to it in their books. But such a technical, (and it must be confessed, somewhat perilous,) defense is not needed. There are plenty of women in Stevenson's books,—quite as many, and quite as delightful and important as you will find in the ordinary run of life. Marjory in *Will o' the Mill* is more lovable than Will himself. Olalla is the true heroine of the story which bears her name. Catriona and Miss Grant, in the second part of *David Balfour*, are girls of whom it would be an honor to be enamoured; and I make no doubt that David, (like Stevenson) was hard put to it to choose between them. Uma, in *The Beach of Falesa*, is a lovely insulated Eve. The two Kirsties, in *Weir of Hermiston*, are creatures of intense and vivid womanhood. It would have been quite impossible for a writer who had such a mother as Stevenson's, such a friend of youth as Mrs. Sitwell, such a wife as Margaret Vandegrift, to ignore or slight the part which woman plays in human life. If he touches it with a certain respect and *pudor*, that also is in keeping with his character,—the velvet jacket again.

The second point in his theory of fiction is that in a well-told tale the threads of narrative should converge, now and then, in a scene which expresses, visibly and unforgettably, the very soul of the story. He instances Robinson Crusoe finding the footprint on the beach, and the Pilgrim running from the City of Destruction with his fingers in his ears.

There are many of these flash-of-lightning scenes in Stevenson's stories. The duel in *The Master of Ballantrae* where the brothers face each other in the breathless winter midnight by the light of unwavering candles, and Mr. Henry cries to his tormentor, "I will give you every advantage, for I think you are about to die." The flight across the heather, in *Kidnapped*, when Davie lies down, forspent, and Alan Breck says, "Very well then, I'll carry ye"; whereupon Davie looks at the little man and springs up ashamed, crying "Lead on, I'll follow!" The moment in *Olalla* when the Englishman comes to the beautiful Spanish mistress of the house with his bleeding hand to be bound up, and she, catching it swiftly to her lips, *bites it to the bone*. The dead form of Israel Hands lying huddled together on the clean, bright sand at the bottom of the lagoon of *Treasure Island*. Such pictures imprint themselves on memory like seals.

The third point in Stevenson's theory is, that details should be reduced to a minimum in number and raised to a maximum in significance. He wrote to Henry James, (and the address of the letter is amusing,) "How to escape from the besotting *particularity* of fiction? 'Roland approached the house; it had green doors and window blinds; and there was a scraper on the upper step.' To hell with Roland and the scraper!" Many a pious reader would say "thank you" for this accurate expression of his sentiments.

But when Stevenson sets a detail in a story you see at once that it can not be spared. Will o' the Mill, throwing back his head and shouting aloud to the stars, seems to see "a momentary shock among them, and a diffusion of frosty light pass from one to another along the sky." When Markheim has killed the antiquarian and stands in the old curiosity shop, musing on the eternity of a moment's deed,—"first one and then another, with every variety of pace and voice,—one deep as the bell from a cathedral turret, another ringing on its treble notes the prelude of a waltz,—the clocks began to strike the hour of three in the afternoon." Turning over the bit of paper on which "the black spot," the death-notice of the pirates, has been scrawled with charcoal, Jim Hawkins finds it has been cut from the last page of a Bible, and on the other side he reads part of a verse from the last chapter of the Revelation: *Without are dogs and murderers*.

There is no "besotting particularity" in such details as these. On the contrary

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they illustrate the classic conception of a work of art, in which every particular must be vitally connected with the general, and the perfection of the smallest part depends upon its relation to the perfect whole. Now this is precisely the quality, and the charm, of Stevenson's stories, short or long. He omits the non-essential, but his eye never misses the significant. He does not waste your time and his own in describing the colored lights in the window of a chemist's shop where nothing is to happen, or the quaint costume of a disagreeable woman who has no real part in the story. That kind of realism, of local color, does not interest him. But he is careful to let you know that Alan Breck wore a sword that was much too long for him; that Mr. Hyde was pale and dwarfish, gave an impression of deformity without any nameable malformation, and bore himself "with a sort of murderous mixture of timidity and boldness"; that John Silver could use his wooden leg as a terrible weapon; that the kitchen of the cottage on Aros was crammed with rare incongruous treasures from far away; and that on a certain cold sunny morning "the blackbirds sung exceeding sweet and loud about the House of Durisdeer, and there was a noise of the sea in all the chambers." Why these *trivia?* Why such an exact touch on these details? Because they count.

Yet Stevenson's tales and romances do not give—at least to me—the effect of over-elaboration, of strain, of conscious effort; there is nothing affected and therefore nothing tedious in them. They move; they carry you along with them; they are easy to read; one does not wish to lay them down and take a rest. There is artifice in them, of course, but it is a thoroughly natural artifice,—as natural as a clean voice and a clear enunciation are to a well-bred gentleman. He does not think about them; he uses them in his habit as he lives. Tusitala enjoys his work as a teller of tales; he is at home in it. His manner is his own; it suits him; he wears it without fear or misgiving,—the velvet jacket again.

III

Of Stevenson as a moralist I hesitate to write because whatever is said on this point is almost certain to be misunderstood. On one side are the Puritans who frown at a preacher in a velvet jacket; on the other side the Pagans who scoff at an artist who cares for morals. Yet surely there is a way between the two extremes where an artist-man may follow his conscience with joy to deal justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with his God. And having caught sight of that path, though he may trace it but dimly and follow it stumbling, surely such a man may say to his fellows, "This is the good way; let us walk in it." Not one of the great writers who have used the English language, so far as I know, has finished his career without wishing to moralize, to teach something worth learning, to stand in the pulpit of experience and give an honest message to the world. Stevenson was no exception to this rule. He avowed the impulse frankly when he said to William Archer, "I would rise from the dead to preach."

In his stories we look in vain for "morals" in the narrow sense,—proverbs printed in italics and tagged on to the tale like imitation oranges tied to a Christmas tree. The teaching of his fiction is like that of life, diffused through the course of events and embodied in the development of characters. But as the story unfolds we are never in doubt as to the feelings of the narrator,—his pity for the unfortunate; his scorn for the mean, the selfish, the hypocritical; his admiration for the brave, the kind, the loyal and cheerful servants of duty. Never at his lightest and gayest does he make us think of life as a silly farce; nor at his sternest and saddest does he leave us disheartened, "having no hope and without God in the world." Behind the play there is a meaning, and beyond the conflict there is a victory, and underneath the uncertainties of doubt there is a foothold for faith.

I like what Stevenson wrote to an old preacher, his father's friend. "Yes, my father was a 'distinctly religious man,' but not a pious. . . . His sentiments were tragic; he was a tragic thinker. Now granted that life is tragic to the marrow, it seems the proper service of religion to make us accept and serve in that tragedy, as officers in that other and comparable one of war. Service is the word, active service in the military sense; and

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the religious man—I beg pardon, the pious man—is he who has a military joy in duty,—not he who weeps over the wounded."

This is the point of view from which Stevenson writes as a novelist; you can feel it even in a romance as romantic as *Prince Otto;* and in his essays, where he speaks directly and in the first person, this way of taking life as an adventure for the valorous and faithful comes out yet more distinctly. The grace and vigor of his diction, the pointed quality of his style, the wit of his comment on men and books, add to the persuasiveness of his teaching. I can see no reason why morality should be drab and dull. It was not so in Stevenson's character, nor is it so in his books. That is one reason why they are companionable.

"There is nothing in it [the world]," wrote he to a friend, "but the moral side—but the great battle and the breathing times with their refreshments. I see no more and no less. And if you look again, it is not ugly, and it is filled with promise."

The Book of the Debts

BY DONALD CORLEY

ILLUSTRATION BY MEAD SCHAEFFER

IT was Sally Eastmoor-ing who gave me the first news.

I had met her on Fifth Avenue one afternoon.

"I have something very strange to tell you," she said immediately. "It's about Richard—he's come back!"

"Richard Castigan?"

"Evidently, since he is giving a dinner a week from to-night."

"But—?" I began.

"Yes, that's what *I* said," Sally interrupted, "but—Richard is dead! Here, read it for yourself."

MR. RICHARD CASTIGAN
INVITES YOU
TO CELEBRATE THE
PAYMENT OF HIS DEBTS
AT A DINNER
HOTEL GONCOURT
TUESDAY EVENING
SEVEN-THIRTY
MARCH 26, 19—

Thus read the card that she took out of her bag.

"Wouldn't you suppose that he'd know that if he owed anybody anything, they'd be only too glad to forgive it him, just to have him back?" said Sally, when I looked up.

"Well, I always said he *wasn't* dead," protested Marjorie Tierce, at a tea on the following Sunday. "Even when those two men described his death in New Orleans. Yes. Well, I thought that 'that woman' had simply driven him away."

"Wonder why she persecuted him so?" ruminated Bertha Stack.

"Anybody whom Richard loved could persecute him," said Sally. "It's because he is too sensitive, too much of a perfectionist. Too little of a conformist—too forgiving and too gentle—and devoid of the spirit of retaliation that protects most people. He never fought about his point of view."

"From the little that Richard ever said about her," offered Marjorie, "well . . . she broke his jade cups, destroyed his papers, and . . ."

"I should say she had done worse than that," said Sally. "I always suspected her of killing his self-respect by belittling his work. She made his gifts—since he couldn't make money by them—seem negligible to him. And Richard was *really* an architect, you know. Then, there was in him a queer despair. He was always running away from it. I think that his novel that he never finished, his

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sonnets, his 'little ships,' were all simply desperate recourses, to escape himself. He tried to create beauty out of despair . . . perhaps that is not the way to do it, altogether. And three years ago, when he disappeared, I guess he had come to feel terribly ashamed about his debts . . . and he couldn't get any work to do. He said to me, then, whimsically: 'Well—I guess I'm "on the town," Salicia!'"

"And yet, he was always ready with the marvellous smile that he had. *That* endeared him to people, don't you think?—that and his unworldliness, and his quick recovery from misadventures—given ever so slight an encouragement," suggested Lucian Valiant.

"He always seemed to me," said Bertha, who had known Richard most of his life, "like a lost page out of a symphony score—all the parts there, but, without the rest—just a haunting motif."

"But why couldn't he just come back, without thinking of his debts—who cares?" Sally returned to her affectionate grievance.

"Well, I think he means other debts besides money. He said to me once: 'I owe people interest on their expectations, Virginia. They've "made me up," out of the promises I gave them; now, I've got to be the man they've made up, you see? I owe them a lot!'" The girl who spoke had been Richard's *confidante*, more than any one else.

"Anyway," said Bertha, as we went down the stairs, "whatever *dénouement* Richard has up his sleeve will be a good one! Trust his dramatic sense. He could always make a better *amende honorable* than any one else, and"—she added lightly—"he broke a good many engagements when he disappeared—including one to dine with me!"

We were shown into a private dining-room of the Hotel Goncourt on Tuesday evening. A long table fashioned like a gondola, with fourteen gilded chairs along its sides, a toothed silver prow with a small lantern facing the door, and a silken marquee at the opposite end, over a tall carved chair that we all knew as Richard's, awaited us.

The deck of the gondola, covered with golden brocade, held a yellow plaster model of a city, with three public squares, and cloisters about them. From the centre of the city sprang a delicate tower, with small bells hung in its topmost arches. Three fragile fountains stood in the public squares, and minute jets of water tinkled elfinly as they fell upon rings of glass bells.

Between the city walls and the dinner-plates of black porcelain were formal gardens, with paths, labyrinthine hedges, green olives in tubs representing clipped shrubs, and jewelled fruit-trees with cherries on them, by way of apples.

We found our places by the cards that informed each one who his neighbors were, with a whimsical summary of their foibles and interests.

Mine read: "At your right hand is Miss Elizabeth Erring, the archæologist who discovered the newest Sapphic fragments. She is versed in Chinese poetry, and has translated many Egyptian inscriptions. *A gauche:* Lucy Galleon, a youthful spinster—of fairy-tales—who really likes cats, and believes in Leprecauns."

And Sally flung her card over the city to me.

"Lucian Valiant was a man
Who found his stature far too small;
Fine books he wrote, and a moving play—
(Not moving picture—at least, not yet!)
And now he's grown seven cubits tall. . . ."

"Giovanni Freevale came through Florence . . . on his way from Greece. . . . He takes us to far centuries, and reincarnates them for us."

Bertha Stack was presented to her neighbor as "An unscrupulous woman who has learned to be kind," and Sally was indicated as "That woman, of whom the gods may have despaired, considering how little they could endow her with, further, when they sent her to represent them in a foreign complexity . . . but they despair not, who have known her diplomatic skill. . . ."

The dinner was launched, with a queer pathos.

The door opened, and a grave and distinguished man entered, with a bow that included every one.

There was something familiar about

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the stranger, who went to the head of the table and drew out Richard's own chair, and yet every one seemed puzzled about him. No one could place him.

He looked like a man who had suffered deeply, but there was acceptance in the lines of his face and in his deeply burned eyes.

The silence that fell upon his entrance, punctuated by the tinkle of the fountains and the stealthy whisper of strings that came from beyond some curtains at the end of the room, was profound and expectant.

We waited.

The strange man contemplated us all in turn, then he lifted his glass.

"I welcome you all in the name of Mr. Richard Castigan," he said quietly.

It was a silent toast.

The woman at his left, who murmured, "And where is Dick?" was answered by a look so full of reluctance, so evasive, and yet a trifle quizzical, that we were made to feel that it was not yet time for Richard to appear.

"How haunting that man is!" said Miss Erring in a low tone. "He is like a man whom one has known in several books—like Balzac's Rubempre—or more like the man who appears in so many of Meredith's novels under different names, and yet curiously alike. . . . Feverel . . . Evan Harrington . . . Beauchamp . . . all romantic, sensitive, different extensions of the author's character, wouldn't you say?"

"Yes," I assented, "and he's like a man whom one has seen a dozen times at the same table in a restaurant, or passed in the street every day—and never realized how well one knew him until now."

The dinner proceeded through exquisitely chosen dishes. Wines were poured into the rows of glasses . . . wines that brought back forgotten rituals, forgotten felicities of appropriateness.

But it was a sombre feast.

Only, as it went on, every one spoke openly of Richard. The strange man laid no constraint upon us.

From two people beyond Lucy Galleon I caught: "—I shouldn't wonder if she *did* come——"

"Did you ever see her?"

"Once. . . ."

"I guess she was the real reason that he disappeared."

"Yes . . . she broke him up . . . killed his spirit . . . he loved her, you know . . . and that very openness in him, that scorned to dissemble, put him at her mercy. . . ."

Coffee appeared, in cups of gold lacquer.

The strange man drew from his pocket a slim black book, very much battered. Two waiters brought a quaint little chest of red leather and placed it at his right hand, and a lighted candle on a bronze tray was set before him.

All eyes were fastened on the book, and, after a noticeable pause, he opened it,

"Pursuant to the long-deferred intentions of Mr. Richard Castigan, this, the Book of his Debts, is at last to be read, his obligations cancelled, and the book burned," he read.

"Item: Ten dollars sent anonymously to Richard Castigan, while in distress; the donor never discovered. This debt is now to be paid by the sending of one hundred dollars to a man known to be in straits himself."

And the first leaf was torn out and burned.

"Item," went on the strange man——

"How like the will of François Villon," murmured Miss Erring.

"—three Jacobean chairs to Sally Eastmooring, in payment for three saving words spoken by her on a black afternoon. As a gift—as lagniape—a pair of silver earrings."

And as Sally opened the box and put the rings in her ears, a tear rolled down her cheek.

"Item," the voice went on, "ninety-six dollars in payment for the dinners so generously shared with Richard Castigan, during three months of a terrible summer, by his friends Lucian and Dorothy Valiant. During this evening four persons are searching in Union Square and Madison Square, Bryant Park, and one at large, for those inevitably hungry people who sit upon benches waiting for whatever may happen, in order that they may be fed. As gifts: a thousand cigarettes and the completed model of a caravel to these two friends.

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"Item: To an old Irishwoman, once his neighbor, who gave him a drink out of her only bottle of Scotch, to 'buck him up,' when his heart seemed broken, a month in the country, which she has never seen since she was a child.

"Item: To Virginia DuBois, in payment of a nameless (and perhaps unsuspected) debt, two Hiro-shigis, some time admired by her."

A flat package was brought to Virginia. She did not open it, but she smiled in a queer little way.

Richard's debts were varied, indeed.

They included two dollars and a scarf-pin to a Russian tobacconist on Sixth Avenue; a sum of nine dollars and sixty cents to an Italian grocer who had provided him with food; a string of amber beads to Bertha Stack, for having told him a story to beguile him one day; a sum of money lent to him at the time of his mother's death, when he had had to go away hurriedly.

There were debts of gratitude and of money, and debts of purely metaphysical value—a word spoken, a letter sent on impulse; debts of recognition—this man had believed in him, that woman had saved him from self-accusation.

They were all set down in the black book. They were all paid, the money in kind, sometimes with interest—in each case with a gift of some sort.

"Where did I know Richard?" Miss Erring asked, in response to my query. "Why, first on the Acropolis at Athens, one Easter morning. The lambs were being driven into the city below, to be sold on the hoof. Each one had a bell around its neck, and the trilling of those hundreds of little bells, with the deeper notes coming up from all the churches, on that still morning, created a spell that possessed us both. There was no one else on the Acropolis but the two of us, and we were moved to speak to each other, there in the porch of the caryatides. I think he said: 'Paganism brings sacrifices to Christendom still.'"

We listened as to a play to the queer diary that the "items" represented, out of the life of a sensitive man, who had never forgotten the smallest kindness.

The strange man burned the book, leaf by leaf, until the heap of blackened ashes on the bronze tray looked like a funeral pyre.

It *was*, one felt, the funeral of Richard's debts, that had haunted his inner life, where there had been, as we all knew, only the desire to give, and not to get.

"He never kept anything for himself," Lucy was saying, "and that, in human relations, is the unexpected, the inexplicable, to the people who hold the philosophy of this world, which is to *get*, without giving. And I think that Richard always gave, not recklessly, but—well, he opened every door of his house of life, because he could not conceive of a relationship with any reserve in it, and that attitude is apt to be despised."

And Richard's curious little couplet, that was across the frieze of his bookplate (the façade of a Greek temple), rang in my head:

"These be the Castigans, wherever they go
In their faces forever the Mistral shall blow."

The debt that was inscribed to me was, quaintly, a pipe that he had broken one day, and the new one, a Peterson, had a bit of paper twisted in the bowl. "Your new pipe has been 'cured,' in accordance with the precept of an old fumial priest, by fitting the end of a banana into the bowl, which, after three days, absorbs the oil of the banana, and the sweetness of its pulp, and makes a foundation for a 'cake.'"

One of the last debts was a fragile tomb-bottle, in payment for having been forgiven for a thoughtless action.

"Item: In fulfilment of the promise that some of you felt that he had as an architect," the strange man concluded, as a pale golden liqueur was being poured into the last of the glasses, "the model that is before you is that of a city already begun upon the nucleus of an old Spanish monastery . . . a city to be called Ascalon, in the coffee regions of the state of São Paulo, Southern Brazil. The bells that are to hang in the tower are to be the ships' bells of the first voyagers to Brazil, mingled in a chime with the old monastery bells. The designing of this city was intrusted to Richard Castigan as architect. It was he who made this model."

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And as he burned the last leaf of the book, the little fountains on the table ceased to play, and the glass bells about them eddied into silence as the water subsided. The hidden strings beyond the curtains ended their plaint in a sob. And then, in the dead silence, the tiny bells in the tower chimed the hour of eleven.

It was, one felt, time for the *dénouement* of the feast.

The door-knob clicked and through the door came, like an apparition, the figure of a woman.

She stood at the prow of the gondola—at the blade of the feast—staring straight at the strange man, who stared back at her, steadily and impassively.

The woman reached up to the teeth of the silver prow, fingering it aimlessly, as if to see if it were sharp.

"It's the unbidden guest," whispered Miss Erring.

The woman's manner was defiant, nervous, constrained, and unwilling. She seemed to see no one but our host. She seemed like a well-tutored marionette, tall, angular, stiff. Her hair was yellow; her lips thin and straight and colorless.

We all looked at her and waited, in utter silence.

A waiter brought a chair for her—a black chair.

He relieved her of the long black cape that shrouded her, and she sat down awkwardly.

No one rose.

It was as if, in the dramatic moment of a play, some extraneous and unrelated thing had happened—as if a cat had walked on, and the actors did not know quite what to do about it.

The waiter brought a glass to the woman. But when he tilted the dark liqueur bottle over it, the bottle was empty.

It seemed to have contained just enough for fifteen.

The strange man drew from the inside pocket of his coat a square brass box. The waiter carried it on a tray to the woman.

It seemed like a tobacco-box.

We looked on, spellbound.

The guests nearest the woman drew away from her a little.

She took the box, and then she seemed to realize that we were all looking at her. She seemed to see that we were there for the first time.

Foreboding gathered in her eyes. Her fingers trembled.

Then she pressed the spring and opened the box.

Out of it, after a moment, fluttered a black butterfly. It circled about her head, stupidly, feebly, and then settled upon the woman's bare shoulder.

She tried to brush it away, panic-stricken, with spasmodic and desperate gestures. Then she slipped out of her chair to the floor, without a sound.

Two waiters carried her out of the room, and the door was closed.

The strange man was smiling in a secret and solemn fashion.

No one had moved.

The thing we had witnessed had been so unexpected, so far outside our ken, that we were all transfixed in our places, as a street crowd is for a moment when there is an accident.

The man nearest the empty tobacco-box leaned over and gently closed the lid of it, as one who closed the eyes of the dead.

With the click of the lid the stringed music began again, beyond the curtains, and the three little fountains leaped into life anew.

The strange man tore out what must have been the thin fly-leaf of the Book of the Debts, burned it, and folded his hands after he had closed the book.

The impalpable effigy of blackened paper soared above the table and disappeared.

"Like a black butterfly!" murmured Miss Erring.

"The last debt of Richard Castigan is now paid," said the strange man quietly.

"*Why—it's Dick—it's Dick himself!*" a woman's voice cried out, hysterical and shrill and glad.

We looked from Virginia DuBois's transfigured face to that of our host, and we saw that it was true, that the thing that had baffled us in him all evening had been erased, and Richard was now revealed, in every lineament, as we had known him. Only, with this revelation came the feel-

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ing that he was clear-cut for the first time, that in his face was all the perfection of the things that had been clouded, in other years, by oppression, and misery, and obligation, and self-despisement.

Richard had come through the haze, and his soul was there, for every one to read, and I realized that his face had always been haunted, and that now the haunting was gone; that he was free, of whatever had kept him from being himself, and that now his pride and his humility had been merged into one thing.

I looked about. There was recognition in the faces of his friends.

Lucian Valiant was murmuring huskily, "Well, I'll be damned—" and Virginia, her head on the table, was sobbing quietly.

"This is a man whom we suspected, but never knew before," said Lucy. "This is our friend, whose gesture with a cigarette was a poem, but whose life was like a torn-up street!"

So ended the dinner of the celebration of the payment of Richard's debts.

And two days later Sally told me that he was gone, back to São Paulo, to finish the city of Ascalon.

Virginia, when encountered, had little to say, but smiled serenely

It was more than a year afterward that I was contemplating an ointment-box in the Babylonian section of the British Museum, when an ironic voice near me said lazily: "Curious, isn't it—their very boxes have winged covers. Restless people!"

I turned to find Borla Tourgan, an entomologist whom I had last seen in Rome, four years previous.

"*Very* curious, the wings on that box," he resumed, when we were ensconced in a bar off Piccadilly, a little later, with two whiskey-and-sodas between us. "Reminds me of something that happened down in Brazil. I was coming through a valley one Sunday . . . I saw a dream city ahead, on a plateau . . . a mirage. When I got to it, I found a chap sitting on a wall whittling a piece of wood. . . . We got into talk about the place, and he began to tell me all about it. . . . He was the architect, it seemed . . . building the town around an old monastery.

"Told me a lot of things . . . lived in New York once . . . ran away. I began to realize that that chap had been life-sick, told me enough to explain that he had had a pretty bad break.

"Said he wanted to go home now, since the town was well under way. Wanted to go home and wind up his affairs . . . had to pay his debts, he said. . . .

"Well, I let him talk . . . seemed to want to get a lot of things off his chest . . . wish I could remember more of what he said . . . anyway, he had a queer idea of debt—felt he owed all his friends something or other. He said they were like the two rows of basalt gods in an Egyptian temple, signifying all the things his life was governed by . . . 'you have to pass them before you go through the narrow door into the sanctuary,' he said. 'And then, you see, I didn't get past them—I didn't go through the narrow door . . . I owed *my* temple gods too much. Owed 'em for their tolerations, for the immeasurable kindnesses they had performed . . . for their belief in me, and all that. Got too hurt by life to accomplish anything. Got to show them I *can* finish something,' he insisted. 'Had to achieve self-control . . . had to find myself . . . had to begin all over as if I had never been. You see, I had reached the depth of lost identity. I had gotten up one morning, in New York, and looked into a mirror, and couldn't recognize myself. So I knew that I must pay my debts—all of them, before *anybody* could recognize me again. Do you see?' he kept asking.

"That chap interested me enormously," said Tourgan.

"'Yes, I do see,' I told him, 'but how is it, in all this feeling of indebtedness, that you have only gratitude? In the whole category you haven't mentioned any revenge. . . . I find it hard to believe that you have no obligations of that sort . . . we all have them. We may forget about it, but there the feeling is, lingering in one's mind like the smell of peat in an old tweed coat.'

"He was silent for a while.

"'I used to have an item like that in the Book of my Debts,' he said finally. 'But I crossed it out. Didn't seem worth

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Drawn by Mead Schaeffer.

Out of it, after a moment, fluttered a black butterfly.—Page 183.

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while. Had it done to me. I know how it feels. Anyway, if retribution *is* due to anybody for anything—they go and find it, don't they? The sceptic falls into the dry well, trying to prove that there are no stars—but looking straight at them to prove it, of course. No, I'm not going back with any debt of vengeance—at least, not consciously.'

"He wanted to give a dinner, and he had gifts for all his friends, things he'd gotten together down there.

"I said to him: 'Look here, I found a cocoon about an hour ago, an unfamiliar one, though I think it may be a Niger Eterniensis Callot. It's a parthenogenetic, anyway, and that's your feeling about retribution, isn't it?' I gave it to him.

"You see," said Tourgan embarrassedly (as if ashamed to have been a bit sentimental), "I felt that that chap's city might become anything—and so might the cocoon. I wasn't sure. And then, I felt that *he* might become anything, so I said, as he put the cocoon in his tobacco-box (it was empty): 'If you get back to New York in a few weeks from now, it will be about time for this cocoon to hatch out, if you carry the box in your pocket. I have a feeling that you may need a little extra gift at your dinner.' We laughed, and he seemed to be pleased to have the thing, and then I said good-by to him.

"Queer chap," Tourgan ruminated when the pretty barmaid had replenished our whiskey-and-sodas. "But I understood him, in a way. He wanted those temple gods of his, back home, to see him incarnated into what they had thought he could be. I always wondered what happened at that dinner, and what happened to my cocoon.

"I've thought of that chap a lot since. . . . He must have gone back, with all his gifts, and his Book of Debts . . . but I can't help wondering. . . .

"Funny . . . I was reminded of all this by that Babylonian ointment-box with wings on its cover . . . restless people . . . restless chap. I've always wondered if paying his metaphysical debts, and all that, *did* solve things for him.

"That feast of his must have been queer. . . ."

"It was," I said. "I was one of the guests at that dinner."

"So," said Tourgan. "Did he pay all of his debts?"

"Yes, and one that he didn't expect to pay. An uninvited guest came at the end of the feast."

"A woman?"

"Yes."

Tourgan smoked for a while.

"I thought so . . . what happened?" he asked finally.

"A black butterfly came out of your cocoon and flew up to her shoulder——"

"Which shoulder was it?" he asked curiously.

"The left one."

"Why, *that* was the shoulder that was always branded in old times!" exclaimed Tourgan. "What became of her?"

"Oh . . . heart failure, I believe the papers said, next day."

"I see . . . I see . . ." said Tourgan. "*No*, it wasn't heart failure, it was self-accusation that killed her—that and hysteria. Queer. . . . Retribution. . . ."

"Very," said I.

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The Path-Treader

BY VIRGINIA CLEAVER BACON

Illustrations by Alice Harvey

I SUPPOSE, after all, it is people like Emily Briggs who keep the world going. People, I mean, who live by the rules and do things the way their folks have always done them. So many senseless things and stupid and cruel and funny things have to be done every day, just to make life move along. And it is Emily and her kind that hold the rest from going off at a tangent and upsetting it all. Path-treaders they are, and not trail-breakers, but they keep down the weeds and make the landscape tidy. Not that Emily wasn't rather more so. She was little and frail, with a sort of gray-and-pink prettiness; but she was set in her ways, and she had never in her life done a thing that was even unusual.

Never, that is, until she insisted on Ted's funeral, and that only seemed unusual because people didn't understand how Emily's mind worked. When other Amity mothers lost their sons, there were always funerals in the Presbyterian church, with a tolling bell and white camellia gates-ajar sent from Isaac Hessell's greenhouse, and the mourners sat in the second pew while Mr. Minnett preached a sermon meant to comfort them. Then it was done, and life went on in its regular way. Not that they were comforted, but living was resumed; the window-blinds were up, visitors rang the front-door bell, and the mothers walked along Main Street on their way to the post-office and Simpson's store.

With Ted's body adrift somewhere in the slow wash of the China seas, with nothing to punctuate her days and nights of weeping, how could little Emily Briggs get into life again? She had to have the funeral. It was her only way back to normality. I don't suppose I would have seen that any more than the rest did, but Jane Piper understood the minute Emily told her; and if Jane and Emily both wanted to have a funeral, nobody was going to stop them, no matter how queer it seemed to most Amity folks.

I was clicking away at my typewriter and Jane was posting her books when the news came. She always stood, straight and trig, and never seemed to be tired or flurried. We were both busy, for though Amity is a small town, yet Simpson's is the only good store, and then there are three branch stores back in the mountain towns—they were Indian trading-posts in the early days—and the office work for all of them is done at Amity. Jane had been at Simpson's since her mother died, the May Jane finished high school, eight years before, first as assistant bookkeeper and then as head, with no assistant. Henry Simpson thought a lot of Jane, and used to boast about how much she could accomplish. It never occurred to him that any one could overwork in that store.

Piggy Nellist, who clerked in the hardware, had been out late to lunch. He stuck his head in at the "Pay Bills Here" window and said, all breathless with his hurry so soon after he had eaten and with the news he had to tell:

"Ted Briggs's mother just got a cable from China he was washed overboard in a hurricane and drownded."

It is queer how fast one can think. I was thinking how disgustingly fat Piggy was, and how hard it was for him to keep from smiling, not because he was glad, but because he was excited; and how it served Ted right for flying in the face of Providence by giving up his good job in Simpson's at Clear Lake to run off to China like a silly boy; and how I could not bear to think of ocean slime over his laughing face; and all the time I was wondering what was the matter with Jane. She took the ledger she was work-

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ing on and shut it and beat on it softly with her brown fist. All the color drained out of her face till even her lips looked like milk. I heard Piggy snuffle and knew he was watching her too.

"Stella," she said, "I must go to his mother. I must go now." Her voice was hard and tight and very quiet. Before I could think of a thing to say, she had gone out the door.

"Well," marvelled Piggy, "what made Jane act like that, I wonder."

"I wonder," I snubbed him, "if you haven't been away from the hardware about an hour and a half." But it did seem odd to me. There wasn't any reason for it. Of course, Ted and Jane had been in high school together, and when he came back from college they might have played around a bit before he went to war as our boys and girls do. John and I lived in San Francisco after we were married, and I didn't know much about what went on at Amity. But I was a widow, back in my old job at Simpson's for months before Ted was demobilized. Though Jane was five years younger than I, still we had always been friends. It made it easier to come back to have her there. All that year she and the two high-school teachers and I tramped through the redwoods and hunted mushrooms on the hills, and drove a battered Ford back to the mountains on fishing trips. Jane wrote Ted army letters. Emily asked her to, I know. She even asked me. She was so afraid Ted might get entangled with some French girl. But no one ever thought Jane and Ted might care specially about each other. Jane was a woman's woman, and Ted—well, he was a woman's man.

When Ted came back I did see Jane with him a few times, but what girl in that crowd wasn't with him? I don't believe she ever missed a Sunday trip with us. Almost right away Ted was promoted from the store to be manager of the branch at Clear Lake, and he hardly ever came to Amity. Emily talked of moving there when she could find a renter without any children or pets. Jane did say always how good Ted's store reports were when they came in, but that was natural enough when we'd all gone to school together.

But though I had never before seen anybody look as Jane did while Piggy and I watched her, I knew how it felt to feel the way she looked. It's not likely I will ever forget that first minute after I tore open my official telegram. If I had not been so busy all afternoon that my brain had only half worked, I never could have persuaded myself that Jane was merely sorry for poor Emily Briggs. Yet that was what I was thinking when I went around the path through Emily's dahlias at six o'clock. Jane always was passionate in her pity, so I had that excuse.

A red-eyed, shaky Emily met me at the kitchen door. The neighbors had all gone because it was supper-time. I hugged her since I didn't know what else to do. Pretty soon she wiped her tears away and tried to steady her chin.

"Come on in to poor Janey," she said.

"To Jane?"

"Yes. Stella, she and Ted were engaged. I wish they had told me before, but it is such a comfort to have her now."

There wasn't much to say to Jane, and I'm not the talking kind. I was hurt that she hadn't told me before, but I hope I wasn't selfish enough to let that show. None of it seemed in the least like Jane, but you don't have to understand your friends to love them.

My second surprise was next morning. Henry Simpson came in the office to tell me Jane wouldn't be at the store.

"It's inconvenient, of course," he said, "but under the circumstances——"

"She and Ted were engaged," I interrupted. He evidently resented the defence which I hadn't meant to be in my voice.

"She told me that before he went away," he said dryly. "I wonder—if she and his mother want any dry-goods from the store, we'll make a cost price to them. I called there yesterday, but I could hardly mention it. Will you let them know, tactfully, of course." Now, why had she told Henry Simpson, of all people?

When I went around at noon Jane asked me about the funeral. That was Thursday and Emily wanted it Saturday afternoon. By then Mr. Balcomb could set up a granite slab in Ted's memory beside his father's grave. Well, I wasn't going to argue with Jane, and I could see

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Drawn by Alice Harvey.

"Ted Briggs's mother just got a cable from China he was washed overboard in a hurricane and drownded."—Page 187.

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what she meant about how necessary it was for Emily. So I promised everything she asked me to promise about helping. Only, when I was picking out a black sailor for her and watching Ella measure the length of a crêpe veil, I hated doing it. Mourning wasn't like Jane. Emily would wrap herself in black and be broken by grief, but Jane took blows standing. I did not want her wide gray eyes and her sun-browned cheeks hidden behind a black veil.

I arranged the flowers at the church. The undertaker usually does that, but while a funeral without a corpse was just possible, they couldn't have an undertaker, could they? Even Emily saw that. Everybody sent flowers. We do, always. The Amity *Banner* on Friday had a black-rimmed insert, and bouquets came from Clear Lake and Paul's Crossing and Sequoia and all along the line. The church smelled sweet and sticky. I wanted to get away to Pebble Beach in the Ford and tramp up and down in the sand. Though Jane had not said so, I felt sure she would like that too, and it would be better for her than sitting in the second pew by Emily Briggs while Mr. Minnett droned about the ways of a mysterious Providence and the choir sang Emily's favorite sad hymns. No one knew whether Ted had had a favorite hymn, though I guess there were plenty of people who could have said which was his favorite one-step.

Mrs. Briggs and Jane came in while the bell was counting those twenty-six dreadful strokes. Jane held her head high as they walked down the aisle, but when they passed me I could see through her veil that her cheeks were fiery red. I was afraid she had a fever, for the color burned down her neck and over her throat. Emily, little and frail, leaned on Jane's arm, and Emily's cousin Sam followed them. As they were seated the bell stopped, and just as the choir stirred I heard the chugging of a motor.

There was a movement back at the door, and I knew something was happening that I must not turn around to see. Some one was sobbing back there, but that was not all. I couldn't turn. And then I did. Down the aisle, crying into her black-bordered handkerchief and leaning on her mother's arm, came Maybelle Pratt from Clear Lake, draped like a widow in yards upon yards of black crêpe! They went to the second pew and squeezed in beside Sam. The choir, which seemed almost to have been waiting, began "Rock of Ages," and Maybelle collapsed on her mother's shoulder.

In Amity, if you are tolerant in your judgments of people, you feel vastly broad-minded and superior to your neighbors, except for the times when you are uncomfortably wondering whether maybe you are not merely more slack in your moral standards than they are. I had belonged to the camp that said "poor Maybelle" instead of "that Maybelle Pratt," but I went over to the other side that evening. I only wished the group on my front porch had more tales to tell, more follies to remember. Such a thing to have had happen! It was bad enough for Emily, but think of Jane! For my part, if Ted Briggs had been engaged to them both, if he had been faithless to a woman like Jane, a square, honest-to-goodness woman, I was glad his body was awash somewhere in the long, slow swells of the China seas. Are the China seas like that? I had the picture in my mind and couldn't get it out.

When Jane came back to Simpson's on Monday, I knew straight off she didn't mean to discuss it with any one. And I wasn't forcing any confidences from her. She had a perfect right not to tell me her affairs, of course, even if she did tell Henry Simpson. Only it was just too strange—honest, outspoken Jane, of all people, with a secret love affair!

I suppose she thought one girl in mourning for Ted was enough, for she didn't wear black, but she had Ted's fraternity ring on her finger. I was so glad to see it that I was ashamed. Of course I knew Jane. I grew up with her; I had worked with her and played with her. We had built camp-fires together in the rain, and had figured inventories till after midnight. I knew what Jane was like. But that ring was an answer to everything Maybelle and her mother might say. They did do a lot of wild talking, but no one of any consequence ever listened to them. Maybelle had gone to see Emily the evening after the funeral. Emily didn't tell any one exactly what happened, but Maybelle never went back.

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Drawn by Alice Harvey.

Down the aisle, crying into her black-bordered handkerchief, came Maybelle Pratt, draped like a widow in yards upon yards of black crêpe!—Page 190.

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We all understood that Emily thought that Maybelle expected to get a lot of sympathy and attention by her dramatic entrance. She never dreamed Ted had a real sweetheart, and so she had not expected to need any proofs for her story. That was all the sense she and her mother had. She did not have even a scrap of a note to prove that Ted had made love to her. He had been at her house, of course. There were half a dozen other young chaps who thought it fun to hang around the Pratt house in Clear Lake and flirt with Maybelle and her silly mother. Mrs. Pratt was one of those women who say they are more like a sister than a mother to their little girls.

Maybelle couldn't even keep up her pose of mourning for Ted. In less than a month she had a black-and-white sport outfit for the Farmers' Picnic, and she went to the Labor Day ball in a watermelon-pink dress. We all smiled, and looked down our noses, when we told each other that. I got over hating Ted. It had all been a bluff of Maybelle's. Ted always had a streak of good sense under his foolishness. No sensible man would have wanted to marry Maybelle, especially not when he could have Jane. That didn't explain why he ran away to China—or did it? Emily said he went because he could make money so much faster there, and that Jane knew he was going. She seemed not to mind that she didn't know, if Jane did. Well, it was hard for the boys to settle down after the war, and I guess if Ted wanted to go the only way was not to tell Emily beforehand. He couldn't have forgotten the scene before he went to France. But still, why didn't he write to her when he got to China? If Jane knew about it—it was just queer. Maybe he had written to Emily, but I thought not.

Jane and I were very close that fall. The high-school teachers didn't come back and we did not take up with any one else. We piled extra robes in the back seat of the Ford and drove over to the beach on the white, foggy nights, and made little driftwood fires to sit by while we listened to the surf. I knew it was good for Jane. She did not talk about Ted, but I had not talked much about John either. The ocean is so old and so big and has seen so many human sorrows. I don't know why that comforts one, but it does.

I could have done with more of Jane than I had, though. So much of the time she was at Emily's, and then Emily took to worrying if we went when it was raining, or even when the roads were wet and she thought the car might skid. Jane never seemed to think Emily was preposterous. She loved humoring her. That was just Jane. She always loved the people who leaned on her. Once she told me that Emily was too little to be hurt.

About Thanksgiving Maybelle and her mother made another climax by marrying a truck-driver who had been working on the highway, and going off to Texas with him. That is, Maybelle did the marrying and they both did the going. I was so glad to have them gone that I did not even worry when Ella Aimes said he looked like a married man and probably had a wife and several children somewhere.

Jane wasn't like herself. She jumped when you spoke to her; she was getting thin, and had permanent blue shadows under her gray eyes. Ted's ring used to slip round on her finger and turn the emblem inside. Once or twice when Maybelle was in the store I saw Jane's hands shaking. I thought she seemed gayer the day Maybelle's wedding was in the *Banner*, though of course I didn't mention it to her.

I don't mind the rain in Amity, and a great, clean wind off the ocean and through the redwoods blows into my very soul and cleans the cobwebs out. But when they come together, rain and west wind, I build up my fire and stay at home. That is, I do if the rain and the west wind come on Sunday, and I do not have to fight my way down to Simpson's. I was really glad when the first Sunday in December turned out like that. Nobody would come in, and I would have a chance to be intimate with my own living-room.

When the telephone rang the wires were singing so I could hardly understand what Emily Briggs was trying to tell me. But I heard enough to send me racing into my oldest dress and my rain-coat and southwester. When I got to Emily's I went round to the kitchen. No matter

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In less than a month, she had a black-and-white sport outfit for the Farmers' Picnic.—Page 192.

what had happened, no need to drip a puddle on her parlor floor. She was trying to make me some tea. In spite of a lifetime at Amity, Emily still thinks it is dangerous to get wet. The telegram was on the table and she pointed to it, so I picked it up.

"Will be home tonight tell May Bell. Ted."

Telegrams are odious things. Jumbled words on hideous yellow paper, striking the sun out of the sky. Even if they bring good news they do it grudgingly, discourteously. When I realized what this one was saying, I hated every word of it. If Ted Briggs was coming back to life just to send messages to Maybelle Pratt, I wished he had stayed dead!

But there stood Emily, frail and wavering as a wisp of smoke, with all the pink gone out of her grayness. So I did remember that, after all, Ted was her only son, and went over and took the kettle away from her and let her cry in my arms

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till I got her all wet from my rain-coat. But when we had her wiped off and the coat hung up it was plain enough that even her happiness was tinged with uneasiness.

"It looks as if Maybelle wasn't lying," I said.

"Well, no. They were engaged in a way. She had a letter from him, asking her to come and tell me. She brought it here."

"She brought it to you, you mean?"

"Yes, after the funeral. He only wrote one, from San Francisco. Said sometime he would explain to her why he couldn't write any more for a while. She was to bring it to me right after he left, but she didn't. I suppose she was afraid I'd watch her goings-on if she did."

"But, Emily, what happened?"

"I burned it. I read it and threw it in the fireplace. She was across the room and couldn't get it out."

"How could you?"

"Why, of course I could! I had to have some consideration for Janey, didn't I? Maybelle would have made a regular scandal with that letter."

Well, people like Emily Briggs do keep the affairs of life in their decent channels. But what magnificent criminals they would make if their bent were otherwise! I could only ask, meekly:

"And now?"

"Now everything will be all right. Maybelle is married and gone. Jane doesn't know about Maybelle, and she and Ted are engaged. Do you know, Stella, it began to comfort me the minute Henry Simpson told me that?"

"Was it Henry who told you? I thought Jane did."

"Well, of course, it was both of them. Henry was here when Jane came in. He mentioned it first. Of course, she had come straight to tell me." Of course she had. I remembered how she said she must go to Emily at once.

Jane didn't have a telephone, and Emily could not go out in a storm like that. She would have blown away. So I had to go to Jane's with the news. I did not hurry. I even went the long way round in spite of the storm, and stopped to look in her post-office box to see whether she had a letter. Emily Briggs would burn that telegram too, but was I going to be clever enough to keep Jane from knowing that it had had two parts?

Well, I blurted the news in the first part right out in the hall. I guess I never broke anything but crockery. And for a moment Jane's face showed what perfect, holy joy looks like. Jane is not pretty, just good to look at, but she was transfigured. Why, God might have looked like that when he knew the world was redeemed! Then she blushed, a burning red in her cheeks that spread to her forehead and down on her neck and throat. I had known Jane all her life and I had never seen her blush like that—except when I looked through her veil at Ted's funeral. She dragged me up the hall to her room.

"Stella, I must leave town right away. I'll take the 4.15."

"Why?" I knew, but I told myself I did not.

"Why? Because I'd die if I were to have to see Ted Briggs. I've lied all along, Stell. I don't ask you to understand. There isn't anything to understand, except that we never were engaged and Ted never wanted us to be. You can tell everybody that. Do help me get my things packed now, everything, for I'm never coming back to Amity."

"I'll help you, of course, Jane," I said, "and I don't know a thing about all this. But I know you, and I know that whatever you have done is all right."

"No, I'm a liar. Everybody must know that now. But there's just one other thing I want you to know. Whatever this does to me, I thank God Ted's alive. I never want to see him as long as I live, but any kind of a world is better with him in it. You'd understand that, Stella, more than any one." We were both crying then, so we stopped talking and went to packing.

Jane left her trunks in her room for me to send later, and I helped her carry her suit-case to the station. Just as the train came in she said:

"I did try to tell Mrs. Briggs sometimes, but she always stopped me. Without knowing it, of course." I didn't go back to Emily's. She was little, but I had my doubts about the frailty. Anyhow, joy wasn't going to kill her. I went home and got John's picture and sat by my cold stove. After a while I tele-

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phoned to Emily that Jane had gone to San Francisco.

"But Ted is coming home. Their trains will pass!"

"Yes," I said, "they will." Then I hung up and stuck the oven-cloth in back of the bells.

It was past ten when I let Ted in. He was stiff and embarrassed, and so was I. We talked like strangers—old Ted, who had been at my first party and was come back from the dead! I questioned and he half explained. A drifting sampan and then a tramp sailing-vessel and an illness; but he broke off the tale in the middle.

"Tell me, Stella, why did Jane Piper go away?"

"She said it was because she never wanted to see you again." I was glad at his hot flush.

"After all she's had to do for me, it is no wonder. But I wish she could have stood the sight of me for a month or two. Do you know how she saved me? No, I suppose she wouldn't tell even you. She hadn't told mother. Can you stand me long enough to listen?" For all his twenty-six years, he was the slender, handsome boy I had known in high school. And his voice was hurt and a little bitter.

"Ted, of course I'm glad to have you safe. There's so much I can't understand, and I love Jane. But I want you to tell me about it."

"I love Jane too. Who wouldn't? Well, it won't take long. I rotted around at Clear Lake and stole six hundred dollars from the store. Jane found it out. I'd messed an attempt to fix the accounts. So she sent for me. She didn't preach. She just said we were old friends and she was going to help me. That surely made me see the sort of thing I was. She wanted to lend me the money to pay back. There was one thing I wasn't low enough to do, to save mother or any other reason, and that was let Jane mess with her books. So she said she'd see Henry Simpson and fix it for me. She did, only he wouldn't talk to me. Just stipulated I had to get out. I met him as I came from the train to-night. He thought he was seeing a ghost. Then he came to, and talked a lot. Said he was free to say he had refused to overlook my fault till he found out it meant Jane's happiness, but that that was all past now. Hinted I might come back to the store. Made a regular oration there on the corner in the rain. She didn't tell me how she got me off, but you see she had to let Henry think we were engaged. I had a chance in China—fellow I knew in France. I didn't have any security to give Jane, but I made her keep my frat ring because it stood for decent things I'd no right to till I paid her. Guess that's all, except that I have her money for her in a bank in China."

"And Maybelle?" I had to ask, I so wanted to know.

"I had made love to her just before the smash-up. And I couldn't break it off, but after that talk with Jane—well, I knew what a real woman was. I couldn't go on writing to Maybelle feeling like that, so I tried to send her to mother, because I knew she'd likely get into trouble if no one looked out for her. After the accident I felt I might as well brace up and stand by her if she wanted me. No good of my thinking of Jane."

"What are you going to do now?"

"Mother's told me how Henry put Jane in the hole. I suppose she didn't dare tell anybody she didn't love me, for fear he'd tell what I'd done. Now that I'm back and she's gone, all the town will be blabbing. Too bad that damn sampan came. But I'll go after her as soon as you tell me where she is, and get her to come home and put up with me for a little while. Then she can jilt me so hard all Amity will know about it, and I'll go back to China."

I don't want to be a meddling old woman. I don't even want to be a path-treader. But I saw Jane when Piggy's message came, and I knew how she felt; and I had seen her that day in the hall, though I can never know how joy like that feels, and I couldn't let Ted go to her with that proposition, now could I? So I said:

"Ted, I don't believe Jane will want to jilt you." He stood straight up, and though his cap was on the floor, his gesture seemed to sweep it from his head.

"Stella, it's not possible you are right, but if you are, God's blessing on that Chink sampan!"

Then I got him Jane's address.

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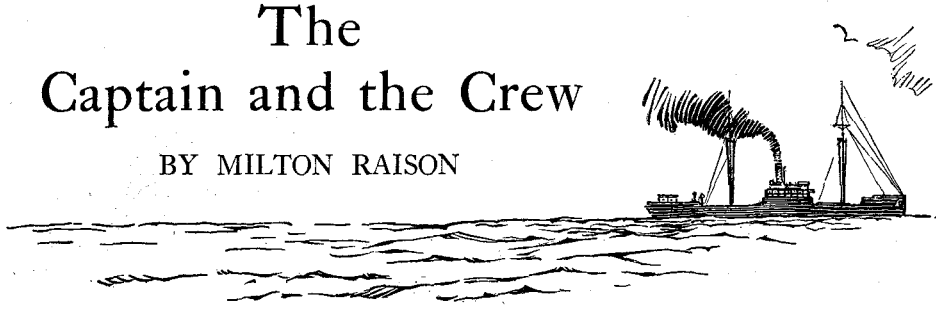
The Captain and the Crew

BY MILTON RAISON



THE CAPTAIN

THE captain was a silent man
  Who never said an extra word,
He'd watch the sea for quite a span,
  Nor let himself be heard.

It's queer that such a man as he
  Should find himself so strange a friend,
And be companion of a sea
  That talked without an end.

THE CHIEF STEWARD

The seamen hated him because
  He sent back aft the rotten meat,
And all the half-cooked food there was
  The passengers refused to eat.

So since he wasn't fit to live,
  And anxious for the common weal—
They threw him overboard to give
  The sharks, at least, a decent meal.

THE MESSBOY

He had contempt that was divine,
  For every sailor that he fed,
For while they talked of girls and wine—
    He read.

For while they lived the pain and strife
  Their dull imagination brooks,
He could appreciate their life
    In books.

He washed the dishes, made the bed,
  And did their errands with fair grace,
Nor could their insults on his head
    Erase

That fine, immobile pride of his
  Which brushed against their baser sod,
And was as different as a kiss
    Of God.

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THE APPRENTICE

Some men can find a magic in the sea,
And he is one, I know it by his eyes,
Sweet with beauty as they turn to me
From gazing ocean-wise.

Yet he's the sort of man the sea will cheat,
And for his love and trust will bite his hand,
By mustering her vice for his defeat—
But he'll not understand.

THE OLD WIPER

He doesn't know a thing about
The engines that he wipes and cleans;
The ships he'd been on sailed without
Machines.

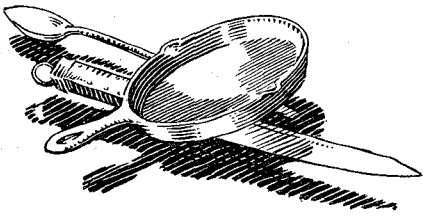
For all, he hopes they'll never make
Until he leaves the human race,
Some sort of engine that would take
His place.

THE CREW'S COOK

The smallest man among the crew,
And yet the one most looked up to:
We help him coal his fire and peel
The vegetables for every meal;
We listen to his tastes, nor voice
Among us a dissenting choice.
We hate his foe, and love his friend,
And lock his secrets in our hearts,
Praying Davy Jones to lend
Us solemnness to play our parts.

There is a reason for our fear:
With heat, or rage, or too much beer,
And carving knives so close at hand—
Cooks have been known to run amuck;
And those they didn't like would stand
A likely chance of being stuck.

The smallest man among the crew
Is thus, the one most looked up to.



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The Return of the Middle Class

BY JOHN CORBIN

I—DEMOCRACY AND WOMANHOOD

During the past generation social and economic problems have been discussed almost exclusively as problems of two factors—the rich and the poor, labor and capital. The only solutions proposed have centred in capitalist individualism or in proletarian communism. Yet throughout history there has been a third factor, once recognized as primary—the middle class of brain-workers—the technical, managerial, professional class.

It is the author's contention that Communist and Capitalist alike are failing in the task of world reconstruction, and for essentially the same reason—that they have failed to evoke the full power of the class of the well-born and well-educated. Whether consciously or unconsciously, they have stifled it rather, prevented it from attaining its normal scope, and performing its indispensable service of leadership. The problem of the present and the future is to restore the middle class to its historic function.

The middle-class woman especially has suffered—the modern lady. The present articles, which embody the main conclusions on this point, outline a new programme of feminism, foreshadowing a continuance and culmination of the movement that lately achieved the Nineteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States. Only by the return of the middle-class woman to her normal dignity and leadership can modern life be made capable of the great task that confronts it.

DEMOCRACY AND WOMANHOOD

IT is a long-familiar fact that the Industrial Revolution, while it has vastly enriched civilization as a whole, has oppressed and imbruted the industrial worker—a fact familiar so long that it is well on the way to be righted. Somewhat less familiar is the fact that the Industrial Revolution has wrought a hardship upon the middle-class woman which is as great, depriving her of the very labor it has heaped upon the industrial workers; yet more and more we are realizing that the weakened morale and declining birth-rate of the middle class result largely from the industrial unproductiveness of the modern household. Thus far, it is true, no one has taken this result of the Democratic and the Industrial Revolutions very seriously, for the middle-class woman lives amid a diffusion of wealth and enjoyment such as mankind has never known. But what if the triumph were material merely—what if the native instincts of the class of brain-workers were oppressed, its spiritual life starved and stricken? It could only bode ill for the fabric of civilization.

In point of fact, is not the world filled with foreboding? As we read of the German menace in the days before the war, so now we read a lengthening list of books prophetic of evil—"The Passing of the Great Race," "The Rising Tide of Color," "Is America Safe for Democracy?" Viscount Bryce in his elaborate survey of modern democracies raises many grave questions that remain unanswered. The German is defeated and, at least for one generation, subdued, but only to give way to a subtle, deeper menace. As of old, we mainly manage to shake off the spell of fear—yet with a difference. More and more, in the magazine article, in the daily press, in our own familiar conversation, we encounter the fateful phrase and tolerate it: "If civilization is to endure . . ."

Something of our fatalism arises from

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the conception that, by an inexplicable law of nature, civilization is bound to recur in cycles, periods of high achievement alternating with periods of decadence. The idea seems warranted by the past of the race and historians tacitly countenance it. What has been will be! Yet evidence is accumulating that such fatalism may be unduly facile. Together with vastly increased wealth, the era of the Industrial Revolution has brought us vastly increased knowledge of nature and of society, vastly enhanced control over all vital forces. What if, in point of biologic fact, the recurrent decadence of the race is not an inevitable phenomenon? What if, in point of historic truth, a leading and perhaps dominant factor in each successive cataclysm has been just such a maladjustment of the social and economic forces of the nation to its vital needs as now confronts us—a maladjustment which knowledge and wisdom would have rectified?

In its biologic aspect the problem of the catastrophic cycle is simple enough. Man is, saving his presence, an animal; and nowhere else in the animal kingdom do we find life subject to cycles. Countless species have dwindled to extinction. Many have remained stationary since the dawn of history, such as the honey-bee whose perfect state was described in its essentials by the ancients. A few species have marvellously advanced—yet not through cycles of defeat. The story of these steadily advancing species is an object-lesson for cyclic man, plain to the casual glance.

A fascinating chapter might be written of the unending progress of the eohippus. When he appears in the geologic record, he is about the size of a fox-terrier. Precisely when he or his kindred was first taken in hand by man the sapient we do not know; but he grew amazingly in stature, in fleetness, and in strength. The horse of the Mongolian Steppes, the nearer ancestor of our horse, measures to-day, as one may see in the Zoological Park of New York, some twelve hands high—precisely four feet. What an advance over little eohippus! Wherever man became more sapient his horses waxed amazingly. In ancient Egypt the Arabian steeds of the shepherd kings, and later King Solomon's "forty thousand stalls of horses for his chariots," must have already reached the stature of the modern Mongolian. The horses of the Parthenon frieze were probably reduced in scale in the interests of the artistic composition; in all likelihood the Greek horse too was as large as the Steppe horse of to-day. The horse on the sarcophagus of Alexander the Great, probably Bucephalus, is almost as large as a polo-pony. As to the hackney city horses that drew toy chariots through the miniature streets of Pompeii, making the narrow ruts which amaze us to-day, we may be confident that they were larger than the Parthenon horses, perhaps as large as Bucephalus. Also through the Middle Ages, if we may judge by the steeds of William the Conqueror as we see them in the Bayeux Tapestry, the horse seems steadily growing. A statute of Henry VII of England looking to the improvement of the breed mentions a brood mare as thirteen hands high. To-day a polo-pony of more than fourteen hands is no longer a polo-pony but what we call a horse. If little eohippus could know how his race was destined to stand as many feet, almost, as he stood inches! Since Henry VII man has been very sapient—with regard to horses—and we have the massive Clydesdale on one hand and the thoroughbred racer on the other, each improving so amazingly in his separate line that almost every year brings a new triumph. And so we have come from the fox-trot of eohippus to the silken stride of Man o' War. In biology, surely, there is no reason why any stock, well cared for, should decline.

Has homo sapiens not been properly cared for? It would seem so. In the cave of Cro-Magnon were found remains of men of the early Stone Age—six-footers with domed foreheads who, in both stature and brain capacity, were the equals, and perhaps in advance of the average man of to-day. In his "Men of the Old Stone Age," Professor Osborn calls them, because of the glory of their physique and the originality of their art impulse, "Paleolithic Greeks." "Artistic observation and representation, and a true sense of proportion and of beauty, were instinctive with them from the beginning." Their development, doubtless, was in a cycle,

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like that of all their successors in civilization. Out of their interest in animals, which were their possessions and their prey, they set down for us many spirited drawings of the horse, the elk, the mastodon—but of themselves no line of true portraiture. So man has always been—self-ignorant, self-neglectful. In due course, something smote the Cro-Magnards—twenty-five thousand years ago or thereabout, ten times farther back in the abysm of time than the Age of Pericles. The horses they loved and pictured survived them—and were carried still forward by their conquerors. Strange portent!

As early as Plato, man's care for what he has and neglect of what he is was clearly noted as fatal to welfare and virtue—and has ever since been mainly disregarded. So time and again homo sapiens has arisen to pinnacles of wealth and power, of intellect, art, and morals, only to be dashed down, crushed out, extinguished. In the Stone Age the Cro-Magnards are a solitary phenomenon. In the dawn of history the Greeks stand similarly alone in their vastly greater splendor. Never since has their stature of mind and of spirit been equalled—never even approached, except perhaps in the nineteenth century. It is the melancholy conclusion of anthropologists that twenty-five thousand years the human race has not advanced, either in stature or in brain power.

We of to-day, however, stand in a new place of power. Where Plato could conceive of human biology only in the crudely physical and empyrical terms of the breeder of game birds and sporting dogs, Darwin, Mendel, and de Vries have given us keys to the mystery of our heredity—mental and spiritual as well as physical. Where Plato stood isolated in a brief historic movement, with no conception of the possibilities of progress and with scarcely a suspicion of the cyclic cataclysms of history, we have grasped both ideas. Biologically we are, or should be, masters of the future.

Economically and politically, according to our traditional tenets, the world is fortunate as never before. Except for its present setback, it is richer than ever, and it is much more democratic. For the first time in history the future depends upon the collective wisdom of the people. Nor has our doctrine of equality blinded us to the need of education. Quite freely we admit that if the nation is to endure and advance its citizens must go to school—be educated out of equality to the top of their various bents. So we have compulsory attendance in the grammar schools and a system of free high schools and state universities which, for the money spent on it and the numbers that make use of it, is unapproached in the modern world—infinitely beyond anything the world has hitherto known. Like the polls, our classrooms are thronged. But are we rich in virtue as in things material? Are universal suffrage and compulsory schooling, even when sustained by education highly privileged, advancing the life of the spirit?

Among others, the late Viscount Bryce wrestled with this problem—confining himself, as was the way of the nineteenth century, to the political as opposed to the sociologic and biologic point of view. In writing "Modern Democracy," he mainly suspended judgment; but when, at the Institute of Politics at Williams College in the summer of 1921, he contemplated democracy as the controlling force in international relations, the balance visibly trembled. Speaking of Mazzini's high hopes of the new equality, he remarked that "the behavior of free peoples, under republican as well as under monarchical forms, has not verified" them. Nor has democracy developed leadership. As the mass of citizens increases, he said in effect, the ratio of leaders decreases. Nor yet is it true, as many have assumed, that the cause and the era are everything, the leader nothing—that if there had been no Napoleon, no Bismarck, no Cavour, others would necessarily have risen to do their work. "Broadly speaking, [the people] are what their leaders make them." And the world of to-day is leaderless. He was thinking, of course, of a league or association of nations. "Can human nature in the members of many civilized nations be raised to and sustained at a higher moral level than it has yet attained?" The question had a sadly negative inflection. "European peoples have been groping in the dark for the last few years." As our guest, Viscount Bryce refrained from commenting upon our own chaotic counsels; but it was

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clearly his view that on both sides of the Atlantic the vision of democracy is blurred, the will of free nations perplexed and halting.

It has not always been so; the phenomenon is, in fact, new and rather startling. Under the first French republic, four young generals appeared, of very great and apparently equal promise. All except one were killed, but that one was Bonaparte. Wherever the liberating spirit of the era touched the nations—in Italy, France, and Germany, as in the England and America of the eighteenth century—great leaders arose who blazed out paths of progress. Some of them, as Napoleon and Bismarck, recklessly abused their power; but they all marked signal advances for their nation, from which there was no returning. Of late we have had a world convulsion, the mightiest in history; but in all the embattled democracies has any great leader arisen, in warfare, in statesmanship, even in the realm of political thinking? We know in our hearts that Lord Bryce was right.

In the past such a victory as we of late achieved has generally been followed by a period of jubilant confidence, of striding progress. Why are we downcast? Possibly it has occurred to us that if we had had leaders, even if we the people had been capable of understanding the comparatively wise men among us, we should have foreseen the German menace—and, by facing it manfully, averted it. What we have accomplished by war, at infinite cost and sacrifice, was well within the statesmanship of an association of intelligent nations intelligently led. We know in our hearts that, when the conflict was upon us, the nations blundered egregiously, squandering their resources and wasting their strength in jealous dissensions and divided leadership. At best we barely escaped with our skins. Except for one fact, free France would have fallen in 1915—and free England as soon thereafter as the Germans could launch from French ports the terror of their submarines. The saving fact was that the Germans, with all their skill and foresight in material things, were no less stupid in their greed and arrogance than we in soft complacency. Rightly speaking, was there any victory—or was it only a defeat of the nation that was blinder and more incompetently led? Now that we again have peace of a sort, we need above all things stability and constructive statesmanship. For the first time the thing is possible which our wise men have dreamed through the centuries—a firmer union of the nations, dedicated to the enlightened self-interest of brotherhood and peace. But our leaders faltered. The glorious future was lost in an abyss of national distrusts, personal ambitions and party politics. Of all the men brought forward by the war, Lord Bryce could name only three as possessed of light and leading, and those from the outskirts of our boasted civilization—Masaryk, Venizelos, and Jan Smuts.

A certain antagonism between democracy and enlightened leadership has of late become pretty generally recognized. An increase in the mass of citizens means a lowering of the common denominator of intelligence, so that a statesman must be not only great and wise in himself but must have the additional faculty, almost equally rare, of imposing his leadership upon men who are not quite capable of understanding him. Lincoln himself owed more than we often admit to the fact that, being of the common people, the common people followed him—not so much by their reason and insight as by the sheer instinct of like for like. A public career is ceaselessly menaced by the fate of Aristides the Just. When Theodore Roosevelt betook himself to the South American jungle, to leave there his youth and his strength, it was consciously and avowedly to escape a revulsion of crowd psychology. "I must get out and away," he said to a friend. "The people are growing tired of me." A similar fear obsessed Lloyd George when he launched his Khaki Campaign and Orlando when he demanded Fiume—nor was Clemenceau wholly the world statesman when he wrested impossible terms from Germany.

Thus far we have viewed democracy from the political point of view of those who originally championed it—among whom was Lord Bryce himself, as he rather ruefully acknowledges. The failure pervades also the fields of art, science, letters. We of the English speech patronize the nineteenth century, smile derisive-

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ly at the mid-Victorian; but has the generation now passing produced anything comparable? It should have done so, for it is the ripest fruit of the democracy which we laud and cherish. We have, of course, only rough standards of measurement. Among American universities Harvard once graduated distinguished men in notable numbers. But not of late. Thanks to the democratization of education during the latter part of the nineteenth century, the president of the university signed the sheepskins of as many young men as all his predecessors back to 1636; yet as against the multitudinous worthies of the past—from the Adams family in politics; Bancroft, Prescott, and Motley in history; Agassiz, Grey, and Shaler in science; Emerson, Holmes, and Lowell in letters, down to William James—President Eliot's graduates included only one leader of the higher order, and he was no New Englander — Roosevelt. This fact was pointed out by a Harvard graduate. In the same period many other universities doubled and redoubled their numbers. Can graduates of any of them tell a different story? Have democratized Oxford and Cambridge any one to compare with the great English poets and scientists and statesmen of the nineteenth century?

It may be said, of course, that leadership is not indispensable—that a nation can survive without great statesmen, great scientists, philosophers, men of letters, if only the mass of citizens is sound in character and intelligence. Is it not in the nature of democracy to advance, not through single spies, but by battalions? So set is our belief in the diffusive power of education that until quite recently few have ever asked this question. To-day it rises everywhere. Is the nation as a whole, the great mass of democracy, capable of carrying forward, even of sustaining, the civilization erected by the nineteenth century? If it is not, then indeed we are on the steep downward way the Romans once trod, the Greeks, the Persians, the Egyptians—the descent that cyclic man has taken a thousand times, back to the "Paleolithic Greeks" of Cro-Magnon.

Thanks to the war, we have here a considerable body of data—thanks to the war and Professor R. M. Yerkes who brilliantly seized a great opportunity. When our army was drafted the men were submitted to a mental census. The tests were of necessity applied very rapidly and in a rather haphazard manner; but the officers who subsequently had the task of sorting and organizing the men reported, in overwhelming numbers, that they afforded a very valuable index of the ability of their soldiers. According to Major Yerkes, the youth of the United States falls into classes thus, the figures representing percentages:

A	*B*	*C* +	*C*	*C* −	*D*	*D* − and *E*
4½	9	16½	25	20	15	10

A men are "of high officer type when they are also endowed with leadership," they have "the ability to make a superior record in college." They are only 4½ per cent of the whole. Class *B* includes "many men of the commoner officer type"—men "capable of an average record in college." They are 9 per cent of the whole. *C* + men are mainly of the non-commissioned officer type, with an occasional man whose power of leadership fits him for a commission. They are inferior college material, and more numerous than *A* men and *B* men combined—16½ per cent. *C* men are the largest single group, 25 per cent. They are an "excellent private type, with a certain amount of fair non-commissioned officer material"; but they are "rarely capable of finishing a high-school course." *C* − men (20 per cent) are, as privates, usually "satisfactory for work of a routine order only," and of "low" intelligence—average grammar-school material. *D* men (15 per cent) are of the lower order of privates and of grammar-school pupils. *D* − men are sometimes "fit for regular service," but in school they "rarely go beyond the third or fourth grade." Together with the *E* men, they "contain many of the moron grade of feeble-mindedness." Thus, only 13½ per cent of our young men are good college material, and only 16½ per cent good high-school material—30 per cent in all. Seventy per cent of the citizens of our democracy are incapable of a high-school education; of these only a little more than a third—25

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per cent of the whole—are good grammar-school material. In another table, Major Yerkes records that 47.3 per cent of the draft men were technically morons, being of a "mental age" of twelve or less. Recent critics have declared it "inconceivable that almost half of our fellow citizens are morons," but they admit that post-war tests made in factories and department-stores confirm Major Yerkes's results.

The number of the obviously and hopelessly unfit is equally startling as a comment on democratic institutions. During the war the chief of the section of neurology and psychiatry, Doctor Pearce Bailey, estimated, on the basis of his records of the draft men, that there are well over 350,000 male defectives in the United States—of males and females, almost three-quarters of a million. Of these, according to an official estimate, only about one-tenth are in institutions; the rest wander loose in the community, many of them voting as cheerfully as the army of their superiors, the morons. By the army tests of literacy (a very different thing from the census test, which leaves each citizen free to depose as to his culture and attainments), one-quarter of all Americans (24.9 per cent) are illiterates—that is, are unable "to read and understand newspapers and write letters home." These also, or a vast majority of them, are cheerful voters.

Thus for the first time we have a scientific record, however rough, of the collective intelligence of the people upon whom the future of our democracy depends. Under the institutions by which we live, the vote of a majority is the most sacred of all things, as it is the most decisive. The army tests explain as nothing else could the character of the great mass of our legislation—and legislators. Clearly something more is requisite to a nation than even the most democratic institutions, the most advanced universities.

In the present deficiency of great leaders, a peculiar interest attaches to the 4½ per cent of first-rate officer and university material, an interest scarcely less great to the 9 per cent of second-rate material of the same kind. Only 13½ per cent of Americans are really worth a college education! Is this upper crust of our democracy gaining or losing in numbers? We shall not know precisely until we have another mental census; but such statistics as we have are not at all cheerful. Over a decade ago it appeared from class reports that Vassar graduates had on the average only one child. Harvard graduates, who include an unusual number of men inheriting wealth, averaged one child and four-tenths. Statistics reported in August, 1921, from Harvard, Yale, Smith, and Barnard give approximately the same result. As Doctor C. B. Davenport has shown, if the Harvard of the future were limited to the sons of Harvard men it would shrink in half a dozen generations from 5,000 to 250; that vast and ancient institution would have to close its doors. It is an interesting paradox, this, that the one great safeguard which democracy has invoked, education, progressively devours its children like Chronos of old, diminishing them by almost one-half with each generation.

The sober truth is, of course, that the fault does not lie with the university. If it did, the case would not be so difficult. The fault lies with our economic and social system. Those who are educable and educated are so handicapped by the time required for a college course, by the meagre returns of a life of brain labor and the penalizing of family life by taxation, that youth is gone before they can marry and middle age has come before even the successful among them can support a normal family. Not the university but the nation itself is devouring the line of those capable of sustaining its higher activities and bringing them forward.

This, then, is the cause of the middle-class woman against the State—that it has, albeit unintentionally, deprived her of the normal life of her kind. Whose cause is it that the nation has sterilized those very homes that should be the shrines of all its fairest traditions, an abounding and eternal source of citizens well-born and well-bred?

"Democracy," say the socialists, "is the inexhaustible well from which the nation draws its resources, human, economic, social, spiritual. All these are comprehended in democracy and only in democracy!" But the doctrine is not primarily socialistic. Are we not ourselves as a nation dedicated to the proposition, self-evident to Thomas Jefferson,

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that all men are created equal? Clearly, this proposition stands in need of repair.

Sensible people, of course, have glossed the doctrine of equality as applying not to individuals but to classes—or, rather, as militating against arbitrary class distinction; it is only "before the law" that men are equal. Native ability, we have assumed, is distributed impartially through the various orders—being proportionately frequent, of course, in those that are more numerous. Thus if the educated class fails to reproduce itself, its place will be taken by others who rise from the prolific masses. Something of the established traditions of conduct and right living may be lost, but there will be a compensating gain in an upward flow of strong, new democratic blood. Those who reason thus are not abashed by the fact that the native American stock of the older immigration is steadily declining in numbers and ability; they look for the future of our country to immigrants, now mainly from the south and east of Europe, who swarm upon us when we let them at the rate of a million a year.

The Boston Committee on Immigration issues "A Little Book for Immigrants." The foreign-born and their children in the city, it says, number two-thirds of the entire population. Of these only about one-half come from English-speaking countries—mainly from Ireland. The rest come chiefly from the south of Italy and the Jewish peoples of central and eastern Europe. The little book is full of helpful knowledge. Friendly counsel abounds, especially about education. "Go to the Art Museum, go often. See every part of it!" The foreign-born and their children, it says, are already in a vast majority; "a few years from now" the city will be "what they make it." Why should any one care? Not only Boston but democratic America as a whole believes in education—and are not our universities crowded as never before?

This belief in education as the saving grace of democracy is not without warrant of experience. Through most of the nineteenth century in all progressive countries, liberal institutions worked amazingly well. But it is now beginning to appear that there was more than education in the fact, more than democracy. Throughout long ages the great mass of men had been held fast in the strait-jacket of class distinction, the able as well as the incompetent. Of a sudden, freedom came. In Napoleon's exultant phrase, the way was open to talent. The result was an effervescence of strong new life such as the world has seldom seen. But all too soon the wine ceased to spume and sparkle, became flat. Was it a mistake to assume that the bubbling could continue indefinitely? Was the supply of the abler sort of men strictly limited—the masses remaining, as always, inert? Lord Bryce—who quite ignores this vital, as opposed to the merely political and institutional, aspect of the situation—notes a signal decline in the supply of new men of the higher character during the latter part of the old century, dating it precisely in both France and England. The dates mark also the full flowering of democracy.

In the United States we have seen much the same phenomenon, and not merely among university graduates. New England was once our national "brain orchard," Virginia was the mother of many able men in addition to Presidents. Today, except perhaps in a few cities, the old stock is manifestly decadent. Even in cities it is shrinking, absolutely as well as relatively. Most of the vigorous blood was drawn off to the Middle West. This in turn had its brief period of efflorescence—Howells, Eugene Field, James Whitcomb Riley and his amiable band of Who's Hoosiers. In the realm of practical affairs, able men have set up a counter-migration from the West to Eastern cities; but they are relatively few and, with the possible exception of Herbert Hoover, they are not of a very high order. By and large the native blood is becoming static, stagnant. In certain industries—the steel trade and the railways—a few Americans of the old stock still rise from the ranks; but in the farming districts, where the native American preponderates, we hear less and always less of the farm boy who wins fortune and fame in the city, more and more of the stagnant life of those who have remained up country. "New" men are of a very different origin and character.

Throughout the free nations of the North Atlantic, arbitrary class distinctions have ceased to exist, for all time let us hope; but the triumph of democracy

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is slight, the evidence for equality negligible, if the population is once more, or is powerfully tending to become, stratified in classes. For in a free world, it would seem, such stratifications are permanent.

Concretely the question is just how men of potential power are distributed socially. Here again the army tests throw a flood of light. A separate tabulation of mental ratings was made by trade or profession, ranging upward from *C* −. The lowest group includes, in ascending order: laborers, general miners, teamsters, and barbers. The *C* group includes twenty-two of the more skilled trades, from horseshoer and bricklayer up to auto assembler, ship carpenter and telephone operator. The *C* + group includes nine occupations requiring managerial power and education, from concrete construction foremen and stock keepers up to army nurses and bookkeepers. The *B* group is mainly professional — dental officers, mechanical draftsmen, accountants, civil engineers and medical officers. In group *A* a profession stands alone—the army engineers, flower of the graduates of West Point. In a word, the strata of intelligence correspond with amazing precision to the occupational strata. "How can he get wisdom who holdeth the plough?" asked Ecclesiasticus. "He shall not be sought for in public council nor sit high in the congregation." The nineteenth century thought otherwise, setting down the son of Sirach as an unduly superior person. But in one respect we are advancing; we now know that even with the utmost freedom, the most lavish aid of education, the ploughman is generally—as the scientists say, "statistically"—doomed to follow his plough.

From all present indications we are likely to owe a further revelation to the mental tests—that "statistically," not only the ploughman but his children are doomed. Records, already numerous, which have been gathered in the schools show that the mentality of the new generation corresponds closely with that of the old. Highly characteristic are the results obtained by Miss A. H. Arlitt of Bryn Mawr, and quoted by Professor McDougall. In the primary grades of a certain school district she tested 342 children. The occupation of the parents corresponded as follows with the "intelligence quotient" of the children:

Professional men	125
Semi-professional and higher business	118
Skilled labor	107
Semi-skilled and unskilled labor	92

The higher grades of intelligence, it is true, are occasionally found in the lower strata, but not often. Doctor Clara Chassel conducted tests of the children of a number of schools, including Horace Mann School in New York, and reported that high intelligence is "approximately five times as frequent" among children of men in the higher occupations as among children of men in the lower.

One hope remains, and only one. The foreigners to whom Boston is turning over her future with seeming cheerfulness come from nations that have been historically oppressed—from Ireland, South Italy, Poland, Russia. The same is true of other great and historic cities, notably Chicago and New York. The immigration, it is true, comes mainly from the class of manual workers; yet it is still possible that opportunity, educational as well as material, will discover in the new masters of our democracy a wealth of ability in citizenship comparable to that which the liberalizing movement of the nineteenth century revealed in the nations of the north and east of Europe. Apparently it is not to be. Miss Arlitt discovered that the average intelligence quotient of the school children she examined corresponded as closely to their nationality as to the occupation of their fathers. The quotient of the 191 Americans she examined was 106; of the 80 Italians, 84; of the 71 colored children, 83. More extensive and precisely similar data was obtained by Major Yerkes from the drafted men. The following table shows the percentage of those in the different nationalities that scored grades *A* and *B*.

England	19.7
Scotland	13.0
White draft (American)	12.1
Holland	10.7
Canada	10.5
Germany	8.3
Denmark	5.4
Sweden	4.3
Norway	4.1
Ireland	4.1
All foreign countries	4.0
Turkey	3.4

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Austria	3.4
Russia	2.7
Greece	2.1
Italy	.8
Belgium	.8
Poland	.5

It will be seen that, with the exception of Belgium (the representation of which was small and perhaps not characteristic), all northern and eastern countries stand high above the southern and western in number of first-rate intelligence, and that of the Nordic group Ireland is lowest. England, which has a clear lead over all other countries, has on an average almost five times as many *A* and *B* men as Ireland, over seven times as many as Russia and Greece, over twenty times as many as Italy, and almost forty times as many as Poland. In the "well" of our new immigration, manifestly, there is little hope for the future.

Yet among Americans of the older immigration the stratum of the highly educable and educated continues to shrink by almost one-half with each generation. This is something more than race suicide; it is limited, as it seems, to a class. In the lower orders of occupation and intelligence children are born in normal and more than normal numbers—and we continue to tax the middle class sorely to provide for their physical welfare and their education. It is only the well-born and well-bred who are vanishing—the brains and character of the nation. How far the process has already gone we shall never know. It was almost twenty years ago that Theodore Roosevelt vigorously called attention to the idea of "race" suicide. Twenty years before that, the rapid extinction of the elder stock had been clearly noted by sociologists, and noted as a phenomenon dating from the great rush of immigration in the middle of the nineteenth century, which turned back the native American from manual labor, cramped his life and sterilized it. During and since the late war the process has been vastly accelerated by the economic burdens of the middle class. Only one thing is certain. If the 13½ per cent of Americans who are still capable of a college education continue to shrink by half with each generation, our democracy will very soon produce a new kind of equality—the equality of a people who, except for vanishing remnants of the abler stock and an increasing fringe of morons and imbeciles, will be wholly of the grammar-school type of intelligence. Then, indeed, even though with universal suffrage and the utmost freedom, we shall have a government of the proletariat.

Something of the kind is already upon us. The municipal elections of 1921 gave us, so to speak, the national intelligence quotient in terms of political action. In New York, four years before, about the most vigorous and enlightened administration in the history of the city had been overthrown because, in the paths of official duty, Mayor Mitchel had encountered local antagonism and religious bigotry; above all because he had neglected the arts of general popularity, seeking the counsel of experienced, intelligent and public-spirited citizens. He was overwhelmingly defeated for re-election. The administration of his successor was by far the most obviously wasteful and incompetent in modern memory, deeply injurious to all the real interests of the people. But Mayor Hylan had impressed himself upon the community as "Honest John," champion of the five-cent fare (with which his office had nothing to do), protagonist of a scheme for municipal buses and in general "the friend of the people." He was re-elected by an unprecedented majority of 417,000.

This defeat of all the intelligent and reputable forces of the community was repeated throughout the land wherever there are foreign colonies, or indeed men of the elder stock congested in cities. The mayors of Boston, Buffalo, Youngstown, Cleveland, Indianapolis, and Chicago are, from one point of view the motleyest crew that ever enlivened politics; but, as the citizens of those cities know well, they rank with Mayor Hylan as regards their political intelligence quotient.

Time was when the shame of our cities was graft, a plundering of the public by unscrupulous but able men. That evil has been measurably abated. But in its place has arisen a new shame, the disqualification of able public servants by the mere fact of their ability. Of the two, this new shame is infinitely more perilous. Under competent leadership, corruption can be checked; but the future of that nation is dark which scorns high virtue

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and intelligence, choosing as its representatives only those who are endeared by human folly and frailty. Our proletariat is still for the most part not positively dishonest, not deeply infected with the more virulent class hatred. But we are obviously far indeed from achieving the intelligent, high-spirited republic of our national aspiration. Only a thin and rapidly narrowing margin separates us from the unchecked rule of the proletariat. When that fails, we shall have these *C* and *C*—men in the presidential chair at Washington.

You may know the ideal republic everywhere, even as so briefly developed in Greece and Rome, by one sign and one only. Men of the primal stock rise freely in a few generations from any level of citizenship to any height. In the great mansion of the nation there are broad stairways from floor to floor, upon which the able and energetic freely ascend—and the incompetent descend as surely, though perhaps less freely. In the happy republic, the only republic that can ever endure, blood, like water, seeks its level—and finds it. For the tragic collapse of Greece and Rome many reasons have been alleged—the blunders of democracy and the tyranny of the rich; a wasting of the best stock in senseless warfare and a decline in its birth-rate; inequitable and excessive taxation; frivolity and debauchery. They are all comprised in a single phenomenon, once more in evidence to-day—the destruction of the ably energetic and aspiring middle classes; for they, and they only, are able to govern a nation with justice to all orders, to unite the people against senseless war and to cultivate the arts of peace without its corruptions. And you may know the approaching end of a cycle in human development by this sign: When the alert and vigorous citizen rises in the scale of living, his line ceases. It is as if an ogre grips his children, the flower of the race, and they vanish.

In only one respect does our plight differ from that of countless dead nations; but that may yet prove decisive. The history of thousands of years warns us; we know what we are—and what we may become. Nineteenth-century science has placed us in the seat of control. The institutions framed by the Fathers still stand, almost in their integrity; the spirit of Washington, Hamilton, Lincoln, Roosevelt, is still potent if we will only take heed. One thing is lacking and only one, leaders of intelligence to guide us, of force to rule us—not the force of conservatism, straining always backward, but the force of enlightened conservation leading us forward on the manifest paths of progress. Somehow, and very soon, we must quit the quagmire of democracy for the mountain trail of the republic.

Who shall lead us upward? Of late a new force has been liberated in the political world. No cause could be greater than this one; and when our women are given a great cause, as they have shown, they are supremely effective. The purity and strength of the nation is peculiarly their responsibility, for through them all life is transmitted, the polluted as well as the pure, the noble in spirit as well as all that is base. Until to-day the middle-class woman has been oppressed, pitifully thwarted and stunted. To-morrow, if we are fortunate, she will be prophet and priestess of the future. It used to be said that the greatest waste of civilization was in the lives of women who are imprisoned in the unindustrial home created by the Industrial Revolution. Already they have made their way to the market-place and forum, and not a few of them with a new vision of what is to be done there.

They alone have the time and the strength. The Industrial Revolution has seen to that—being perhaps not as blind as we have imagined; being in fact so subtle and far-reaching in its purposes that our poor thought has lagged rather painfully behind it. For what other reason was merely material labor forced out of the home—imposed upon machines and upon the duller order of men? Why are women of the middle class given education, training, leisure—if not that they may pursue, with ardor unquenchable, their exclusive and all-important function? What has been called the greatest waste may yet prove the salvation of all that is vitally and spiritually precious. But it must be very soon, if we are to save the white horses of civilization, escaping the fate of Cro-Magnards. . . .

[Mr. Corbin's article, "The Valiant Woman," will appear in the September number.]

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The Nature of an Oath

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

Illustration by Charles Baskerville

A MAN of thirty leaned with crossed arms upon a rustic gate, and stared across the quiet road to a thicket of pin-oaks opposite him. The road, though a public one, was narrow and winding; a true wood road, although it had once been macadamized. Behind the man curled the path by which he had come: a mysterious lane winding about among the beeches that were now a woodland maze of palest gold. Backed by that poetic unreality (for beech woods in autumn are unreal) he stood facing the tarnished bronze of the oaks beyond, and only the road lay between. Philip Lester was not physically unworthy to stand amid these seasonal glories. A high-bred, sunburned, intellectual type he was: a notable combination of fine muscles and exceeding sensitiveness of feature and expression. For all that perfection of flesh and sinew, he stood contemplative, quiet as a tree.

Presently he turned his head at some strange explosive sounds that came to his ear from beyond a turning in the road. He started, half turned back to the path that stretched away behind him; but one strong, slender hand still rested on the gate. Before he had made up his mind, the motor skidded round the turn and stopped dead in front of him with chemical ejaculations of fury or despair. The possessor leaped to the ground, squatted for a moment on the far side of the machine, then bobbed his head up and spied Lester at the gate.

"I say, will you lend me a hand?" he cried.

"The gate is locked," Lester replied slowly.

"You look almost strong enough to jump over." The stranger's smile was winning. "If I had another pair of hands here for a few minutes, I believe I could make town."

Lester took his hand from the gate and slewed round to face the beech wood. "I'll get them to telephone the garage for you," he called back over his shoulder. It was not his fault that he looked like a lord as he turned a magnificent back on trouble.

The man beside the car, however, saw only six feet of obvious competence strolling nonchalantly away from him. "Damned churl!" he ejaculated. But, even if Philip Lester had heard, he would have been unmoved.

As soon as Lester drew out of eyeshot among the trees, he quickened his pace and took the remaining distance at an easy lope. In five minutes he was at the end of the path's fantastic windings, and stood before his father's house. The wide door was open to the late sun. He passed through, hesitated beside the telephone closet, then shrugged his broad shoulders, and delved into the service passage.

"Mary, Charlotte—somebody! Please go to the telephone and call up the garage, whatever it is. There's a man in trouble with his car down by the west gate. Tell them to send some one out at once. Thanks."

He mounted the wide staircase as soon as he was answered, waiting on the landing just long enough to see Charlotte stepping competently to the telephone.

"The west gate, Mr. Philip?"

"Yes, where the beech path hits the road."

He wandered down a corridor to his own room. From his window he could see infinite tree-tops, and, sunk among them at intervals, dim spots of leaf-strewn lawn. A little chill had come into the air, for it was on for October. Lester looked at a calendar on his wall. "Well, daylight saving will soon be over, thank heaven," he muttered. "Why won't they dine later while the infernal thing is on?" At last he turned away from the window, which had lost the sun, and proceeded to the boresome ritual of "dressing."

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By the time the Lester family sat over their soup in the dim dining-room, it was much darker. But the curtains were undrawn, the twilight still struggled with the lamps inside, and through the big windows you could still see the world.

An exuberant stranger entering upon the trio might well have exclaimed over a happy chance. Rupert Lester, Philip's father, was handsome still: a rock of a man without a rock's repose. Brow and chin were strong, but the eyes and mouth were uneasy and seemed to resent their own trouble. Grace and strength were mingled in the elder Lester, but not, as in Philip, harmonized. The entering stranger, however, would only have seen that nature had been lavish here. . . . A fine pair. . . . And Lucilla, Philip's wife, was the delicate foil to that male strength of the Lesters; almost too exquisitely made for beauty, which is a word of lavish and wasteful implication. A physician could have pointed to the rose of her cheek, the scarlet of her lips, the steadiness of her white hand, the lustre of her hair, as signs of perfect health. Yet the blundering stranger would have drawn a breath of relief that Lucilla sat between two such men, who could shield her both from the east wind and the north. Her delicacy put sense into their strength, as their power might find a purpose in her grace. The philosophic eye would have been rarely pleased.

Philip Lester and his wife spoke in low tones, of little things. Rupert Lester made his comments in deeper and harsher notes. There was hardly enough conversation to spill over into the intervals of the waitress's absence. It seemed not so much relief as the lack of any cue that kept them silent when there was no servant to hear. The talk slid about among the courses: some new books, the felling of a tree that had been struck by lightning; the gardener's dog for which the 'vet' had been sent; the loveliness of the beech woods; a little explosion over the behavior of Congress, from the elder Lester. The urbanity in which Philip and his wife were perfect fell a little short in Philip's father. He seemed, at least, to achieve it only with some effort. He made no protest when young Mrs. Lester rose, at the end of the meal, and murmured that she would leave them to smoke.

"So soon?" Philip queried with a smile.

She shrugged her graceful shoulders and protested amiably that there was some new music waiting for her in the drawing-room.

As Philip rose and shut the dining-room door, both his face and his father's changed. Rupert Lester ceased to struggle for urbanity, and the morose uneasiness deepened. Philip's smile faded, and a patient mask seemed to fit down upon his features. The urbane convention had gone with Lucilla.

"What is this about a man in the road before dinner—over by the west gate?" asked the father abruptly.

"I was at the gate, looking over at the oaks, when a motor-car spun round the turn and stopped—against its will, I judged. The driver got out and started to tinker with it. Then he saw me and asked for help. I refused it—at least, I did not respond to his suggestion. Instead, I offered to telephone to a garage, and walked back to the house at once, to do so. I think he probably swore at me, but I didn't wait to hear."

It was spoken like evidence given in a court of law; every trace of feeling sponged out of the phrases.

"Humph! And did you telephone?"

"Not literally. I asked Charlotte to do it."

"You didn't go into the road?"

Philip's white teeth bit into his under lip, and he seemed to be struggling physically with the tide of blood that swept up to his very brow.

"No, sir."

"Is that all you said to the fellow—or he to you?"

"All."

"You didn't know him—never saw him before?"

Philip swallowed hard and painfully. Then something snapped, and he lost the fight for control. Perhaps it was the uneasiness in that inquisitorial face opposite that broke his patience; the chink in the armor that tempted him to strike back. Though, when he spoke, it was quietly.

"I see no possible excuse for your doubting my word. I have never lied to

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you. I have never broken a promise. Have I?" he challenged sharply.

"No." There was pain in that harsh, unsteady voice. "But how can I know that you never will lie to me? How am I to know you won't plot and plan? How can I help making sure? It's not as if you had never done anything I shouldn't have expected of you! My God, Philip, do you never realize what this means to *me?*" The words finished in bitterness as well as pain.

Philip Lester walked to the window and drew the heavy curtain. Then he turned, backed by the crimson draperies.

"Let's keep to the subject in hand," he said more quietly. "I've accepted your terms, and lived up to them in absolute loyalty. If I hadn't answered the fellow this afternoon, he'd have reported that you kept a full-sized idiot on the place. I've told you everything that passed between us. And I maintain that you have no right, no excuse, no provocation even, when you doubt my keeping the oath I made to you—if I remember correctly—twelve days more than five years ago."

He turned white, even as he spoke; for his explicit reference to a date brought back to both of them a stark fact better not dragged into talk, though it shaped the daily lives of three people. Rupert Lester's head drooped on his breast, though he still stared at his son. Philip's own eyes deepened and darkened as he looked straight ahead of him, across the lighted table, at the wall far beyond. Both were silent under the shock of an identical memory; both, by the trick of Philip's unlucky words, were forced to tear away the veil of years and behold the same scene, the same hour, the same horror. Philip Lester felt through his frame the very tautness and strain of the muscles that he had felt five years—and twelve days—before; felt his right arm grow rigid again as it had grown rigid when he leaned over the side of the launch and held his drowning brother inexorably down under the rippling surface of the water. He had not Arthur's wicked, gloating face to see now, for he had hardly seen it then. Cramp had seized Arthur; and Philip had only, first, heard the cry, and then seen the formless struggle. He was not now recalling his own anger, his own hatred, or the immediate causes of them, which had made his brother seem to him a noxious, monstrous thing. Only his body seemed to remember and repeat. His right arm was tense with that revived strain; his eyes, gazing at the panelled wall of the dining-room, saw his father's figure standing on the edge of the lake, and the field-glasses levelled on himself. Though Philip Lester's lips were closed, he spoke inwardly, the very words he had muttered five years earlier: "He saw me. . . ." Philip relaxed his arm deliberately. It ached—as it had ached five years before. His body trembled with weakness. "This mustn't happen again," he whispered to himself. Then he walked to the table and sat down again opposite his father, who had not once spoken, and looked at him now only with intolerable, dull sadness.

Philip folded his arms on the table, moistened his lips, and began haltingly.

"I was wrong to bring a moment like that upon us both. Unless we keep absolute silence on this subject we can't live at all, any one of us; you, or I—or Lucilla. Therefore one thing must be understood between you and me: that I am incapable of breaking my word to you. If you stop to think, you will realize that I have never challenged one of your decisions. I have never argued, I have made no single comment, ever. I have simply acquiesced in all your demands. If I had any intention of trying to circumvent you, I'd have done it at the beginning. The threats have all been yours. I have never made any."

"What threats could you have made?" It was asked scornfully.

Philip was easier now. He reached for a cigarette and lighted it. "The threat, for example, of going and giving myself up to the authorities with a full and free confession of having killed my brother."

Rupert Lester turned white. "But I am in possession of the only evidence against you." His voice shook.

"Exactly." Philip let the single word sink in. Then he went on. "The thing cannot be decided over again now. Only I ask you to remember that you have never, once, heard my side of the case. You proceeded, on the facts known to you, to make the whole decision. You gave me your verdict. I was to keep myself in a strict voluntary imprisonment,

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Drawn by Charles Baskerville.

"My God, Philip, do you never realize what this means to *me?*"—Page 210.

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holding no communication with the world outside this household. If I did not intend to abide by your judgment absolutely, the time to say so was then—when things could have been decided otherwise. Do you think a man signs away his freedom like that, unless he has an overwhelming conviction that, in all the circumstances, it is the only thing to do? If I didn't fight then, I shan't fight now. But you've got to trust me. We can't have this kind of scene. We can't stand it."

The older man had sunk into moodiness. "It's my conscience. . . . I'm not sure I wasn't wrong—taking the law into my own hands. 'An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth,' Scripture says. But it was my own beloved son." He murmured the last words pathetically to himself.

"Your conscience is your own affair," Philip answered patiently. "I have subordinated mine in every way to yours. But if it is any comfort to you to know that the punishment you dictated to me has been pretty nearly intolerable—that a chain-gang could hardly have been worse—you can take that comfort to yourself." There was no bitterness in his tone now. He spoke as one genuinely offering solace.

"Comfort!" The elder Lester groaned.

"Yes: comfort. The human soul is strangely made, isn't it?" He bent over his father, as he passed behind him, with a sort of dark tenderness, but straightened himself immediately. "I'm going in to see Lucilla for five minutes before I go on up."

Mr. Lester did not reply, and Philip left the room. With the mention of his wife's name, urbanity descended on him again. As he passed through the door, he looked like a gentleman bent on civilized pleasures in festal halls.

His manner to his wife, when he reached her, was a shade more formal than it had been at the dinner-table. Alone together, they seemed less intimate. "You said you had some new music. Have you time to run through something for me before I get back to work?"

Lucilla Lester rose from the piano and handled some music lying beside her.

"You stayed longer over your smoking than usual," she answered. "I had given you up."

"Yes. We had some talk."

"What about?" She fingered her music busily, and did not look at her husband. Her manner was so simple in its courteous formality that no one could have said whether she abstained voluntarily from the contemplation of that handsome figure.

"Oh, a detail that came up. It's all settled now."

"What shall I play?"

"Anything you like that isn't Chopin."

She settled to a morsel of Debussy. Lester thanked her when she had finished. "It's as unreal as life, isn't it? Good fare for us all. I'm awfully obliged. Now I'm going to tackle those new books."

"Are they interesting?"

"Haven't had a chance to dip in yet. They ought to be. This theory of the spread of heliolithic culture is rather thrilling—if you're thrilled by that sort of thing." The naked irony of his tone hit his wife's ear, and in spite of her mastery she winced a little.

"Oh, but you *are* thrilled," Lucilla protested lightly.

He smiled. "Yes, I am thrilled. Thank you for insisting. By the way, Susan said you had a chill last night. Was it bad?"

"No—not bad. She got me a hot drink. I was asleep soon after one. I'm too apt to be careless these first cool evenings."

"Yes, I—remember. Can I get you a shawl or anything, now? Or would you like a window closed?"

"No, thank you. There's a fire in my room, and I'm going up presently."

"I see. That's wise of you. Good-night." He bowed and went out.

The scene—if "scene" anything so bitterly quiet could be called—in the dining-room had no sequel. Yet who shall say that Philip Lester's painful evocations did not serve their turn, by "preparing" him, in the old cant phrase? For the peace which seemed to settle about them all again on the morrow was destined to be short-lived: a respite, a breathing-space, but no more. Three days after that sharp, significant talk, Rupert Lester was brought into his own house, dead. The master who had ordained the strange life of that household walked out of it,

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a sad and powerful man in prime of later middle age; he came back to it, by the strength of others, to ask only such respect as tenantless clay immemorially demands. The accident that had crushed life out of him is no part of our tale, nor the blank horror of the household, the running to and fro, the offices rendered and the offices forgotten. By evening the wild pulses were stilled, and the household, though sad and awe-struck, was itself again.

Philip Lester, after nightfall, stood alone in the library with his father's body. After long musing, he bent over and laid a hand on the still heart. To keep him shackled, this organ had only to pump blood according to the laws of nature. It had stopped pumping blood, and he was unloosed. Humph! there was more to it than that.

Lucilla stepped into the shadowy room with flowers crowding her slender arms. She disposed them . . . then sighed. On the wings of that sigh her eyes fluttered up to her husband, standing, with arms crossed, before her.

"If there is anything I can do—" she began in her own fashion of delicate speech.

"Thank you, Lucilla. I think not. You had better rest. It is you, I'm afraid, who will have to see all the people and give all the directions. I'm out of it—publicly, at least. But to-night my place is here."

"Do you think you need?"

"I don't know. But I shall. We'll share the burden. You do the public rites. I'll watch here."

"Do you think he would have wished it?"

"The answer to that is"—he drew a little farther into the shadow so that she could not see him plainly—"that my wishing it is more important than his. But I honestly think he would have wished it. The next best thing, for him, to taking me with him would have been to keep me by his side as long as they left him above ground."

There was no bitterness in his tone, but she shivered a little, as if coldness had breathed upon her.

"Just now," she said reflectively, "I think the tragedy of his being killed like that might supersede everything else. Don't you? Couldn't you be—natural, about it?"

Philip Lester smiled. "It is a long time since I have been natural about anything in the world. But this is as natural a thing as I can do. My father loved me, Lucilla. Now that he is dead, I can admit it. He couldn't feel simply about anything. But he would certainly have approved my staying here."

Lucilla turned to go, but paused a moment in the doorway. "I don't think even your father would have wanted you so close, hating him."

Lester smiled very faintly. "Have you a right to say that I shall be hating him? Have you known one least thought of mine for five years, Lucilla?"

"No."

"Well, then, you'll have to leave it. If you can tell me that you loved him so much that you grudge my place here beside him—I might yield it to you. Is that what you are trying to say?"

"I am not trying to say anything. I wondered if it were necessary—normal. And I want you not to forget that, to-morrow, you will have to do a great many things to help me, if I am to put all this through as it should be put through."

"You needn't be afraid that I shall fail you to-morrow, Lucilla."

"But you will be ill—if you sit here all night in this cold room."

"I may not sit here all night. I have a coat, in any case. And I am in wonderfully good condition. If you would only tell me quite honestly, Lucilla, what it is you are afraid of, I might set your fears at rest."

"I can't quite say. I am tired and don't think clearly. But there is nothing within the whole range of mortal possibilities that I have not been afraid of, at one time or another, these last five years. And now, of course, there are new things to be afraid of."

She left the room then, closing the door softly behind her.

Lucilla afraid! It was a new vision of her, even to Philip Lester. But he must not stop to think about Lucilla's fears now. There was other meditation afoot, between him, his dæmon, and the half-menacing clay beside him. A fine figure of a man, his father. Now that all traces of perplexity had been smoothed out by

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death, what did Rupert Lester think? Young Lester clenched his fist lightly. It didn't matter what Rupert Lester thought. His thoughts were dead. What did he, Philip, think? That was the supreme question. Hour after hour, until close on dawn, Lester sat in the deep arm-chair, stirring only now and then to pace the floor with light, slow steps, facing his altered plight, conversing inwardly with his dæmon. Rupert Lester lay there to witness, his face turned upward as if mutely searching heaven. . . . *Bar the new facts that might still appear.* . . .

He did not look back at his father when he finally closed the door softly and went up to his own room. Nor did he speak to Lucilla about anything but practical detail, until the funeral was over. At the last, it was Lucilla who saw the few people who had to be seen—Pender the lawyer, as well as the few cousins who lived near enough to attend.

Lester and his wife dined that evening as usual. As usual, that is, with the immense difference of Rupert Lester's chair, empty, at the head of the table. In little ways, however, they followed the ritual. The talk was as courteous and desultory as ever, before the devoted servants who had never penetrated the mystery of that household, but who, having known Philip Lester for many years, adored him. It was for Philip's sake—not Rupert Lester's, or even Lucilla's—that Susan, Charlotte, and the others asked no questions, even of one another.

As of old, Lucilla rose to leave her husband in the dining-room with his cigarette. Only this time there was no pretense of new music to lure her to the drawing-room, which had now been tenderly restored to its own cheerful mien. No mortuary hint was there. The great bowls of chrysanthemums and cosmos had been filled within the hour. The funeral blooms had gone with Rupert Lester, never to return.

Lucilla did not go to the piano, but sat instead in a high-backed chair, leaning her chin on her hand, staring at the great dusk-filled window beyond her—waiting. Nor did she wait long. Philip walked in presently, cigarette in hand, and closed the big double doors behind him. Lucilla made no comment on the cigarette, though it transgressed one of Rupert Lester's laws. He had been old-fashioned enough to think tobacco out of place in the drawing-room.

"Pray excuse this." Philip flicked the ash off into the fireplace. "I didn't wish to keep you waiting. . . . What did Pender say?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"I mean—he says he is sure your father never made a will. He reproached him about it not many weeks ago. And he has examined your father's papers, and has found nothing—of any sort."

"I see." A slow flush rose to Lester's forehead. He was thinking hard. "You don't think Pender is holding off? That he was—deceiving you?" he asked meditatively.

"No, I don't. Otherwise he would not have told me to tell you that, as your father died intestate, you succeed to everything—and that he should want to talk a lot of business with you as soon as you felt that you could see him."

"Unless he is staying his hand—taking time to think. *That* might all be true, and still there might have been another document, and he might have rushed home with it to consider—or take measures." Philip Lester was thinking aloud, only.

Lucilla rose. "There was nothing of the sort. The only thing you have to worry about is being a rich man in your own right. You are perfectly free." There was the faintest note of irony—or was it only sharp pity?—in her cool voice.

"Thanks for the assurance." Philip's irony was quite obvious, and her shoulders moved a little at the sound of his voice.

"You may take it as a fact, simply. There was nothing. I think I'll go upstairs now." She nodded at him.

"Don't let me turn you out. I'm going into the library."

"Oh, I wouldn't. It's chilly and musty in there, and I told them not to light a fire."

"Then I'll go to my own room." Philip raised his voice in irritation. "But this place is yours. I won't have you hunted out of it—as long as you are here."

Lucilla swayed a little toward him and smiled faintly. "Don't be absurd. I'm not hunted out. But I feel quite sure you would rather be alone. It's a good deal

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of money, by the way—more than I should have guessed."

"He's probably pretty sick about it—if he knows," Lester mused harshly.

Lucilla flung back her head. "Well, then, let him be! He had only himself to blame. He could have made a will any time. I think your father was probably one of those men who can't face the possibility of their own death. He funked it. Pure cowardice, probably."

"Not that. Perhaps I see better than you do, Lucilla, what a hole he was in. If he made any will, it had to be of a certain kind—any old kind you like, but definite. You must remember that my father was always pulled in two directions. Nothing was clear to him: how could he make a clear testament? Every act of his life for five years has been an unwilling compromise—between caring more what happened to my little finger than what happened to Arthur's whole rotten body, and thinking that God Almighty wanted me to be hanged. I've been both Cain and Abel to him. . . . Not so easy to make a will, under those conditions."

"I dare say. I'm not so psychological as you are."

"No, you're beyond psychology. A sort of Ariel. . . . 'Mine would, sir, were I human.'"

Lucilla Lester turned away. "It hasn't been the easiest household in the world to be what you call human in. If you have anything to reproach me with, Philip, perhaps you had better do it now."

"Reproach you!" he cried. "No other woman in the world could have lived as you have, among such emotions, and stayed sweet and unscathed and mannerly throughout. You're a miracle, Lucilla—such a miracle that I say you are not human. But it is over now. You're free. My father's death frees you."

"It frees you, for that matter." She looked at him intently.

"No death but my own can free me—even though bondage should take another form. But you can be sure that I shall not permit you to go on wasting your life in this morbid way."

She bent toward him with apprehensive eyes. "Just what do you mean?"

"I mean that, whatever my own penalties are to be, I have determined that they shall no longer involve you."

"You don't take your own freedom, then?"

He frowned. "I have no freedom of my own. But I have now the power to give you yours."

"In all senses but one, I've always been free."

He passed his hand over his forehead and sighed. "It's I who am not up to your complications, I'm afraid. I'm at the end of my tether. Good-night. We'll have a practical talk to-morrow. I suppose I mayn't kiss your hand, Lucilla?"

She put it out to him, her eyes wet with tears. "For all it's worth," she said strangely, "you might kiss it to pieces."

"Ah, don't!" The choked cry was deep in his throat. He turned from her, and, after one glance at him, Lucilla left the room, holding her unkissed hand like a hurt thing to her own lips.

Presently Philip Lester walked to each big window and flung the curtains back. He turned out all but one or two of the lamps, so that the moonlight took the edges of the room. In this half-gloom, half-radiance, he walked himself giddy, with quick steps and short, sharp turns. He was free, since his father's rigid hand had really unclosed in death: free to end, in one way or another, a life he could not endure another week. Lucilla should go—he gritted his teeth. While Rupert Lester lived, it had been just possible to live that life in the formal shadow of his presence. Now: he could not endure the added touch of intimacy, the moments, the hours, when he must needs be alone with his wife because there was no one else to be a third. Oh, Lucilla should go! There were tortures that even a murderer was not called on to bear. She was young and lovely and sane: let her enter into her heritage out there in a world where the sun was not tainted each day at his rising.

Before long the door opened softly, and he saw Lucilla, no longer in tragic black, but floating forward mistily, as it seemed, out of the heart of a rose. He had not seen her so, in these delicate draperies, for more than five years. Over the pink of her tea-gown lay a soft scarf of deeper pink, and she was shod with

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gold. Yes, he remembered: Lucilla had always loved those slashed, formless, diaphanous things. Probably all this time she had been wearing them in her own rooms. He had simply forgotten. They had not been like other families. . . .

He faced her with folded arms. This person should leave his house to-morrow; take her goodness and sweetness to places where they had a right to flower.

"Philip, I've come for a talk." She waved him to a chair, then sat down near him. "I have held my tongue for five years. Now I am going to say certain things I've never said. Remember that for five years no human being has had any inkling of what I felt. I might have had, as you say, no heart; and I might equally well have had no brain. Now you and I are going to talk—freely. But, first, I wish to know what you consider the conditions of your bondage."

"I haven't decided."

"You have decided something," she affirmed.

"At first I thought I should go straight to the minions of the law. It would have been the easiest way out. That first night, I thought of it with relief. Then I considered that my father might have chosen his own way of controlling my future after his death. You seem to be sure he didn't. I'm not sure yet, though it looks that way. But I have done a good deal of reflecting, and it seems to me that it is too late to go with a confession unbolstered by any human evidence. Too late to expose my father as an accomplice after the fact. Too late, in short, to do anything but continue the conditions he imposed—bar one. I am not going to keep you here. Otherwise I shall go on, I think, as I have gone on all these years. It would be a relief, in a way, if he had left a paper for Pender. And it may still be that Pender has some such thing. For he wouldn't have told you, Lucilla, if there had been anything."

"Of course he wouldn't. So I took the precaution of looking first."

"You?"

"Quite so. The key to your father's desk was in his pocket. I found it in his bedroom, where they had put his things. I made a thorough search."

A quick interrogation gleamed in Philip's eyes. "If you had found something——"

"If I had found anything, I should have destroyed it—like this." She pulled a paper from her bosom, and thrust it into the fire, cramming it down between the logs. One sharp little blaze, and then it fell to tinder.

"Lucilla!" Philip leaped to the fire to retrieve it, but her movement had been too quick.

"What was that?" His eyes almost glared at her.

"That was a statement. It wasn't addressed to anybody. So I took the liberty of assuming that it was addressed to me."

"But, Lucilla!" His trouble put a sharp edge on his voice.

"It was nothing but a statement," she said patiently. "He might have written it down to refresh his own memory. It was not even sealed. There was no indication that he meant it to be read by anybody, ever. It seemed to me to be very distinctly none of Mr. Pender's business."

"You lied to me when you said there was nothing." He kept reproach out of his voice; but his tone must have made it clear to her that he regretted some vision lost.

"Yes: because I had to know what, if you were really free, you would do with your freedom. It wasn't my business, in a sense. In another, it was. I had, that is, for my own sake, to find out—all over again—just what you were like. That was why. You will agree, though, Philip, that I acknowledged the lie at the first possible moment. It wasn't allowed to stand an hour."

"It wasn't right to destroy it," he murmured. "That was unworthy of you."

"I never pretended to be superhuman," she answered smoothly. "But this is the first lie I ever told—and I didn't tell it very long. It's the first time I ever stole, too—and I only stole from you. Everything that was your father's is yours, you see. Who can say that he ever meant it for Pender?"

"He certainly didn't mean it for you or me," Philip retorted bitterly.

"He may have meant it only for himself. He wasn't prepared for death."

"And are you very sure," Philip asked ironically, "that there was no will? I

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mean, before Pender had access to his desk?"

Lucilla flushed. "I give you my word of honor that this is the only lie I ever told—and I took it back, as I pointed out to you, within the hour. I only lied at all because I had to know: had to know what you would do if you thought you were perfectly free."

"Well, you found out. But you could still have given the paper to me. You needn't have burned it. That—perpetuates the lie, doesn't it?"

"I can't split hairs. I felt the thing should be destroyed."

"You admit I had a right to it."

"Oh, your rights, Philip! You take some of them so seriously and some of them so lightly."

"At all events," he said grimly, "everything is changed. You have put me in a very difficult position, Lucilla. Since the paper was there, and since it may have been meant for Pender or any outsider, I shall—I think—have to behave as if it had not been tampered with—as if Pender had seen it."

"What do you mean?"

He sighed. "Oh, go through with the whole damned business. Tell my past to the district attorney."

Lucilla looked at him a long time before she replied. Then she sighed deeply. "More work for me," she murmured. "You give me a very delicate and difficult task, in that case. It is pure madness on your part. But I'll see it through—I'll see it through."

"What do you mean?" he asked, in his turn.

"Why, just this, Philip. That if you are going to state things to the authorities, I am going to state things to them, too."

"What can you state, Lucilla?"

"Oh—a lot of things. With your father dead, and that paper burned, I am pretty powerful, I think. All the circumstances will bolster up my story. Nothing will bolster up yours."

"And your story will be——?"

"Delusions. Perfectly sane in every other way. But your not being able to save Arthur when he drowned, turned your brain just a little. You never got rid of the false conviction that you had killed him. There was no reason to commit you to a sanitarium. We arranged, your father and I, to keep you here; to give up our lives to making you as happy as we could. Your imprisonment was your own idea: we humored it. In fact, we treated the whole thing as a prolonged nervous breakdown. We always hoped for a complete recovery, and, lately, the delusions seemed to be practically gone. Then the shock of your father's death brought back the mental illness—opened the lesion afresh. The servants, you know, have always thought there was something the matter with your health—that that was why you lived this secluded life. Not one of them knows anything."

"But if I can *prove* I killed him!" Philip brought his fist down on the arm of his chair.

"You can't. You've no proof beyond your bare word."

"They'd be bound to investigate."

"There's nothing for them to investigate. It's a closed incident. Your father testified to the cramp, the coroner gave in his verdict. They couldn't convict you."

"I'll make them!" He got up and started to pace the room.

Lucilla rose, too. Her exceeding quietness veiled the fact that she was braced in every nerve and sinew for a supreme effort.

"Listen, Philip. If you will listen to me now, I'll never ask you to listen to me again." She put her hand on his arm, to stop his feverish pacing. So they stood.

"I told you I knew why you killed Arthur. I knew more than you ever knew. And that record exists, though I shan't tell you where. Enough, so that if you had been indicted for killing your brother, any jury would have let you off—if I had produced the record, as of course I should have done. Arthur had plotted more deeply than even you knew."

"Why did you never tell my father?"

"It wouldn't have affected him. He guessed it, in a dim unhappy way. He knew, and you knew, and I knew, that, with all the provocation in the world, a man has no right to kill. We won't lower ourselves to a jury's point of view until we have to deal with a jury. It was right that you should pay, somehow. I think the whole thing was mismanaged. But I gave in, too—anything rather than a murder charge. I was weak about it; but, you see. . . . I loved you, Philip. That

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is another fact you have apparently not taken into consideration."

"We have been absolute strangers—not even friends, Lucilla—for five years." His voice was broken. "I didn't blame you—who could expect a woman not to shrink from a man who had done what I had done? But it would have been impossible for me to think that you—loved me."

"Ah, you are not so clever as I thought you," she said a little sadly. "I thought you would see your father's hand in it. It was he who, less than twenty-four hours after that terrible thing happened, made it a condition of my staying under his roof. I was free to go—but not free to stay on any terms but those. He wouldn't have stood for friendship, even. I made no promises. I only succumbed to a threat. I've always loved you, Philip. I hoped you knew. Whether you still loved me or not, I wasn't sure. But I think you do—even though you want to send me away."

He pressed her hand suddenly, violently, until it hurt, but he did not speak. Lucilla's lips twisted a little with the pain, but she did not take her hand from that ruthless, passionate grasp.

"I don't say it was right for me to hunt among the papers," she went on, less firmly. "Or right for me to destroy that—or right for me to lie. I've probably been very wicked the last two days. But this isn't a simple situation. It is false, any way you look at it. It is the lies your father told, five years ago, that make it hard for us to tell the truth now. To have had it all out in court would have been far easier than what we have been through. But, rightly or wrongly, this case has been judged. You can't drag it up again. If we could obliterate five years, and stand up before the world and get justice done—but we can't. Therefore I am not going to let you suffer fresh injustices. Not you, Philip, who stand ready to keep your oath when there is no one to force you. Your father has us caught fast in the situation he made. We can't get out of it now. It is too late. Any lie I might tell, to keep you as you are, would be truth compared with the mess that strangers would make of it all now. You let yourself in for a lie in the first place, Philip, when you stood, like a dumb animal, and let your father judge. You say you still think you were right. Well, then, I am right, to keep that lie going; to insist on maintaining, as he maintained, that Arthur was drowned accidentally. As for you: you made an oath and kept it. You were still prepared to keep it when all compulsion was removed. That, to me, is the root of the matter."

He still made no reply, only stared sombrely into the distance. So many fundamental facts of his life had changed within the hour. . . .

"I'm tired," Lucilla said very softly. "I'm sorry you feel about me as you do. Perhaps you will understand better when you think it over. If you don't—I must go, of course. Not to-morrow—I'm too tired to get ready—but the day after."

"I said you must go, Lucilla, because I love you. I couldn't face living here alone with you as we have lived."

"Of course not. If I stayed with you, I should stay as your wife, Philip. But—now that I've torn up a paper—I suppose you won't have me."

She extricated her hand from his grasp, not without difficulty, and started to leave the room.

But Philip Lester, in his torture of perplexity, saw one thing plain: that, if Lucilla went now, he would no longer be able to endure. For five years he had assumed that he had lost her love. Now the accumulated flood of it surrounded him. She had served him with gallant patience through great tribulation. She was more his than he had ever dreamed her. . . . Even now she clothed herself with humility to speak to him; too delicate, too generous, to match his sins with hers. The irony, the beauty, of all great love!

"Lucilla! Lucilla!" he murmured, and stretched out his arms.

But Lucilla Lester was no crude servant of passion. She turned, poised for flight either way.

"No, Philip, not even now, if you think me wicked, unworthy." For the first time in five years her features showed all her inward pain.

"Wicked! Unworthy! You? I?" He broke down in trying to phrase it.

She searched his face, and finally found the answer. Then she came to him, without waiting for his words.

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The captain of the *Guisborne* had a fearful voice.—Page 224.

Atuona Storms the Bastille

BY OSCAR F. SCHMIDT

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

THE average male Marquesan is inordinately fond of rum and dark woollen trousers. The first is, of course, easily comprehensible; the second less so. Why any one should want to wear dark wool in the tropics is a mystery that only the native himself can explain. My companion, Tyler, and myself, both painters, spent five months in Atuona, on the island of Hivaoa, during which time we had ample opportunity to observe this peculiar passion on the part of our brown friends.

Fiu, a handsome youth of twenty-one, consented to pose for us on the condition that, besides being paid twenty francs per day, with drinks, he might wear Tyler's trousers during the celebration of July 14. Tyler yielded reluctantly. It was the only wool suit he had with him, and he expected some day to return in it to San Francisco. Haabuani, one of our frequent visitors, was of an older generation and affected a disdain for all such frivolities. Trousers, like the French language, were signs of degeneracy; the race was de-

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teriorating. For himself, he preferred the simple pareu. However, we noticed that on Sundays Haabuani went to church resplendent in carefully pressed blue denims.

Marquesans are French subjects, they pay taxes, their children are sent to school at the Mission, and they celebrate the national holiday of France, July 14, anniversary of the fall of the Bastille. They celebrate it with an intensity and enthusiasm quite out of keeping with their usual attitude toward French things, and in a manner that would startle even that original mob of "sans culottes" that marched from Versailles to Paris. Bastille Day in Atuona! I have but to close my eyes to conjure up a vision of a hundred Marquesan ladies rhythmically waving their hips in time to the drum-beat.

There are days of preparation for this great event. One morning I crossed a bridge to find all the belles of Atuona washing clothes along the banks of the stream, steeping their tresses and their gowns at once in the soapy water. Teiki hailed me, coquettishly hiding her head behind a lavender-colored "swing clear" which she held up before her. I greeted her and inquired the reason for this sudden industry.

"It is for the fête," she replied. "You will see, to-night we shall all be ironing."

The evening of the 13th found us on the grounds of the administrator's house, amid a scene of festivity suggesting a Roman saturnalia. Moonlight, the people of Atuona, Tauata, and Hanemate seated cross-legged in rows on the ground, the glare of bamboo torches and Chinese fireworks, and the air laden with incense from wreaths and flowers. Above the noise and laughter sounded a solemn chant, sung in the Marquesan tongue; it was Hanemate performing a rari, the ancient sitting dance of Polynesia.

We stood in the back and looked over a sea of flower-crowned heads, and listened to this great voice swelling and dying away like that of an organ. The women swayed in unison as they sat, and sometimes raised their arms and clapped their hands, and the men bore an accompaniment in deepest bass. Facing them, the administrator and the doctor and their white retinue sat in chairs on the lawn.

Presently the scene livened, there were hulas, furious rhythmic dances of the Pomotus that fairly swept one away with enthusiasm. Tauata danced in competition against Hanemate. Loud were the shouts of encouragement with which each faction cheered their favorites. In the Marquesas, the hula is executed to the sound of a drum, the dancers are in rows, the men doing a species of hornpipe and the girls waving their hips. Throughout the dance the women serve as a foil for the violent movements of the men, they undulate while the men stamp and gesticulate.

An effective trick is to have one girl unattached weave her way in and out among the dancers, writhing, as it were, under their very noses, appearing and disappearing like a nightmare, until, with the sudden cessation of the drum, the dance stops. All this is done with tremendous rhythm, every move is timed to the drum-beat.

Thus the evening wore on, while the white people sat in chairs and applauded. But enthusiasm mounted to a truly Roman pitch when the administrator, that godlike man, rose and grandly indicated to his slaves: "Let wine be brought." The populace, led by Haabuani, roared approval. Demijohns of red wine circulated and joy was at its height. They toasted the emperor, "*Ave, Cæsar, io Saturnalia!*" Such laughter, such a scattering of flowers and wreaths, such mad pranks! Long after the administrator had dismissed the assemblage, the riot continued and the tribes paraded up and down Atuona until the small hours, bearing torches and following the drum.

On the morning of the 14th there was to be a luncheon to which all of the white men of the islands were invited. We met at eleven in a copra shed on Atuona beach; there were in all about twenty of us. I sat between Alexandre, a young man who had been captured by the Germans during the war and had spent three years in prison camps before finally escaping, and Lebrunnec, the jovial trader from the Compagnie Navale. I remember little of the luncheon except that it was a tremendous success. We waxed very merry, a guitar appeared and songs were going the rounds and presently the people of Tauata arrived with drums. What a

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Drawn by Oscar F. Schmidt.

The administrator and the doctor and their white retinue.—Page 220.

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Teiki, with her bare brown feet twinkling among the wine-bottles.

wonderful thing good Bordeaux wine is! Everybody's face was beaming, we were comrades all, looking out on the world through that comfortable roseate haze that arises from the fumes of Barsac, Medoc, and Chablis. Vive la France! Vive la Bastille! Vive les Marquises! The genial Berard, also from the Navale store, seized a guitar, rose, and chanted a rari of his own which goes:

"*Dites-moi* (*oui*! *oui*! *oui*!)
Dites-moi (oui! oui! oui!)
Dites-moi si le vin est bon."

Soon there were Marquesan ladies dancing on the table to the thundering chorus; Teiki, with her bare brown feet twinkling among the wine-bottles without upsetting a single one, her hands in air and her pagan head thrown back; Tahina, Tetua, and still another beautiful maid with six hats. (I distinctly remember counting six.)

"Nous boirons chacun six bouteilles
Pour noyer l'amour dans le vin—
Pour noyer (*non*! *non*! *non*!)
Pour noyer (non! non! non!)
Pour noyer l'amour dans le vin."

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Drawn by Oscar F. Schmidt.

Paraded up and down Atuona until the small hours.—Page 220.

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Alexandre had invited Tyler and myself to a party at his house that evening, but when the time came, Tyler decided to remain at home. The luncheon had proved a bit too much for him, so I was forced to go alone. The guests assembled in Alexandre's outdoor dining-room, a small place with lattice walls and only one door. Berard was there with a guitar, the captain of the schooner *Guisborne*, a giant Tahitian, also the engineer of the *Guisborne*, and several girls. In the centre of the room, on a table, were refreshments. We were so crowded we could hardly move and Berard immediately commenced singing so that I thought the place would fall in on us. Guests continued to arrive, Juan, a little negro from Portuguese East Africa, Bastien, a Frenchman who worked in Maxwell's store, and Teiki. The *jour de gloire* was beginning to tell on Teiki. She attempted a hula, but her hips, for the first time, refused to wave, although I have no doubt she thought she was dancing as usual.

The captain of the *Guisborne* had a fearful voice. I began to regret that I had come. We sang "Over There" and "Tipperary"—the latter with Tahitian words. Alexandre attempted to waltz with the ladies, with indifferent success, owing to the presence of many pairs of feet and also to the fact that the ladies could not waltz in the first place. Meanwhile the company was demanding more songs and Berard was trying to make himself heard above the uproar. A string had snapped, did any one have a new guitar string?

Presently we were aware that somebody outside was clamoring for admission. After things had quieted down so that we could hear, we discovered that the intruder was one of the administrator's convicts, in a sad state of intoxication. How he had gotten out of the calaboose was a mystery. He expressed a desire to come in and murder the captain of the *Guisborne*. The captain of the *Guisborne* retorted that nothing was nearer to his heart than to have the opportunity of mauling the son of a Tahitian swine who stood outside, and tearing him limb from limb. Whereupon the ladies all screamed in dismay. We attempted to reason with the convict through the lattice, but he commenced to kick the house down.

Meanwhile the captain was raging like a lion, imploring us to let him out. He would finish the *cochon*. He did get out finally and fell up against the convict in the dark and the two rolled in the mud together.

I had had about enough of this party, and as it was a good opportunity to go, I went back to my house and turned in. Tyler was awake and feeling much better. There was still great excitement at Alexandre's house. Then came a long silence, and just as I was dropping off to sleep I heard the fearful, raucous voice of the captain of the *Guisborne* raised triumphantly in song, to the accompaniment of fists pounding a table and a very uncertain guitar:

"Dites-moi (oui! oui! oui!)
Dites-moi (oui! oui! oui!)
Dites-moi si le vin est bon."

A Sign

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

I WALK with the goldenrod
In secret places sown,
A very finger of God
Pointing beyond the known,

Beckoning out afar
The ultimate open way,
Leading past star and star
To the hearts of men,—who pray.

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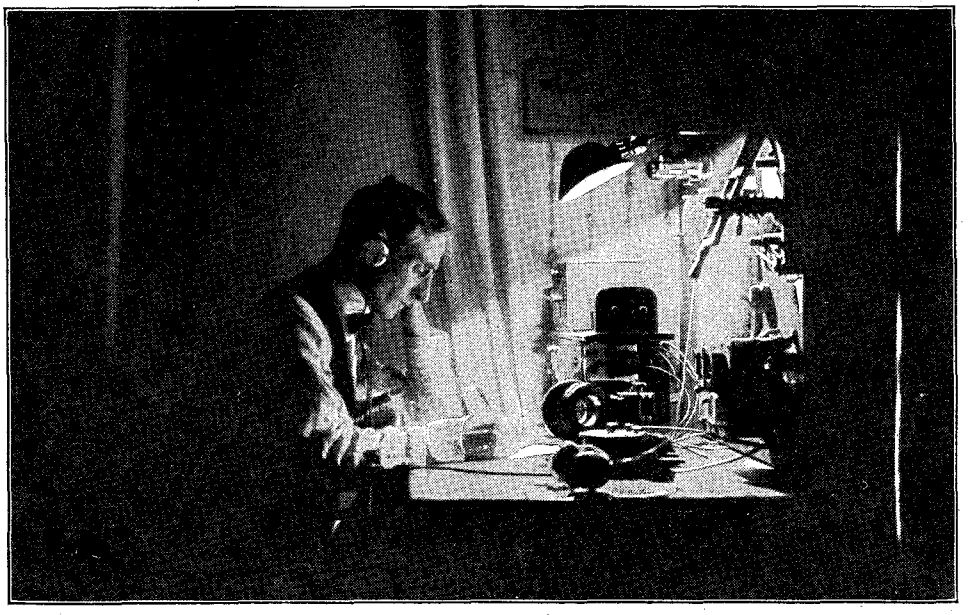

The author at his radio desk.
The original is a self-taken photograph, made possible by a five-minute exposure.

Eavesdropping on the World

THE LOG OF A LISTENING-POST IN THE LITTLE BACK BEDROOM

BY ORANGE EDWARD McMEANS

RADIO is in the air, electrically, vocally, and popularly. It might seem that almost every detail and feature from binding-posts to wave lengths, and from audions to audiences, has been described, discussed, and broadcasted. But it is a fascinating subject, inviting intense scientific analysis and research on the one hand, while bidding for popular interest and discussion on the other. Developments and new devices for greater perfection in transmission and efficiency in receiving are coming so fast that even those of us who have a running start of several years in the game are finding it hard to keep up with the pace-makers. The possibilities of radio telephony do not appear to have been touched as yet. New applications crowd upon the heels of achievements that seem epoch-making. The public is in a wild scramble to get in line for the new sport, the manufacturers are working overtime to supply the demand for receivers, and new broadcasting stations make their initial announcements to the swelling audience of silent listeners every few days. Using as a medium that elusive, all-pervading something which physicists have named ether, radio begins with a stupendous mystery. Bringing into our very homes by the relatively simple means of its coils, condensers, and bulbs the utterances of those far away on sea and land, the voices of preachers, opera-singers, orators, and leaders of thought, as well as the music of great bands, orchestras, and virtuosi, radio adds another element to the list of applied scientific and technical

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achievements making up the complex social and domestic life of to-day.

In my own home, in what was once the little back bedroom, long since become the radio room, there stands a complete radio receiving outfit. It is a good-looking piece of apparatus, for have not a number of my friends told me so voluntarily? It comes under the old definition also which says "handsome is as handsome does," for this receiving set puts that little back room in touch with about everything on this side of the world, and occasionally reaches part way round on the other side when the ether is behaving itself. It has given us, the members of my family, and including many good neighbors, friends, and visitors, a long succession of pleasant evenings, filled with delightful surprises, amusing and pleasing entertainment, impressive attendance upon the services in great churches, flashes from the keys of wireless cabins in the greyhounds of the sea, and concise notes on world events flying from the towering masts of powerful trans-oceanic radio stations. It is the purpose here to tell not so much of the science and art of radio communication as to relate something of what we have overheard from the vantage-point of our little back room.

The instrument cabinets making up the receiving outfit in this radio room bear no manufacturers' name-plates. The makers are not ashamed of their product at all. The reason for the omission is simple in that we made them ourselves. The first-class scout who salutes me as his scoutmaster, and at the same time calls me "dad," worked manfully with me while we wound our coils of nights in the kitchen, soldered the connections at the gas-stove after the cook was through, then risked our necks and the good opinions of our neighbors as we scrambled on the roof to stick up a contraption that looked like a cross between a giant's hammock and a snare for eagles. Nobody had ever seen or heard of anything like it before, and the same kind neighbors who watched the roof-climbing performance out of the corners of questioning eyes turned doubtful ears a little later when told that we were setting our watches every night by the big clock at Washington, or had heard Key West talking to New Orleans. It was not at all convincing when we invited those same doubting neighbors in to hear for themselves. They could not be expected to make anything out of that mosquito buzz which squeaked out the time and the weather from the Naval Observatory at Arlington, or understand that wail like a lost soul which was speaking plain English if you only knew the world-wide code which the operator out on the tip-end island in the Gulf was using. Maybe it was so and maybe not. Who could tell but what some boy in the next block was fooling you? Yes, they could hear a little noise when they had those funny dinguses on their ears, but it was too much to think that such a faint little noise could come so far. Why, think of all the noises so much greater all along the way! One little toot of a train-whistle anywhere between there and here would put it out of business. Oh! Well, it was all foolishness after all. What did any one want to putter around at such things for? The newspapers gave more news than you could read, and in plain print that any one could understand.

It must not be understood that we made the present complete, efficient receiving outfit all at once. We didn't know how, and no one else did for that matter, even though that was only eight years ago. There was not a single piece of complete wireless apparatus for sale at that time in our town of more than two hundred thousand inhabitants. Binding-posts and insulators had to be ordered from New York. We bought some bare copper wire and brass rods at a hardware store, a few pieces of mahogany at a veneer-mill; wound our tuning coils on empty oatmeal cartons, figuring some of the dimensions from meagre notes found in some book, but guessing at the greater part of it within the limits of the size of the oatmeal boxes. Then we hooked it up to antenna and ground wire and listened. Not a sound the first evening, nor the second, nor yet the third. One of the scouts in our troop who had a small wireless set came and looked it over, made some suggestions, but finally admitted that he did not know what was the matter. We kept on trying every adjustment and connection we could think of, and one

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evening were overjoyed to hear a faint buzz going long and short. Having been a Morse operator years before, it was comparatively easy for me to make out that it was an amateur in our own town talking to his chum a few blocks away. That first faint little buzz in the receiver telephones was our starting-signal, and we have been going ever since with constantly growing interest, increasing knowledge, and a widening field. Each radical advance in methods or construction of instruments announced in the magazines sent us after more mahogany, copper wire, binding-posts, and other parts. The good wife and scout-mother grew tired of our fussing around in the kitchen, so we retreated to the attic and kept on winding coils and making cabinets, going on many blind trails, but marking well the high spots of success.

What excitement stirred the household when we heard the great Arlington station for the first time! Each member of the family listened in turn to the big observatory clock ticking off the seconds, mother set the family clock when the stroke of nine came, then all gathered round and watched the pencil as I wrote the weather forecast. Sister ran for the atlas, and we figured from the map that Arlington was about seven hundred miles away as the wireless waves fly. Coming home one night after the folks had retired, a voice from the little back bedroom called out: "Hey! dad, you missed it by being away from home to-night. The wireless is going like a house afire." So I slipped in and tuned up just for a sample. Sure enough, the air was full. Some station with a high, clear spark came in particularly fine. Soon I heard him say: "This is Fort Sam Houston testing a new key. Give us a call. This is WUJ." To bed then with strange thoughts, and the next morning a letter went to the radio station at Fort Sam Houston, Texas. In a few days there came an official-looking envelope bearing the imprint "War Department, Radio Station, Fort Sam Houston, Texas." The letter in this envelope read:

"SIR:—

In reply to your communication of the 15th instant, will say that I was very glad to receive your letter which gave our sending equipment such a good boost. At the time you heard us the undersigned was testing out a new relay key that had been installed that day and just completed.

Again wish to thank you for your letter.

Yours very truly,
HARRY L. DAVIS,
Corporal, Signal Corps,
U. S. Army, Operator."

Some folks are saying, these days, that you can't hear anything on a crystal more than twenty-five miles away. Well, Fort Sam Houston is nine hundred miles from our town, and up to this time we had been working with a crystal detector and a simple loose coupler. On a business trip to Denver early in 1916, I spotted a well-built antenna high above the Y. M. C. A. building, and followed the lead-in wire to a room up in the tower. There was installed an outfit that would have made any wireless bug's fingers tingle to get hold of the switches. A greeting in the lingo brought a friendly response at once from the man sitting alone at the instruments, a retired Western Union press operator, working at wireless as a pastime. For several nights I sat in with him, listening to new wonders. From that high tower on the hill in the mile-high-city we heard ships far out at sea and several stations on the other side. A little glowing vacuum-tube detector was the centre of interest in the outfit. Fired with a new ambition, I placed an order then and there for one of the tubes, and a few other parts to make up a similar receiving set, and obtained a copy of the "hook-up." Home again, to tell the story to the eager first-class scout, with renewed feverish activity in the attic workshop. After some three weeks' work, we had the new cabinets made, the little tube mounted, batteries connected, and then—would the same outfit that worked so well in the high, dry air of Denver, do the same in Indiana? The receivers soon answered the question with startling affirmation. Steamers on the Gulf and the Atlantic were heard and marked in the call-book, literally dozens in a single evening. Sayville and Tuckerton, famous later on in

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the Great War, tuned in as clear as a fiddle-string at any time, day or night. The horizon of the little back bedroom was widening in tremendous jumps.

Then came the dark days of 1917, when, obeying drastic orders from the War Department, we sorrowfully took down our antenna, disconnected our bulbs and cabinets, and packed them all away in a corner of the attic. There was silence, not only as St. John records in the Apocalypse "for the space of half an hour," but for two long years. With the return of peace on earth we pulled out the packing-box, dusted off the instruments, and, in three days after the lifting of the ban on receiving, pulled the antenna to the tops of the masts and "hooked up" again. With the first glow of the vacuum tube, here was our old friend NAJ, the Great Lakes Training Station, pounding away as if there had been no intermission. A few ships were heard that night, strangely scattering, and the big stations were going. But not an amateur was to be heard, nor yet a single one of the commercial stations, for the ban on transmitting still held. The wireless world had received an awful jolt. But we were back in our listening-post, ready to hear whatever came to us out of the air. It was not long until, hearing of a new device called a two-step amplifier, we put our heads together, figured out how to do it, made another mahogany cabinet, mounted the tubes and switches, and coupled it up with the tuner. Everything within hearing jumped, at that instant, several hundred miles nearer. With the resumption of general transmission a little later, we kept spotting station after station far beyond our former range. We don't know yet just what may be the limit with this powerful aid to the radio ear.

One night in the spring of 1920, sitting at the wireless desk writing a letter to the first-class scout away at college, with the "listening-bonnet" over my ears, picking up on the side as I wrote occasional snatches of messages or the chatter of operators, there suddenly boomed out of the night a full round masculine voice speaking plain English: "Hello! hello! hello! This is the Aviation Repair Station at the Indianapolis Speedway talking. We are going to play you some selections on the phonograph." An excited call to the folks down-stairs, and they came hurrying up to listen for the first time to music through the ether. When the last page of the letter to the boy scout was written, after an hour's intermission, it told him that the wireless telephone, of which we had been reading for some time, had made connection with our home-made receiving set in the little back room. It was not long until we heard the radiophone station at Anacostia, just out of Washington, D. C., and a few months later Pittsburgh started its splendid series of entertainments. Still the good neighbors and friends were incredulous, indulgently smiling at our tales of this new phase of the wireless. Some came to listen and wonder, but departed with doubtful expressions as to any practical use ever being made of it.

But what a change has come. Really, it does an old-time radio-bug's soul good nowadays to be stopped on the street, or cornered at the club, by one of these erstwhile doubting friends, who pulls out an envelope with some scribbled figures and diagrams on the back, and, with great seriousness of manner and cordiality of approach, proceeds to ask a lot of questions about "this wireless business." "Putting in an outfit?" we venture. "Oh! Just thinking some about it, that's all." Then on the way home that evening we spot a couple of wires strung from his house to a pole on the garage. Another radio fan started on the road. And this newcomer in the radio field, dabbling in the most startling product of the modern development of electrical science, will, of a certainty, along with thousands of fellow dabblers, find plenty of amusement of a novel and thrilling sort. One newspaper humorist ventured the remark that the only trouble with radio music was that you had to stay at home to hear it. But staying at home is not what it used to be. The farmer's wife is in almost as complete touch with the world's doings as is her city sister. The rural mail-service, telephone, and automobile have worked wonders. Now comes the crowning addition to this list, the wonder of wonders for city home and country home alike. For, by the comparatively simple magic of the radiophone, it is possible to stay at

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home anywhere and hear the news of the world at first-hand, attend grand opera or other musical events by the world's best artists, go to divine worship in the great city churches, hearing the big pipe-organ, the singing of choir and congregation, the voice of the minister in prayer and sermon, with every intonation, every trifling sound and echo from the vast edifice, giving one the startling feeling of actual presence right there in the midst of the people.

It is impossible to appreciate the absolute completeness of this sensation due to the perfection of radio transmission until one has actually experienced it. You feel like one sitting there with closed eyes almost within arm's length of the preacher or the choir-singers. The organ fairly startles you when it breaks out in a peal of harmony right beside you. Then the preacher announces, "We will now receive the usual collection of tithes and offerings for the support of the church and its benevolences," and your hand makes a start for your pocketbook. Foolish, at five hundred miles away? Not a bit of it. You are not five hundred miles away, nor any miles away at all, but, by all the evidence of your ears, right in the front pew where the ushers will get to you first with the collection-plate. Such is the realism of going to church by radio. Or, by a mere turn of a few degrees in your tuner, you drop in on a concert in Symphony Hall, Detroit, just as the soprano soloist steps forward to the footlights. Then comes a flush of feeling that you have perhaps gone down too far in front. There the lady stands, not three feet away. You hear the tiny squeak of her shoes, the airy-fairy rustle of her silk costume, the faintest preliminary artful clearing of her throat, and as she bursts into tremulous song you are so near that you hear her take breath at intervals. The impression conveyed by sound is complete. There is nothing lacking but sight. Small wonder is it that you join heartily in the applause at the conclusion of the number. You have had a seat in the front row, and the rest of the audience might think it strange if you sat unmoved. That's the feeling exactly.

It is this perfection of transmission of sound through empty space which makes the thrill of the wireless telephone that is drawing the tens of thousands of devotees at the present writing. It is not always easy, however, to "cut in on the air" and realize the soul-thrilling realism of hearing at a distance that has been described. There are many causes of interference from man and nature. The small boy with a buzzer over in the next block may cause an awful disturbance to the grand-opera programme coming from Chicago. The musical number that you are quietly enjoying from Pittsburgh may be roughly jarred by a rude jumble of bull-frog croaks or mosquito buzzes which the practised ear would recognize as Purdue University chatting with Georgia Tech by radiotelegraph. Secretary Hoover has undertaken the job of straightening out this tangle. The closer regulation of wave-lengths and schedules for transmission will go far toward a solution, and the small boy soon learns that he is making a very unpopular racket in the ether with his buzzer outfit. He soon subsides into an interested listener or graduates into a qualified radio operator. When Dame Nature takes a hand at the radio game, however, it's a different matter. The aurora in winter and thunder-storms in summer play havoc with everything electrical, particularly of the delicate nature of radio waves and apparatus. The old lady in question knows no regulations or schedules, and insists on transmitting any old time and at all wave-lengths imaginable. A mild attack sounds like some one throwing a handful of lead-shot into a tin bucket at irregular intervals. When it increases to a bucketful of gravel dashed into a wash-boiler about every five to ten seconds, with a trailing rattle in between, it is time to throw out the switch, turn off the bulbs, and give it up until another evening.

The clear, moderately cold winter nights are the best, when the radio air seems as still as we suppose are the vast reaches of interstellar space. It is then that the radiophone fan tunes up his receiving set in full confidence that he may spend a pleasant evening in Pittsburgh, Chicago, Newark, Denver, any one or all of them, by a turn of the wrist. There is variety enough in the entertainment to be had in this way so that any taste may be

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suited or the whim of the moment satisfied. The principal broadcasting stations which have been established now issue bulletins giving in advance the programmes for each evening in the week. These broadcasting schedules are published in all the leading daily papers. Father turns to the radio column of his evening paper and informs the family that Chicago will put on grand opera tonight, Pittsburgh will have a concert by The Pittsburgh Ladies' Orchestra, Detroit will broadcast the concert in Symphony Hall, and so on down the list. And the choice as to just where the family will go by radio for the evening need not be made in advance. The whole schedule is available either for the entire evening or here and there at random. If the particular musical or other number going at the moment in Detroit does not seem interesting, then they turn the dial to Pittsburgh and hear what is doing there. It is not even necessary to sit waiting through the intermissions in any one programme, but a turn of the tuner brings in a number from another place. Surprises are frequent in tapping into some feature not down on the programme or in hearing a new broadcasting station.

What about the permanence of these broadcasting stations? If the concerns now maintaining the stations and putting on the high-class entertainments should for any reason decide to quit, then what good would all the radio receiving sets be to anybody? These are very important questions directly affecting the value of the radio outfits that thousands of folks are spending from fifteen to five hundred dollars to install. A receiver is of no earthly value unless there is somewhere a transmitting station. And transmitting stations cost money to equip and more money to operate. They send out their product into the air literally "broadcast" for any one and every one to pick up and enjoy. There is absolutely nothing corresponding to gate receipts to reimburse the builders and operators of these broadcasting stations. The stations now operating are maintained by the federal government, manufacturers of radio instruments, newspapers, or wealthy amateurs. Just which of these classes of broadcasting agencies may survive and continue to supply worth while entertainment by the ether route remains to be seen. Up to the present time the old economic order has been reversed, for the supply has created the demand. Now it seems certain that with the overwhelming demand established in the hundreds of thousands of homes equipped with radiophone receivers, this demand will have sufficient force to make certain of the continuance of the supply. At any rate the public does not seem to be worrying about any such possibility as the source of the music being shut off. The only big worries that appear to be in the public mind right now are, what radio outfit to buy, where to get it at once, and how to put it up with the least delay. These worries are being passed on to the manufacturers and dealers in radio equipment until as these lines are written there is about the most astounding scramble to get into quantity production that has ever been witnessed in any line of manufacturing. The automobile and talking-machine crazes may have involved more money, but neither of these ever showed anything touching the radio craze in numbers of people affected or the sudden jump into tremendous popularity. As crazes go, radio holds the record for the sprint.

Radio would never have come into wide-spread popularity if it had not been for the "music in the air." That much is certain, and it is equally plain that the greater part of the throng that are rushing to "listen in" on the music and the variety of features and stunts put out from the "broadcasting" stations will go no farther than that. The interference with the music by the radiotelegraph operator at Purdue University or any other station working in the Continental code will simply be classed with "that darned buzzer" of the small boy as something to be tuned out, or regulated out by Mr. Hoover, or in some way put out of the way of folks using the air who know or care nothing about such bothersome things as codes. But the man who buys a radio receiving outfit and strings up an aerial wire in his back yard, in order to enjoy the music which may be heard simply by reaching up into the air with the right sort of an electrical extension for his ears, has the chance to add on a further

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list of thrills with very little effort. The same receiving outfit which brings in grand opera or takes him to church in Pittsburgh will open the window of the radio room to the never-ceasing chatter of those who go down to sea in ships, on the Atlantic or the Gulf all the year round, and the Great Lakes in summertime. Further, a simple attachment to the outfit will set his receiving room on a high tower overlooking or at least overhearing everything that is said by the great radio stations that fringe the coast of both Atlantic and Pacific and send their words flashing to the uttermost parts of the earth.

But the code, the mysterious dot-and-dash system, is in the way. Of course it must be learned first in order to extend the ear of the wireless fan into this wider realm on and around and across the sea. However, it is really a very easy matter to master the Continental or universal wireless code. Witness, for instance, the thousands of high-school boys who have blossomed out into experts with the key after a few months' practice. The characters of the code can be memorized in half an hour. Then, if you have a radio receiving outfit, school is open day and night right in your own home, and instruction free, with thousands of good teachers. Just tune in and listen to the slower ones at first, and then tackle the speedier fellows as you make progress. The great station at Arlington gives a splendid lesson in receiving in code every night. Promptly at ten o'clock, Eastern Standard time, after the time signals, comes the list of bulletins and press notes for ships, all sent in a beautifully clear hand by a first-class operator at a steady rate that is not hard to follow. When the wireless beginner can "copy" Arlington for half an hour without an error, he or she is well along in the course and able to pick up a world of interesting stuff out of the air. With a very limited amount of practice, the code begins to lose the semblance of a system of dots and dashes and speaks plain English. It is just like reading the printed page in this respect. We do not consider the forms of the letters, arbitrary and entirely mechanical as they are, but grasp only the idea conveyed by these symbols. So it is with the radio code. Very soon the learner will find that he is thinking of the words and sentences that are jumping at him out of the far-away reaches of land or sea, and the code as a medium is forgotten. Then is the time when he can begin to enjoy the facility afforded by radio for eavesdropping on the world.

There are three great regions in the range of wave-lengths allotted to radio sending stations by our Uncle Samuel and by international agreement. The amateurs, special and telephone broadcasting stations come first at from two hundred metres to four hundred and fifty metres. Tuning for two hundred metres, let us say, here come trooping in the youngsters whose activity and ingenuity have won them just fame and respect not only in the mind of Secretary Hoover but with all who know what they have done for radio. From far and near we hear their buzzing notes. The air is full of the chatter any night. More than twelve thousand licensed stations in America and more coming fast. Sh! Listen! This fellow who has just jumped in proves, as we follow him, to be a chap away at college sending a message: "Tell mother we have the old car put together all right, but may not be home for this week-end on account of bad roads. (Signed) Harriett and Fred." Motor fan as well as radio bug. Too bad the poor roads will keep him from showing Harriett off to mother over Sunday. Then here's a spark station whose call locates him in Denver, Colorado. The message he is sending is evidently from some business man away from his home in an Eastern city and is addressed to his daughter, Mary. It reads: "Congratulations on your graduation. Sorry that I am unable to be present. (Signed) Daddy." It's a safe guess that daughter Mary will treasure that wireless message among her graduation gifts and souvenirs.

Shift the knob of the variable condenser around to six hundred metres, the wave allotted to the ships and the commercial land stations. What a hive of bees we have tapped! There's WNY (New York) busy with the ships coming and going. Ships two days at sea are firing short messages at him, reserving rooms for passengers at hotels three nights later, or ad-

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vising folks when to meet them. Here's NGE (Miami, Florida) coming in strong, and we hear the messages and operator's comments about a missing flying-boat. Mobile (NGT) says something about a ship-load of bananas, but a steamer coming up from Tampico breaks in to tell Galveston (NKB) when they will land there. Hear this fellow with the shrill note, "yelling his head off," calling a Mallory liner and signing the call of a United Fruit boat. There! He gets him at last and says: "Be sure to see that personal laundry of Miss Viola Thompson is sent to Tampa before Saturday." Thanks to radio, Miss Thompson will be able to go to church in Tampa next Sunday, all dressed in her best.

It is nearing nine o'clock in Indiana, and we set the tuner for two thousand five hundred metres. Promptly at 8.55 the flute-like note of Arlington begins to whistle the time signals. "Toot, toot, toot," for five minutes with five-second pauses each minute, then a long "Too-oo-oot" at nine. Set your watch, and think of the ten thousand watches on land and far out at sea that are being snapped into unison with the big clock in the Naval Observatory at Arlington. Now comes the weather report, then storm warnings and bulletins of obstructions to navigation, then press notes of daily events, which will appear on ship's bulletin-boards the following morning. Listen for an hour if we will, or shall we go on up the scale of wave-lengths? Stop for a few minutes at four thousand metres. That hoarse buzz is Mexico City (XDA) going along smoothly, seeming to invite copying by his very steadiness of hand. Copy for a while if you will and then look it over to see what you have on the pad. It's all right if you know Spanish, otherwise there's something of a disappointment. But it is good practice in the code, perhaps even better than if he was sending English and the words helped out the letters, with the meaning helping out the whole thing.

Make a big jump this time and set the tuner for anywhere from seven thousand to sixteen thousand metres. Now we are right in among the big fellows, the aristocrats of the radio world. There's Sayville calling Nauen, Germany. A few degrees of the secondary condenser and we hear New Brunswick, N. J., talking to Carnarvon, Wales. Turn back a little, and—what's that? "NPM" calling "NPL"—Surely! Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, calling San Diego, Calif. Remember, we are sitting in the magical watch-tower of the radio to-night, and the world lies spread out before us. Turn the dial on your black box a little more, carefully there now, for it is rather faint but still clear. He is signing "FL," which the call-book says is the Eiffel Tower, Paris. Take pencil and pad and copy a little of it as it whistles slowly along. Funny-looking stuff—no sense to it—oh! yes, French, why! of course. Another one working, hear him very faintly. Now we have him nicely—signs "NBA"—Balboa, Panama, and to prove that the tuner is not fooling us, he is talking about the ships that have passed through the Canal that day.

Pull the switch, shall we, and call it an evening? Here we have sat in the little back bedroom in a home in Indiana, and, with not even a wire extending beyond the lot, have gone to Detroit and Pittsburgh for a musical treat, heard the boys talking all over America, caught some of the chatter from the sea and the shore, set our watches by Naval Observatory time, taken a lesson in French direct from the Eiffel Tower, heard Panama and Hawaii, and a great chorus of others that we did not stop to identify. The meaning of it all fairly staggers the mind. It is a great step out of the every-day into the sublime. We have been toying with the intangible, the eerie something out of which Northern Lights are made, the ripples in the boundless vastnesses of space. Who knows where it will lead us as we bend the mysterious forces to our call and read the thoughts flying on the wings of the ether? Will the radio outstrip and displace the present telegraph and telephone entirely? Will it be possible some day to talk man to man here, there, everywhere? Will we be able to reach out to the silent stars and find them silent no longer, but throbbing with intelligence? Will the radio give us a hint to lead us forward on the trail to the understanding of that profoundest mystery confronting the human mind, the nature of the mind itself? Who knows?

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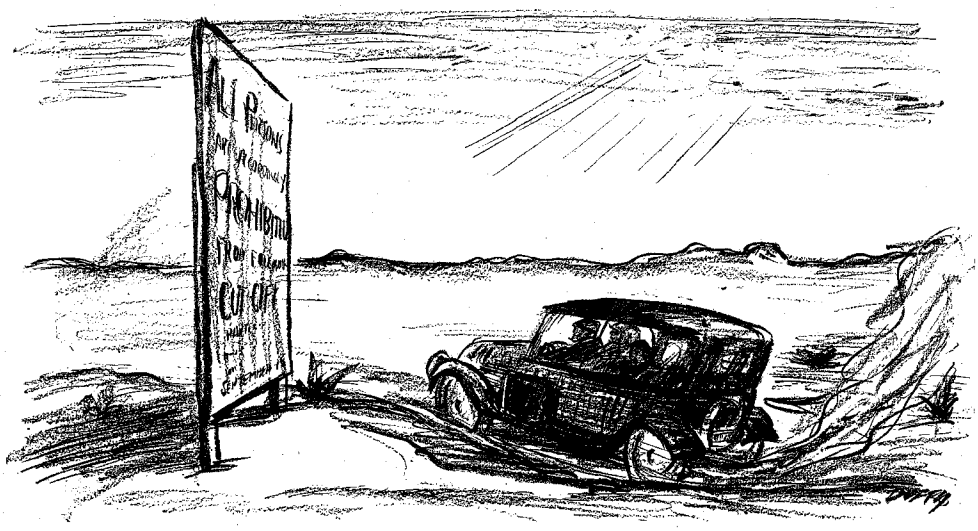

He saw the car ahead stop.—Page 234.

The Desert

BY RAYMOND S. SPEARS
Author of "The Ripe Peach," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDMUND DUFFY

UTAH HALL had been to Four Trees, where a little brook out of the Green Clay Range gave moisture to a few hundred acres of orchard and alfalfa. He had been for supplies, including two or three bushels of peaches and melons for the ranch, which had only an alkali spring and a tooele marsh for moisture, and a trickle that, drop by drop, gave humans enough water to drink and make their coffee—Little Duck Ranch.

It was early morning. The sun was just rising. Early as it was, however, another car had gone out of the little town and rolled along ahead of the thousand-pound utility truck which Utah drove. The sky was crystal-clear blue; the mountains shone like precious stones, except one great, gray mass which looked like pearl. The desert, whether level or uptilted, was glinting and shimmering, sparkling with that splashing of the utterly brilliant sun-rays against the monotonous glittering earth.

The sage-brush was stunted and scattered; the goldenrod was ashy and only an inch or two high; the alkali flats were cream-colored, and toward the northwest lay a lake of leaden hue, miles broad, and saturated with a dozen kinds of salt, crystals of which spread for miles around the shores, where shallows had been exposed by evaporation, and covered the beaches.

The desert youth lived in the vast thirsty land, and loved it. He knew the names of the ranges, the gray ridge, the chocolate-colored one, the red one, the one in the distance that looked blue and white, like snow, and even the knobs here and there, many of which had sinister names. The name Dry Top, for instance, seemed superfluous, till one knew that on this desert Indians had some time since held a party of emigrants who just escaped—but named that low, barricaded peak.

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Dead Man, No Pass, and Lost Skeletons were among the others—local names, a few of which had found their way into permanence on topographical survey maps.

There men—stalwarts!—had found the springs, claimed them, and established ranches, where in winter sheep were pastured on the tooele marshes, or fed on the sparse vegetation which sprang up when the autumn rain—a mere shower—had brought quick blossoming to soil which aridity seemed to have made utterly sterile—and yet in which a drop of water gave life to seeds long dormant.

Hall rolled along a mile or two behind the other car. The flour-like dust from the tourist's wheels fluffed out at chuck holes, and rolled away like the smoke from explosions. He could even see the sudden increase in the amount of dust where the exhaust of the leading car puffed harder under the impulse due to a little incline. He noted that the four wheels of the car had tires of the same make, and remarked the pretty tread they left in the two ruts of the roadway.

He made about the same speed they did. He did not hurry, for that would bring him into their dust which hung in the quiet air for half a mile behind them. He had a feeling of companionship in their presence, though he thought they probably had not noticed him, being bent on the chucks, the sands, the stones, and all the things that made this road a rough one—but the best they could have, for how *could* families fifty miles apart or more work such enormous stretches into good going?

As the sun grew hotter, and Hall every mile or two drank a swallow of water from his canteen, the other car rolled into Bone Flat. A stranger might have thought the whole region was flat, with here and there a mountain range rising out of it. Here, however, the native saw the land was leveler, and that the sage-brush, instead of growing every ten or fifteen feet apart, did not grow as much as a bush to the thirty or forty square feet, and after four miles, the ruts of the roadway passed tiny twigs of sage only at intervals of a hundred feet. Crumbling stone, dead-levels of glaring whitish alkali and crusted earth, crumbling into stinging dust, distinguished Bone Flat.

Here in the centre of this ashy waste a flickering white thing danced like a contorted creature. Hall knew what it was, and thought nothing of it. He saw the car ahead stop. He knew the wheels stopped because the dust ceased flying. He rolled nearly half a mile while the car ahead paused. Then it rolled on again. A minute later, Hall uttered a gasp of astonishment. The car was going straight ahead!

When he reached the shimmering thing he stopped. It was a sign-board ten feet high by fifteen wide. On a background of white was painted in black the resolution of the county commissioners, which in part declared:

> ALL PERSONS ARE ACCORDINGLY PROHIBITED FROM FOLLOWING THE CUT-OFF BECAUSE OF THE PERIL, DURING THE MONTHS OF JULY AND AUGUST, AND NOT BEFORE SEPTEMBER 15TH!

Utah Hall gasped. To the right the Cut-Off led straight on into the distance, where, no matter how far one looked, one saw a shimmering, a sparkle, a range of mountains lying beyond, and that terrible level extending miles on miles to those low, faint horizons that seemed to straggle one beyond another into uncountable mazes. There, a mile distant, he saw the tourist automobile rolling on. Dust fluffed up behind it, so that he could not always see the car. When he did see it, the black seemed at one moment like a near-by crow, at another like a reeling black mountain, and again resembled nothing more than a volcano belching smoke to unimaginable heights. Hall pictured in his mind the people in that car.

At the wheel was a man; of him Hall thought only with contempt. With the man there was probably a woman, who had married such a man— Oh, well! But probably there were children; tourists generally had two or three little tots; likely enough they had started to go to the coast in three weeks, from Chicago, or Iowa, or somewhere away back East, and then they would sell the car and re-

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turn home in the remaining week of the man's vacation—lots of people in the Mississippi Valley figured that close. The Cut-Off would save fifty miles, but—but!

Utah Hall stepped on his starter, let in his clutch, and turned to the left. Forty miles south and southeast, the Little Duck Ranch would be glad of the peaches. Fifty miles west, kind of northwesterly, there were three places, and lots of people—at least a dozen. Then beyond there about ten miles, the main trail had another ranch, and on beyond, at the Gravel Slope, the two roads came together. It was one hundred and fifty miles around, and by the Cut-Off one hundred miles across.

"He'll go through all right!" Utah Hall said to himself. "But he's a fool for luck, that's what he is! What'd he want to risk the kiddies' lives for, anyhow? Why——"

There were children in that car. Hall knew it. He had seen four peach-stones beside the wagon ruts, within a hundred feet, on the hard pan—couldn't help but see them, for they loomed like mountains on the flat, caked alkali. So he rode along southward, watching the other car roll along westward. He watched their dust for miles. An hour later it had become a tawny smoke against the dull atmosphere over the salt lake. Two hours later it was a white, ghostly mist, fairly silvery, flashing in the shimmering mirage. By and by he could see it no more, for the sand maidens were dancing in the winds that drifted over that flat—hot blasts that stung even the accustomed cheeks of the desert youth.

Ten miles an hour was fast going on that road, the good main road. Much of the way Hall drove only six or seven miles, and one stretch of trail was so bad that he refused to risk breaking anything at a speed greater than four or five miles an hour. In late afternoon, having driven for hours toward a group of buildings like playhouses at the foot of a mountain range, he crossed a broad alkali marsh, grown to reeds, and alive with the little ducks, three inches long, which gave the place its name. On the far side, and two miles to the northward, he drew up to the ranch, ran the truck under a shed, and started for the house with a bushel-basket full of peaches.

Later, when the purple shadow of the mountain had spread a shade over the ranch, he sat down to the table with his brother, mother, and father, and ate sliced peaches in condensed milk. After supper he went out and fed the horses in the corral, where they had a shed covered with reeds for shade. At sunset he looked northward, and saw a blue sea, with waves breaking upon a shore of sparkling crystals; he saw pink columns of topaz rising to clouds that were dark rose, with purple shadows, and folds of silver and gold; he saw mountains that did not exist, and when he saw ships breasting the sea, with sails set, he reckoned that they were probably a little herd of wild horses that were out there near the foot of the gray pearl mountain—he was not sure. He just thought it might be the horses, or the shades of craft bound for the Port of Missing Ships.

Night fell on the scene, night of stars like electric lights in a dark, rich blue sky; voices of coyotes, and a chill breath in the air. He strained his eyes looking northward. He tried to see a glow of light off there somewhere. With good luck the tourist on that rough Cut-Off would be somewhere to the north, or northwest, perhaps. He would be rocking and rolling along. A broken spring, a bad tire, a hot motor, a bolt dropped out, or—well, any one of many things, and none could even guess where the car would be.

Utah Hall walked to the house. On the wall was a telephone. The wires were hung on posts six feet high and one by two inches. The line led up and down that desert land. It went back to a little mine, to a cattle ranch four thousand feet higher above the sea, to a railroad station sixty miles to the south, and hither and yon westward and northward—sort of a party line. A hundred miles away northwest it connected with a general store, ranch, and thousand-acre irrigation project known as Zack's.

Utah took down the receiver and listened in. It was pretty late at night—after nine o'clock. No one was talking. He hung up, and turned the crank, two

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longs and a short, over and over again. By and by he heard a voice, far away, faint, vying with hummings and rumblings that might be spirits of the desert dancing on the wire.

"Hello, Zack!" Utah said. "This is Little Duck. Utah talking. Tourist car went into the Cut-Off this morning, about nine o'clock."

"What!"

"I say a tourist car went into the Cut-Off this morning!"

"It's against the law! Ain't that sign up——"

"It's up, but they're tourists——"

"Well, the—the— What of it, anyhow?"

"I thought I'd tell you!"

"I don't care! What'd they go for? Sick? Why—any fool would know——"

"But they are tourists, Zack! You know tourists!"

"Yes, I know! We got seven cars here strung out along the fence, and we need the water. Well's down low already. Tourists on the Cut-Off! All right! I'll watch out! But it ain't my funeral!"

The truck lights remained dark, though Utah looked for them two hours later.—Page 238.

"Nor mine!" Utah replied with asperity. "I thought I'd tell you, that's all. I'm coming over to your dance Labor Day."

"Good!"

"S'long!"

They hung up and rang off. Utah went to bed, but on his back thought about two little children who were on the Cut-Off, tired, thirsty, and rolling along as they must do all night long, if they would reach Zack's in the morning. He went to sleep thinking about them. They

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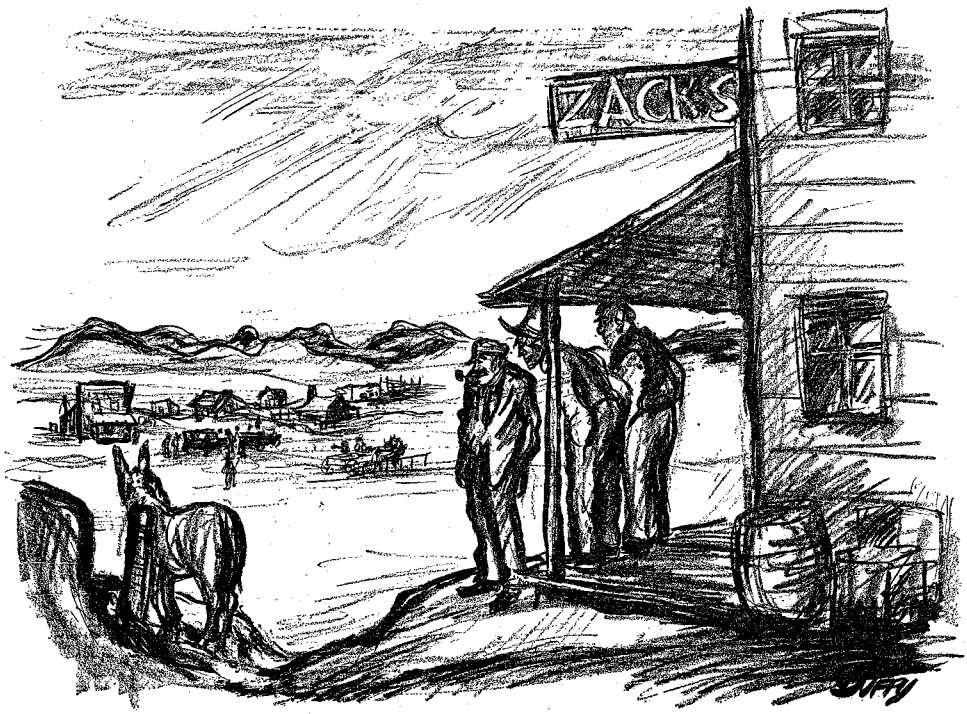

Utah's tourists.

were first in his mind when he awakened. Automobiles had brought many blessings to the wide places of the deserts, but they had also brought tourists who took the cut-offs closed by order of the authorities during the summer months.

At nine o'clock A. M. the telephone rang. Utah was nearest and with a chuckle went to it. He knew it was Zack; so it was.

"Say, tell Utah——"

"This is Utah!"

"Oh, all right! That car hasn't come by yet. 'Taint in sight, either—not this side of the Pass."

"Not come through—not in sight!" Utah exclaimed.

"No. Did they have lots of water?"

"I don't know; how in blazes would I know? I left town and they were ahead of me. They took the Cut-Off."

"Well, they're your tourists, Utah! You found 'em!"

"I 'low they be!" Utah replied frankly. "Well, let me know! I'll find out!"

They hung up. Utah called Four Trees. He asked the garage man, Denbry, about the tourists who went out the previous morning.

"I didn't notice," Denbry replied. "They didn't stop here——"

"They didn't! Where'd they get gas?"

"I don't know; why?"

"I saw them take the Cut-Off!"

"Good Lord! Well, all right—I'll find out what I can; let you know. They're yours?"

"You call me up when you find out anything."

Thirty minutes later Denbry called up Utah, who was sitting by the instrument.

"There was a Stulander Six, camping outfit, filled at Crow Rock," Denbry said. "They took twelve gallons, which filled them, and two quarts of oil. They had water there. Fellow just come in, and said a party camped east of town about four miles, by the old stage-coach station. Said they had an interesting night, he judged. Seven dead rattlesnakes there—darn fools! Wouldn't you

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think they'd know better than to camp near stone ruins?"

"I wouldn't think anything," Utah replied. "Not of tourists, I wouldn't."

"Well, how about it?"

"They're mine, of course, I reckon. Let me know, will you?"

"Sure thing!"

All day long the telephone bell rang at intervals. Every one near the wire heard that tourists had gone into the Cut-Off. They had gone in in the morning. They hadn't come out the next morning. They would have come through if they kept rolling all night. Probably, being tourists, they had camped that night, when it would have been best to keep rolling. At Zack's, after three o'clock in the afternoon, some one was looking eastward all the time. Twice they were fooled. Cars from the main road showed up. Then it was known the next car must be the Cut-Off tourists, for there was no other car on the main road.

At sunset Zack rode out in his car to the Pass, which he reached at flat dark. With a pair of glasses he looked eastward along the Cut-Off road. He could see thirty odd miles, and there was no automobile headlight coming. Somewhere in the seventy miles of the Cut-Off beyond was a tourist's car. He rode back to his place, and five minutes later Utah Hall knew that the tourists were out there.

"And they're stuck!" he said to himself. "Well—all right!"

All day long every precious drop from the drinking spring at Little Duck had been conserved. The water was now in cans, lashed to the running-board of the Hall touring-car. He threw into the car some rations, a bag full of bolts, some chunks of wood, an axe, a dozen strands of hay-wire, and other odds and ends. He had a can of gasoline. His car would ride better with a hundred or so pounds of outfit in the rear, being a five-passenger.

"S'long folks!" he said to his people. "If word comes, flash a light. I'll throw my spot light——"

"I'll turn on the truck lights," his father said.

But the truck lights remained dark, though Utah looked for them two hours later when twenty miles away he passed out of sight of the home ranch to look for "his tourists."

He drove steadily, a little faster than usual. He had a long trip ahead of him, and he wanted to make as much as he could of it at night. He turned into the Cut-Off two hours before daybreak. He rolled on for hours and hours after sunshine came, taking the forbidden trail to make sure about the tourists.

Some people said they deserved whatever had happened to them. Some said they'd never raise a finger to help such fools! Some said probably they didn't know any better—people from Nebraska and Iowa and all those Eastern States having no idea how bad it was in the desert in summer. As to their ignorance, everybody had agreed over all those wandering miles of wire. As to his own thoughts Utah held them merely to the driving of the car, with occasional flashes about the two little kiddies. Thought of the children kept him patient.

He was still rolling when night fell. Good driver as he was, for hours he could do no better than four or five miles an hour. He shuddered to think of the tourist, the 'way back Easter, from New York, who had run into that place, refusing to take the word of the people whose government had forbidden this thing. He felt sorry for such ignorance, folly, disobedience, and useless demand upon the few overworked natives.

He was dead tired when sunset came. He kept on, however, his spot light adding to the headlights to make sure he followed those fresh tire tracks where none had been for weeks before. He watched the track so steadily that he was astonished, on looking up, to see a red light ahead of him.

He rolled up to the automobile. Cries and shouts greeted him. Frantic people danced up and down waving for him to stop. They had seen him coming, and for a quarter of a mile as he approached his lights revealed them.

Two were little children! A boy and a girl. He hardly looked at the two adults.

"Say! Say!" the man cried. "Have you any water?"

"Lots of it!" Utah replied, and filled the cups the children held out first. Then he gave water to the man and

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woman, as he asked: "What's the trouble?"

"We ran out of gas. Can you tow us in?"

"I won't have to," Utah replied. "How many miles do you make on a gallon?"

"Why, usually about twenty, but on this road, running so much on second and low, only about ten. I thought I had plenty!"

"You better fill at every gas barrel," Utah suggested mildly. "And you can run on high through here, even if you slip your clutch a little once in a while. I've five spare gallons, though. It's fifty miles to Zack's where you can fill your tank. Water in your radiator?"

"We put in a gallon of cold tea night before last. I guess there's a little left. We didn't have water."

"How long have you been here?" Utah asked.

"Since yesterday morning. My, but it was hot!"

"Lucky I happened along," Utah remarked casually. "Well, we better fill your tank with what I have in my spare can."

"Do you always carry extra gasoline?" the tourists asked, admiringly. "You know, I never thought of that! Why, I never dreamed houses were fifty miles apart. I supposed you could get gasoline every ten or twenty miles, and we can go two hundred—that is, usually."

Utah was busy and he made no comment. Ten minutes later they rolled on. The little girl, about ten years old, wanted to ride with Utah if they were going to go on together, and she leaned against the youth's arm as she gradually went to sleep, despite the swinging and swaying of the car.

Seven hours later, just after daybreak, the two cars rolled down into Zack's. The tourist saw a number of people there, without realizing that all the population had turned out, not to greet him, but to see Utah Hall. The tourist blustered up to the store and ordered his tank filled with gasoline; he ordered five gallons for Utah's spare can, too. He thanked Utah heartily, the little girl kissed him, the boy shook the desert lad's hand.

"I'm glad I met you," the mother said, looking around. "It was wonderful—it seems almost providential you're coming along just then! I was afraid——"

"I knew somebody would be coming through, seeing our tracks! We saved fifty miles!" the man exclaimed. "Well, let's run on, and we'll cook breakfast. Won't you come join us, Hall?"

"This is as far as I go," Hall said, adding: "Thank you!"

The tourist rolled on to some planted junipers a quarter of a mile away. Zack, as the strangers went out of hearing, turned and shook Utah's hand. His daughter gave the stalwart youth a most admiring and thrilling look. "You're coming to the dance?" she demanded.

Mrs. Zack had him in to breakfast, and knowing the meaning of his bloodshot eyes, she sent him to bed in a darkened room, where he slept at last, having been two days and two nights without rest because a tourist car had taken the Cut-Off and he had seen it.

The tourists didn't know—how could tourists ever know?—that Utah Hall claimed them by right of discovery, saved them from deadly arid desert peril before they realized their jeopardy, and handed them on westward to the desert kind of half a thousand miles or so; the wanderers wiser, perhaps; at least knowing enough now to keep their gasoline and water-tanks full, and spares of water and gas along the running-boards.

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The Gallant Lady

BY CAROLINE E. MacGILL
Author of "The Problem of the Superfluous Woman"

WHEN you speak of high explosives, there is nothing which can approach history by way of upsetting things. Not even TNT can equal it. The Lady Clio runs a laboratory warranted to produce goods which, duly employed, will shake the most case-hardened *homo sapientissimus* loose from his prejudices, and the musty air usually around them, and set him afoot on a sunshiny pilgrimage. Probably he will find himself in quarters where he least dreamed it possible his steps could turn, but he will always find merry company by the way.

Just at present the palæolithic age is much in the public eye. Perhaps Kipling is dimly responsible, or the ingenious gentleman who put Tarzan in the movies. The latter fact, and the presence of prehistoric man in the lists of best-sellers, would seem to prove that Pithecanthropus and Eoanthropus and their congeners are at last enjoying that posthumous fame which is ever held the reward of the pioneer. But there is a still more surprising thing held by those learned in ethnology. They show that certain strains have come down to our own times, comparatively little altered. Thus the type of the Old Man of Cro-Magnon is found in a number of places, not alone among communities presumably still somewhat primitive but appearing in those highly civilized as well. The Ligurian type, probably of an eon or two later appearance, is another frequent avatar of to-day.

It is a rarely comforting thought. It is Charity's own sweet mantle, which enables one to cast a decent covering upon the naked crudities and misunderstandings of otherwise wholly estimable people. Their thinking processes are merely survivals of those current in the Neanderthal in the dawn of time, or perchance along some Javan river, when man still wore his own hair and hunted his wife with a club, along with the sabre-toothed tiger and the woolly rhinoceros.

It is not really quite scientific to choose a poet to support an ethnological discussion, save that poets are in the habit often of summing up certain currents of thought, and so supplying clichés for the use of those less nimble of wit but like in opinion. Therefore, one may fairly quote Byron in this matter, when he remarks that "love is of man's life a thing apart, 'tis woman's whole existence," and Kipling's *obiter dicta* upon the colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady, the Female of the Species, and concerning cigars compared with the same. We would not, indeed, imply any special reprobation of these gentlemen, but merely quote illustrations of a palæolithic habit of thought still curiously surviving. Of course such strains are funny or tragic, according to one's general outlook or state of digestion, but sometimes they also stimulate the conscience of the disciple of Clio, to ask: "Are they true?"

"Well, what do you mean by *true?*" counters Clio. Men have apparently developed schools of thought about "women," a word which they always put in at least mental quotation marks. One school maintains, with Byron and Kipling, that women are all utterly alike—if you know one you know them all. The other school descants on their infinite variety. Clio, being a woman herself (strange!) smiles her sweetest, for, knowing all things, she finds them generally amusing, and says: "Come and see."

The habit of generalization from insufficient data is of all historic futilities the most palæolithic: for instance, that hoary idea that all women not more or less happily married, widowed, or divorced, have been "crossed in love." I have a sneaking suspicion that nearly as many of these would plead guilty as their spin-

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ster sisters, could an honest-to-goodness Australian ballot be taken upon the subject. Coeval with this is the notion that no woman ever finds anything really interesting except matrimony, anything in the shape of a man being better than no man at all, and that women who appear to find interests outside of matrimony are a very recent phenomenon and a sign of the degeneration of society.

Now it is probably true that the vast majority of Young Things do experience a certain Springtime that goes down in their private inner history as slightly different from all other springtimes, a Spring when they discovered the Moon, and noticed How Green the Trees Were Getting. That is the Little Touch of Nature which makes the whole world kin. We like it, we like to see it, and too we find it rather pleasant to murmur *Et in Arcadia ego*, when we see a particularly pretty girl and handsome youth go by, and fancy how much they look as we did, no matter how bow-legged or hook-nosed we may have been from infancy. Such moments are very sweet and moony, but we find either men or women a dreadful nuisance in real life who do not outgrow that stage of existence.

For the truth is that the world does not belong to the Young Thing, in spite of the present fad. Young Things grow older—it is a firmly fixed habit of Nature to see to it that they do, and also the habit of living is so strong that few of them are willing to break it voluntarily when they cease to belong to the Young of the species. Nor, when that time comes, are most of us willing to climb up on a shelf and watch the procession of Young Things go by. For one reason, quite a lot of us are engaged by that time in assisting the still Younger Set to cultivate their physical or mental footsteps in the ways of the world, and the fact is borne in on us that if there were no Old Things the Young Things would have a pretty hard time of it, certainly much less money to spend, and perhaps not even existence.

Now, for a variety of reasons, social, economic, biological, there must exist, at any given time, a rather large body, both of men and women, of mature age, who are not directly engaged in supporting or rearing families. For some cause not yet discovered, in this body there is a preponderance of women. Are we to assume, on the basis of the palæolithic premises of Byron, Kipling, et al, that all of these women are sitting around sobbing more or less publicly over their hard fate? Let us recall the wise saying of the old colored mammy who consoled her foster-child, whom she privately considered overparticular in her choice of men; "they do say as how ol' maids is de happies' pussons dey is, once dey *quits strugglin'*." It is true that a few of them do lack philosophy enough to "accept the universe" and forget about it, and it is also true that we have here a presumption, by no means provable, that all of them have striven to attain matrimony—something alas statistically impossible.

The egocentric individual we shall always have with us; and it is possible that the proportion is increasing with parental failures in the fine art of spanking, and the like increase in the luxury and self-pleasing tendencies of our time. Yet there have always been such. The present overemphasis would seem to be more a product of the printing-press and the popular novel than any real change in the scheme of things entire. They are the noisy minority, who, as often, are mistaken for the *vox populi*—if rarely for the *vox Dei*.

But at least you must admit, says some one, that the women who can find an interest outside of matrimony, if there be any such, are a very modern development. No; fact is that neither I nor my friend Clio will admit any such thing. There is a trace of a woman who seems to have been at least a little sorry for herself, who was a friend of the prophet Isaiah, and he very properly rebukes her, in terms which sound much as if there were a good many happily unwed ladies even in those days of polygamy. Hear what he says: "Sing, O barren, thou that didst not bear; break forth into singing and cry aloud, thou that didst not travail with child: for more are the children of the desolate than the children of the married wife, saith the Lord. Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thy habitations: spare not, lengthen thy cords and strengthen thy stakes; For thou shalt break forth on the right hand

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and the left; and thy seed shall inherit the Gentiles, and make the desolate cities to be inhabited."

So it goes on for seventeen verses. Obviously the woman (or women) addressed by Isaiah is honorable in the sight of God and man. She is merely suffering from a violent attack of *Weltschmertz*, and her spiritual adviser is trying to cure her introversion by pointing out how important her place is in the divine scheme. And so he writes, perhaps a letter, to comfort her, and, because he is a prophet, he relates her personal problems to the eternal, everlasting fact that the children of the spirit are greater than the children of the flesh, and that maternity lies in the soul as well as in the womb. It is the psalm of the woman as teacher, as writer, as healer of the ills of body and soul, as moral and intellectual leader, as saint and savior of her people. And at the end come the marvellous heartening words of prophecy: "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper, and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn."

In fact, History reveals to us a pageant of Gallant Ladies from every century, and we are so continually discovering more that we can but surmise the battalions which have perished from its pages. They have discovered for themselves that, while Springtime is pretty, it must pass, and, after all, the glorious Summer is the season for achievement, for fruition, and Autumn brings the rewards of the harvest, of the deed well done, and Winter the serene wisdom and contemplation of the righteousness of the Doer of all Good Things. Spring is only a quarter of the year, the beginning, the promise, perhaps the vision; but "the best is yet to be."

It is a curious thing that the Wise Woman of Proverbs is lauded not in fact for her maternity, nor her spousal affection, but for her commercial and managerial gifts. Her husband is known in the gates not because she sits modestly within her house and busies herself with the distaff, but because she rises early and goes to bed late, because she runs a farm efficiently, and knows how to buy land, keeps her handmaidens always at work, and sells the product of her domestic woollen and linen factory in the best market. Apparently, in the judgment of the writer, whether Solomon or another, her fame for all time rests upon her extra-domestic activities, which, be it noted, are highly praised by her husband and children, as well as the elders of Israel.

Semiramis is another Gallant Lady, whose ideas and career are appallingly modern, not in the least like those proper to an Oriental Queen, who might have spent her days in purple seclusion, eating sweet cakes and listening to the bulbul. She won her husband by capturing a town whose defenses had repelled his troops, which inclines one to the belief that such a gallant lady won a gallant gentleman for her liege indeed. But her wifehood was brief. Thereafter, for forty-two years she ruled the Assyrian Empire, not the calmest of tasks. Her exploits in war, government, and the economic improvement of her realm were so stupendous that dull historians have sometimes believed that no woman could have accomplished so much, and so have tried to identify her story with a legend of Ashtaroth, an Assyrian moon-deity. Which is truly lunacy, for the traits of the two do not at all correspond. Semiramis was interested in such prosaic matters as good roads, of which she built many hundreds of miles. She had two reasons for this, one to open up vast new tracts for settlement and cultivation, and the other for military purposes, that her enemies might not hide in the mountains or beyond her borders, and harass her countrymen. Nor did she content herself with giving orders; on the contrary, she superintended affairs herself, travelling to the farthest confines of her kingdom. Her ideas of good government included the construction of canals and bridges to facilitate commerce, the solving of the housing problem in congested Babylon, and the enlightened patronage of municipal art and architecture. Her days must have been filled with a strenuosity rivalling a Roosevelt's.

In fact, in spite of our preconceived opinions upon Oriental civilization, such women seem to have been not so uncommon. The pages of Holy Writ have many more than we can quote, Jael and Judith and Deborah, who was a judge in Israel, to say naught of Ruth and Esther. There

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was Zenobia, and Cleopatra, one of the worst-maligned women of all time. If a culture is to be estimated by the position of its women, the day for a new reading of history may yet come, when Marathon will be interpreted as a disaster for European progress. We must remember that our authorities are Greek, and more than that, Athenian—that is, written by an ethnic group that entertained an extraordinarily good opinion of itself, whereby it felt entitled to suppress in Nietzschean fashion all trace of rival civilizations. For alone of all nations and tribes on the face of the earth we shall search in vain among the Greeks, outside of the misty days of Homeric legend, for the Gallant Lady. Did she therefore not exist? That would be saying too much. Greek culture was androcentric to a greater degree than any other known, and record-keeping from the days of clay tablets to the modern newspaper is not always minutely veracious. Personally, I see no reason why Greek women should have utterly failed to inherit any of the undoubtedly high qualities of their fathers. The weight of biological evidence makes me believe that the absence of record is due instead to the state of public opinion of the time, which limited education and intellectual opportunity to women from the despised class of metics, or foreigners, permitted to dwell in the Piraeus, and to a limited extent in Athens itself, and carry on the commerce without which the city could not have existed. There were brilliant women among these, women who were stigmatized by the endogamous laws of Athens most unjustly, and whose names, true to the Greek taboo, are largely lost. One indeed, Aspasia, remains as the centre of that "glory that was Greece," despite the slanders of the comic poets, in whose pages not even Socrates escapes.

When the dim mists which surround the story of Carthage and its long struggle with Rome lift a little, we read of women who defended cities valiantly, and here and there a daughter of the people whose name survives. Of Roman women, the world knows more than most, but even here there are a host of whom there is but bare record.

Christianity, with its new impetus to civilization, developed as well new types of womanhood. The holy woman, who gave her life to contemplation and the service of the sanctuary, was not unknown to the Jews, for there is no reason to think that Anna the prophetess was unique. The new faith, with its social gospel, its emphasis upon charity and mercy, not only fostered a higher conception of what might be called the human worth of womanhood, but also opened new avenues for the employment of feminine energies. The "almsdeeds" of Dorcas are scarcely even the first of the long bead-roll of good works which to-day we call "social service" and fancy a very new thing. Paula, the friend of Saint Jerome, after a comparatively short experience of married life, found her real sphere in Bethlehem, developing the monastic life which was to open an independent career for so many thousands of women during the Christian centuries. Like her are Scholastica, the two Bridgets, Clare, Teresa, and a host of others. Within the convents they founded are women of marvellous learning, of practical political talent, administrators like Hilda of Whitby, the "mother of the English Language," Chrodield of Poictiers, who defied the king himself, or Hrotsvitha of Gandersheim, that remarkable Benedictine nun whom one misguided writer calls a puzzling phenomenon.

The truth is that the abbey of Gandersheim was a perfect nest of learned literary ladies. Not one but more than a dozen achieved distinction in the legendary darkness of the tenth century—a darkness which a little solid information quickly dispels. Hrotsvitha merely happens to be rather the greatest of them, and her works perhaps the most picturesque, for she is no less than the founder of the vernacular drama in Europe and the first German poetess. She wrote originally in Latin, but her plays and poems and other works were translated into the tongue of the people, and were widely read and copied long after their author was forgotten.

What Gandersheim, with its Prince-Abbess who possessed a seat in the Diet, gave for ladies of high station and intellectual power by way of opportunity, the Béguines of northern Europe did for the woman of the middle and lower classes

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who forbore to seek or had had enough of the matrimony in vogue at the time. To this singular institution, described by one writer as the solution of the woman question of the time, they flocked by thousands, finding their opportunities for self-support, companionship if they chose, at all events a dignified and interesting life, of great independence. Many were teachers, many were engaged in various industrial pursuits, as weavers or spinners, those who had the means lived as they chose and devoted their lives to charitable works. Others were nurses; the Béguinages formed in fact colonies of women employed in a variety of ways, living in a group for the sake of protection and prestige. Bound by no obligation save their own wishes to remain, free to come and go as they pleased, they are interesting to-day not only for their own sake as a social force of the time, but as evidence of the presence of so many women who desired just the opportunity the Béguinage offered. Many were writers also, though no Béguine reached the height of fame attained by that writer who belonged to a masculine version of the same institution, the Brothers of the Common Life, whom we know as Thomas à Kempis.

Tuscany seems to have been particularly prolific in daughters who found matrimony but a partial satisfaction for their energies. There is the lovely Margaret of Cortona in the thirteenth century, turned adrift at seventeen by a stepmother, entering into a marriage, unblessed by the church, with a powerful lord of the district, a sorry tale not at all uncommon in those days when great barons claimed the right to settle such questions as they saw fit. Wife she was in all but the priestly benediction, evidently, for she was greatly beloved by her spouse, given much wealth to spend on the poor during his life and the heir of his movable goods at his death. What a picture it makes—Margaret in her wondrous beauty walking in her garden of a late afternoon, sighing for the return of her lover who apparently has been delayed. Down the road she sees something coming—it is his hound, who catches her skirt and draws her after him to the depths of the forest, where she finds her beloved, stabbed by some enemy, too late for help. In her great love she believed that the disaster had come upon him because he had been overfond of her beauty, and she resolved to give her life thenceforward to prayer and penitence. So she did, but, being of a practical turn of mind, of great vitality of body as well as boundless charity of soul, she established in Cortona some institutions that would do credit to a modern woman with all the ideas of our century. She founded a hospital with some of the jewels left her, and then, seeing that a hospital was useless without nurses, she founded a school for their training, and herself taught the first classes. For the support of this hospital in the future she organized a body of women of wealth, who looked after it financially, and likewise interested themselves in providing care for the sick poor outside the hospital, particularly those who were of the self-respecting type, not merely the beggars. For these there were to be attendants trained. Truly it is a very up-to-date programme. Besides her own personal activities in superintending the hospital and administering the affairs relating to it, she found time to write a number of treatises on the spiritual life, and to take a considerable part in the civic life of Cortona. She seems to have been much in demand to settle disputes between citizens, and twice interfered in matters of her own initiative, when she did not like the way they were proceeding.

Fifty years after Margaret's death came into the world another Tuscan woman destined to be one of the great figures of European history. Like Margaret, Catherine Benincasa was born of poor parents, and like her was a woman of extraordinary personal charm, but unlike her she seems never to have had any inclinations toward affairs of the heart. At first she devoted her life to prayer and works of charity, but later she was drawn into the life of her native city of Siena, and into the vortex of Italian politics. Many times the ambassadress of Popes and Kings, her history contradicts much of the popular notion of women in her time, and the opportunities and influence they could have, if indeed they were fit. Catherine was fit. When we discover that history is not merely a series of kingly

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biographies, we shall know more, not only of Catherine of Siena, but of many another man and woman whose work far outranked that of their sovereigns.

The Young Things of the Renaissance took much to themselves by way of learning, quite after the manner of our present epidemic, largely by conveniently forgetting and ignoring the centuries immediately preceding. Thus we have many books about Olympia Morata, and her Greek scholarship, while Eadberg of Thanet, renowned among the greatest of her earlier day, is known, I venture, to none who will read these pages. Moreover, there is one great change which was brought about with the Renaissance. Whereas before, learning and influence were open not only to the great ladies of Gandersheim but also to the humble daughters of the people, like the Béguines, Margaret of Cortona, and Catherine of Siena, it became now the property alone of the wealthy and great. From this time it is the women of the Estes, the Medici, the Gonzagas, and the Sforzas, of whom we read. They are queens like Giovanna of Naples, or Renée of France, or Marguerite of Valois, and, alas, such is the fallibility of human nature, we cannot be nearly so sure their talents were really so considerable as their biographers have made out. Certainly none of them has left such solid evidence of her abilities as a Hrotsvitha or a Gertrude, a Margaret or a Catherine. Nor are they on the whole as interesting. One can but feel that their fame was possibly slightly adventitious.

This cannot be said indeed of Aphra Behn, that remarkable woman whose fame is still recorded on the hoardings of country stores—though no wayfarer guesses when he reads the sign *Oronoko* that it was named after the first English novel by a woman, in fact one of the first of romantic novels of the modern kind anywhere. Nor can it be said of Rosalba Carriera, in the next century, of the good city of Modena, or her contemporary Elizabeth Carter, noted for her translation of Epictetus and other Greek writers; or a bit later of Fernan Caballero, the Spanish novelist who founded the first society for the prevention of cruelty to animals; or Caroline Herschel. . . .

Where shall the stop come? Those of the last century are fairly well known; they are by no means few. But this be it said: these women were happy, as happy as life usually falls to any not hopelessly frivolous. They found life good and full of meaning, of value to themselves and the world in which they lived. Many of them knew "love," and found it a thing good in its place but not for all time. Some were learned—but it is doubtful whether Catherine of Siena could write—some were gifted, though Margaret of Cortona shows little evidence of special gifts, beyond a courageous will to do what she saw lay before her needing action. Her work was duplicated in the last century in New Orleans by another Margaret who came to this country an ignorant immigrant, worked as domestic servant much of the time, and finally ran a bakery. To her, Margaret Haughery, a grateful city erected one of the first statues to a woman in this country, and she is yet fragrant in the affections of the children who live in the homes she founded.

No, the Gallant Lady is she who possesses the will to do. Our kingdom is within us. If we accept the universe, good and bad, keeping our personal preferences for the good, and helping to increase it as best we may, we can be quite sure of our measure of happiness. But the misguided lady who will not enter the lists of the world and fight her own battles gallantly is the one who wonders why she is so miserable. Other folk are rarely ignorant of the reasons in her case! True, love—or charity, as the older world hath it—is the greatest thing there is, but there are many kinds of love. Only one is dangerous—self-love, self-pity. That has no worthy place. Love, indeed, is the centre and core of the life of the Gallant Lady—love of the good, the worthy in art, in literature, in the manifold life of the day, and most of all that greater love which is in the power of every living soul—the love of the loveless, the lonely, the neglected, the abandoned, the ailing of body and soul.

"Enlarge the place of thy tent . . . spare not, lengthen thy cords, and strengthen thy stakes . . . thy seed shall inherit the Gentiles . . . and great shall be the peace of thy children."

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The Fish-Hawk

BY JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

ON the large highway of the awful air that flows
Unbounded between sea and heaven, while twilight screened
The majestic distances, he moved and had repose;
On the huge wind of the Immensity he leaned
His steady body in long lapse of flight, and rose

Gradual, through broad gyres of ever-climbing rest,
Up the clear stair of the eternal sky; and stood
Throned on the summit! Slowly, with his widening breast,
Widened around him the enormous Solitude,
From the gray rim of ocean to the glowing west.

Headlands and capes forlorn of the far coast, the land
Rolling her barrens toward the south, he, from his throne
Upon the gigantic wind, beheld: he hung—he fanned
The abyss for mighty joy, to feel beneath him strown
Pale pastures of the sea, with heaven on either hand,

The world with all her winds and waters, earth and air,
Fields, folds, and moving clouds. The awful and adored
Arches and endless aisles of vacancy, the fair
Void of sheer heights and hollows hailed him as her lord
And lover in the highest, to whom all heaven lay bare!

Till from that tower of ecstasy, that baffled height,
Stooping, he sank; and slowly on the world's wide way
Walked, with great wing on wing, the merciless, proud Might,
Hunting the huddled and lone reaches for his prey
Down the dim shore—and faded in the crumbling light.

Slowly the dusk covered the land. Like a great hymn
The sound of moving winds and waters was; the sea
Whispered a benediction, and the west grew dim
Where evening lifted her clear candles quietly . . .
Heaven, crowded with stars, trembled from rim to rim.

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LONG ago, in London, when neighborly curiosity had taken us prowling over the then deserted, and terribly untidy, house in Chelsea at whose windows Turner had sat to study his beloved Thames, the caretaker, vainly searching for some claim to pride in her down-at-heels charge, said: "It stands on a lot of land at the back." The delightfully roundabout way of expressing the fact that that tiny slice of a house could claim an unusually long, narrow garden in the rear has clung in my mind these many years.

To-day our summer bungalow, in this smiling township of hills and gentle valleys that takes its name from an English duke, "stands on a lot of land" in all directions: on rolling meadows that dip and fold and find their boundaries in hedges of full-grown trees. All ours, for the time being, for the mere sending to their owner of sundry narrow slips of paper that are not without honor in our own home town.

If a grim New England conscience holds us for its very own in ordinary times, it can, from the mere force of contrast, give us mad holiday whenever we are able to convince ourselves that we "are not in the least responsible." We, who have pursued with truly bitter ruthlessness the stray dandelion in our own home lawn, have lived here rejoicing through a riot of gold. Even the round, fuzzy seed-balls, filled with the saucy determination to spread dandelion propaganda far and wide the minute the wind blows, have shown beautiful in mass to our care-free eyes.

At last, to our really shocked minds, came the conviction: "We are going to miss the dandelions when they go." Miss them indeed! Nature rampant allows very little to be missed in her pageant of the months. Remember pleasantly is much more like her motto. The dandelion plants are long since buried beneath waving grasses, and tall reckless weeds, such as have caused endless sorrow in our strawberry-beds of old, wave triumphant, crowned by joyous bobolink or goldfinch.

Some day, we understand, an enterprising neighbor farmer is to cut and gather in our hay, and we listen speculatively to the rattle and drone of the machines that are cutting other peoples' fields. Were these acres our very own we should have to worry about this particular crop, for it is actually ripening on the stalk. As it is we feast our eyes on the waving, shimmering grasses, marvelling that they can take on such wonderful tones of palest yellow, bronze, and mauve, wondering vaguely, too, why we have never seen it so beautiful before, and then coming up short against the chuckling conviction that a conscientious devotion to full barns, and the remorseless routine of times and seasons, have never before permitted us this luxury of overripe meadows.

For luxury it surely is, this sitting for a season with folded hands watching the changing lights with no sharper reminder of the passing days than the gradual dying away of the bobolink's song, no graver anxiety than the safe launching of mother robin's third brood into the wide world.

There is no question but that idle acres make a bird paradise. They are our timepieces, these feathered friends who so firmly believe themselves to be the true owners of our surrounding fields and woods. Like the church-bells of Europe of old they regulate our days, from the matins of the swallows on the ridge-pole to the vespers of the entire congregation that gathers on tree and bush and telegraph wire to watch the setting sun.

These same birds have taught us many a lesson in careless ease throughout the summer; for the dead trees, that every dictate of thrift and tidiness should have long since gathered into the capacious wood-shed, are their favorite resting-places; and the gaunt frame of the windmill, now dismantled, is their tower of babel. On that lofty vantage-point have assembled successive congresses of starlings and robins shrewdly estimating —and possibly parcelling out—the crop of choke-cherries in our hedge-rows, and planning to return when they shall be ripe.

The berries on the tangled woodbine over the deep piazza do not interest these hardy adventurers. These are reserved for the gentler bluebirds, who watch their slow ripening with an appraising eye. There is

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no question but that if any one were searching for an emblem to express the utter calm of an idle summer he need go no farther than the bluebird. No other bunch of feathers seems so capable of dumpish relaxation, no other eye so full of childlike trust, so willing to take fate as it comes, so wholly averse to "stirring things up."

"Bluebirds for happiness." No one can question that, for what can be happier than sheer content? However, for my own present fancy I should like to amplify M. Maeterlinck's taking phrase. To us in the midst of our rented acres the bluebirds this summer have not only stood for happiness, but they have constantly showed us just how to find it for ourselves. Their text has been unchanging, their preaching constant: for this summer, at least, we must be consistently idle, content to sit for hours at a time with our backs against trees just looking at the wonderful rippling line of our surrounding hills, strengthening our eyes with gracious distances, resting them with masses of simple color; or again, lying beneath the shelter of the tree-studded hedges, so close to the ground that the very daisies, and their neighbors the heavy-headed grasses, have formed our near horizon against the blue of an all-enfolding sky.

If we have had moments when the old care-taking instincts have returned, when it has seemed a moral necessity that some hedge-row should be trimmed, some neglected fruit-tree pruned, or some straggling vine trained back to place, there has always come a flash of blue wings, a sudden but complete settling of a bunch of feathers on some near-by branch, and the throaty contralto call of "Cheeri-o, cheer-í-o," which, freely translated, means:

> "Sit still a bit,
> You have been busy in the past,
> You may be very busy in the future,
> But for now
> Just rest."

FAR be it from me to become a religious controversialist; indeed, in one respect I resemble King Ahab: he feared Elijah, and therefore "went softly." I fear and honor the church; hence my humility is genuine and profound. But meekly I am going to suggest that something is wrong with our hymnology. Our hymnals are not what we have a right to expect them to be.

Lyra Sacra

No man loves better than I those sacred lyrics which have sung themselves out of and into the yearning great heart of the race. The "Rock of Ages," the "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," the "Lead, Kindly Light," the "In the Cross of Christ I Glory," the "Calm on the Listening Ear of Night"—these and scores of others of the same elevated type are among the precious treasures of our anthology. The service of these to humanity can never be reckoned. They are a credit to man at his best; and, what is far higher commendation, they appear (as far as we can judge) to be not unworthy of the Creator whom they praise. But our hymn-books, with all their revising, contain too many namby-pamby pieces—too many lyrics which, to put the matter mildly, are an insult to the native wild intelligence of the human heart and mind:

> "Men build and plan, but the soul of Man,
> Coming with haughty eyes to scan,
> Feels richer, wilder need."

Let us examine at random a few of these paltry hymns for the purpose of ascertaining whether they are really worthy to be used to worship God. The number, though year by year commendably reduced, is still too great; and there are many which express little more than familiar and offensive adulation. Observe these lines:

> "So, within thy palace gate,
> We shall praise, on golden strings,
> Thee, the only potentate."

This is fulsome praise; not worship, not adoration. Certain hymners take vast liberties; for example, they sometimes charge God with interfering with those great laws which he himself established:

> "Thy hand in autumn richly pours
> Through all our coasts redundant stores;
> And winters, softened by Thy care,
> No more the face of horror wear."

It may be contended that a hymnal is for the use of a variety of people; that in it intellectuals and what Shakespeare (not I) calls "the rabblement" may find expressed their thoughts. But from this opinion I dissent. No man, whatever his birth or station, ought to be told that verses, apparently written by invalids for mental ruins, are hymns for him to sing. Besides, the really great and authentic hymns appeal to all hearts. Hymn-writers should consider that anything that comes from a sound heart goes to most hearts naturally and di-

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rectly; and this is especially true of the things of joy. Christianity is, I take it, a joyous religion; yet in our hymnals we have an alarming number of disastrous, dark-blue hymns.

Other sacred lyrics are altogether too condescending in their tone. If familiarity breeds contempt, then zeal breeds familiarity. Thus in peremptory fashion a robust optimist descants:

> "Angels, take your golden lyres,
> And strike the cheerful chord."

Sometimes the thought that the lyrist tries to express is vague, and as unctuous as strained honey:

> "In sincerity and love
> Eat we manna from above."

Again, the tone may assume an objective, exuberant assurance that is sure to shock any sensitive and reflective spirit:

> "I'll shout, while floating through the air,
> 'Farewell! Farewell! sweet hour of prayer.'"

I well remember hearing such a tone used in a village church at a children's service. I was sitting next to the community butcher—a solid, vast, reposeful being, who literally bawled with pious fury this refrain:

> "I am Jesus' little lamb;
> I am Jesus' snow-white lamb!"

If he is, I am very sorry for the millennial lion that will have to lie down with him.

A hymn-book usually contains upward of five hundred hymns; of these some are among the noblest lyric utterances of man; others are the merest drivel—mawkish sentimentality. My view-point is this: cannot hymnals be revised rigorously so as really to omit the unworthy, the inane, the trivial, the repetitious, the valetudinarian—and to keep the grand old songs, with perhaps here and there the addition of a "Crossing the Bar," a "Recessional," or a "In the Hospital"? Such a sacred anthology might be slender, but it really would be sacred in the sense that it would be worthy for use in the worship of God.

I really believe that not a few men have acquired a distaste for the church and for religious things because in them, by means of many of our dismal and doggerel hymns, a fatal sense of sardonic humor has been awakened. Such men really love the great things in religion, in poetry, and in religious poetry; but their spirits can reasonably and rightly have for the vain, the vapid, the insipid, the disingenuous, the puerile, no feeling save that tacitly expressed by a withering smile.

Forcible Readers

BY forcible readers I mean not those who read with lively dramatic effect, but those who read by force; who read relentlessly to an indifferent or an unwilling or even a rebellious listener. The curious thing about these pestilential persons is that there never is a discoverable spark of malice in them; on the contrary, they seem to intend kindly. In my opinion, however, it is a question whether they may be said to intend at all; I suspect that forcible reading is a purely reflex action, with no spiritual quality whatever. In its exaggerated form it takes no account of possible differences in taste, and even at its mildest it wholly ignores mood. We all know the man who drops in, at some not very opportune moment, with shining eyes and a slender volume, crying: "I've found the most remarkable young poet! You're busy, aren't you? Let me just read you this"—and reads us, perhaps with the exception of a page or two, the entire book; and the man who cannot be trusted out of doors even, but who, just at the perfect moment when we extend ourselves, filled with a good picnic luncheon, on the kindly earth and concentrate our attention on the lazy cloud-shadows, whips out from his pocket the newest thing in socialism; and the man who steadily reads us his newspaper while we are reading ours, or when we have just finished ours, or, perhaps worst of all, when we are looking forward to a sweet silent session with ours.

Of this last species the most ruthless example that I have ever known was a gentle little old lady, sweet as a pink and quiet as a mouse except when giving one of her inexorable readings. Circumstances delivered me over to her, bound hand and foot; for I was spending a convalescent two months, and had to lie all day in a steamer-chair on a boarding-house porch. The porch overlooked a quiet green land of hill and rolling meadow, and a pine wood close by breathed balm all day and all night. But my heart was hot with rebellion, for not only were all my fellow boarders elderly, and, to my thinking, dull, but I was longing that summer to be by the ocean; so that a herd of Guernseys tacking aimlessly, hour after hour, across the pasture seemed a poor

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substitute for skimming sails on an azure sea, and the pedestrian flight of crows gave little pleasure to eyes thirsty for the celestial wheeling and flashing of gulls. And ironically the one event of the day—the arrival of the mail—the kind old lady's hour of glory, was the hour of despair for the rest of us. She would watch us with benevolence, polishing her reading-glasses meanwhile, as we received our letters and newspapers; then she would pick up her New York *Times*, and, in a voice astonishingly resonant for one so small and so old, would read it immitigably through. Her interests were catholic: the death notices, the birth of a five-legged calf in South Dakota, conferences of diplomats, bargains in bathing-suits—all these she intoned with equal gusto. My companions would rattle their own newspapers or rustle their letters furiously; tap with their feet; roll their eyes in frenzy; and one by one, routed, flee from the breezy porch to the refuge of their bedrooms, leaving me, helpless in my steamer-chair, to endure the bombardment alone. And my torment was aggravated by a rather turbulent preoccupation, for it happened that summer that there was a particular letter whose daily arrival or non-arrival was a vital concern to me; when it failed to come, I could have shrieked at the dear old lady as she read, and when it came, sometimes less bulky, sometimes more, I could have chopped her into a hundred pieces.

But why do I go so far afield for a specimen? For—I must have confessed it sooner or later—there is a forcible reader in my own home: George, my husband. Not at once did I find him out. In the first place, our courtship was largely staged in hotel ballrooms, in motors, on golf links, and on bathing beaches. It is true that there was one sunny afternoon under the cliff when George read me the whole of Meredith's "Modern Love"; but who in the world would have drawn a sinister conclusion from that single episode? As I watched the sea-gulls and the quiet low water, and thought placidly how much better George's mind must be than mine, never a flicker of boding crossed my contentment. Then the very week we were engaged George had to go to Chihuahua for an æon or two; and then it was in a cat-boat that we spent almost the whole of our honeymoon—a drunken and dazzled fortnight of salt wind and sunshine and flashing sea-foam. So it came about quite naturally that not until we were settled in our own house did I discover that I had married a forcible reader.

My initiation began, of course, with the newspapers; but it was the llama incident that really showed me where I stood. We were sitting one evening on our charming little porch, in a twilight that smelled of freshly cut grass, when I chanced to ask George if he knew whether a certain ungentlemanly but skilful trick of defense attributed to the llama was a scientific fact or merely a popular superstition; whereupon George reared up his lazy length from the Gloucester hammock with an alacrity that ought to have surprised me, and vanished into the house, to return briskly with a large natural history and a volume of an encyclopeædia. The latter he opened and searched. "Here!" said George—"The llama"—and a volley of Latin names rained about my ears. He was reading me the entire classification of the camel family. "Yes, dear," I feebly interrupted, "but does there seem to be anything about—" "It's too dark; I can't see," said George. "Come on in, will you, darling? I've got some better books." We went in. George switched on half a dozen lights, assembled eight or nine volumes, and began to read. I sat in a corner of the sofa and envisaged the truth: I had married a forcible reader. When I opened a panicky eye after forty accidental winks among the sofa cushions, George's brown head was still bent with concentration over his book, and he was working his way steadily—dear old thing! —through the dromedaries. And all I had wanted to know was whether the llama really has the knack of spitting in an aggressor's eye.

Oliver Wendell Holmes says that something—I forget what— is like knocking over the fire-irons: if you upset the tongs you are bound to precipitate the shovel and the poker as well. It is like that with the forcible readers; only in their case an idle question brings down not only tongs, shovel, and poker, but every stick in the wood-basket, and half a cord up from the cellar. Particularly is it unsafe to quote in their hearing; one might as well drop a spark in a dry stubble-field.

The only effective way of dealing with these amiable tyrants, I believe, is to fight fire with fire. My suggestion would be that every person in the power of one of them

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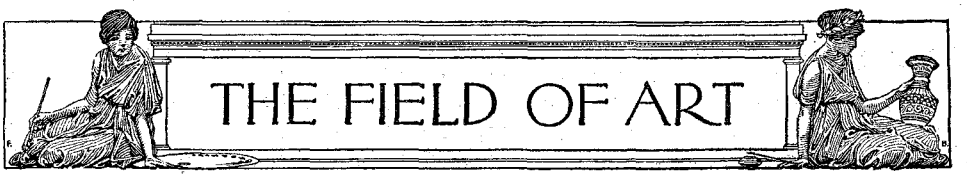
should go to the nearest bookseller and arm himself with some practically inexhaustible work, such as "The Two Thousand Leading Facts," or, still better, something more sustained. Let him then keep the book always by him, and at the slightest indication that he is about to be read to, let him at once read, loudly and steadily. Of this simple method I intend to be the pioneer. This very night, after dinner, when George drops into his deep chair beside his favorite lamp, folds back the *Evening Post* to the page that always engages his attention first, and glances across at me to see if I have finished fussing about and am settled with my knitting, he will meet a purposeful regard fixed upon him above a large volume, and in an instant I shall have begun reading to him firmly about the Sense of Equilibrium in the Dogfish before He Develops His Ears.



The Modernist Movement in Painting

BY OLIVER S. TONKS

IF familiar with the word, Polygnotus undoubtedly called Zeuxis a modernist, while Zeuxis with equal enthusiasm damned Apelles as an ultra-radical; and both were right, for we humans are so constituted that we prefer the old familiar things to the new. We like the pies mother made, the old dances, and the customs of our youth. Old lang syne is our approved standard. Each oncoming generation perennially looks askance at all innovations as modernisms.

All of which makes it hard to say just where the modernist movement in painting begins. It is safe to say, however, that most people would agree that it should include post-impressionism, cubism, futurism, synchronism, and dadaism. Impressionism would not enter in, because that once despised style is now accepted in the circle of polite artistic society. The norm against which these movements may be measured began to be established when the French Academy was founded in Rome, in 1663.

It was only natural that France should locate her academy in Rome. During the Renaissance not only had Italy taken the lead in sculpture, painting, and architecture, but many Italians found their way to Paris, where they helped mould French art upon Italian lines. Unfortunately for France, the time of the founding of the academy was one when the sublimity of the Renaissance had been replaced by an artificiality that stressed extravagance of form and gesture. By the close of the seventeenth century there remained of the bigness of art only the shell. It is the cold precision and empty gestures of this art, still marked, to be sure, by a certain stateliness, that appears in the work of Poussin. But even at its best it is insincere, and was so recognized by many Frenchmen.

Watteau well represents this state of mind. His fortunate proximity to the Flemish frontiers threw him into direct contact with the art, sincere if often trivial in subject, of the "little masters" of the Netherlands, from whom he learned to know nature by meeting her face to face. With this grounding it was inevitable that he should fight the pseudo-classicism of the academy by choosing his subjects, if not always from his immediate environment, at least from the realm of poetical whimsy. His gallant lovers and perfumed voyagers to Cythera are protests against the frozen artificiality of a false classicism.

Some others came to Watteau's assistance to combat a state-controlled, self-complacent art so contradictory to the volatile spirit of France. Lancret and Pater found plenty of material in the froth of elegant society, while Boucher's amiable children and cupids, together with Fragonard's amorous swains, gaily contested with Dido and

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Æneas for public approval. The long fight between canon and non-canonical thus began. Under various disguises it has continued until the present time. How much Rousseau's philosophy may have contributed to the rise of an anti-academic art is hard to say. Yet his praise of the simple life, his love of nature, and the attractiveness with which he dressed his ideas unquestionably went far toward turning the aristocracy toward nature. Their interest, to be sure, was largely artificial. Still it probably fortified the romantic-realistic group in their stand against the academy.

What is particularly noteworthy, whether Rousseau enters into the question or not, is that even in those days of the supremacy of the court there was in France an art vigorously rebellious against a dependence upon a dead past. It was a time when the common people were beginning to estimate their own worth. In opposition to the vices, real or imagined, of the nobility they balanced their own sturdy virtues. Under no other interpretation can we explain the popularity of such pictures as "The Village Bride," or "Father Reading the Bible," in which Greuze melodramatically holds up for admiration the solid worth of the bourgeoisie.

The struggle against psuedo-classicism, strangely enough, was brought to a close by the same common people who had inaugurated the attack. With the advent of the revolution, the proletariat, now supreme, liked to fancy themselves the reincarnation of the ancient Roman republicans. In this state of mind they naturally demanded subjects which illustrated the deeds of the heroic ancients, with the result that the academicians came into a greater power than they had ever dreamed of possessing. Once in the saddle their taste soon developed to include not only heroic themes, but other classical subjects which could have no claim upon the artists except that they were classic.

That these men should have concerned themselves with the revival of a dead past is bad enough. Immeasurably worse is it that they attempted its rehabilitation through a study of sculpture, for such a course, accentuating an interest in drawing at the expense of color, developed a canon of form and attitude based not upon a study of life, but of inanimate sculpture. Not that the model was neglected: but, excellent as the model might be, in the picture it was made to conform to the proportions of ancient art. The result could be nothing but artificial, and had not the people themselves imagined that they had recreated the civilization to which these sterile themes belong, it is doubtful if the academy could have resisted the onslaught of the anti-classic group.

For a time the academician had it all his own way. But even so the protestant spirit was not dead. No sooner was the revolution accomplished than the anti-classicists reappeared. Bitter experience had eventually shown the French that they were not antique Romans, however much they might like to think so, and forthwith they tired of posturing as Brutus or Socrates. Life was too imminent to allow them long to find delight in personalities so long dead.

This state of mind made it possible for Gericault and Delacroix to paint the "Raft of the Medusa" and "Dante and Virgil Crossing the Infernal Lake." The academicians, of course, were properly scandalized at what seemed to them the vulgarity of presenting subjects so frankly romantic. They could, however, not attack on the ground of poor draughtsmanship, for Delacroix and his friends were quite as interested in drawing as the academicians. The point of debate, therefore, was largely the propriety of handling themes which a distant time had not made impersonal. The romanticists, in fact, differed little from the academicians except that they explored a more recent past and its literature for material. Still we should remember this: Delacroix was wide awake to the importance of color—a factor which the academicians had neglected. In passing over the Renaissance into the ancient past they had failed to see how much Italian painting had valued color. It is true that the Florentines esteemed it less than either the Umbrians or the Venetians, but, granting that, the Florentines appreciated its essentiality. The French academicians, on the other hand, believed it of secondary importance. Ingres, the post-Davidian champion of the academy, insisted that "drawing is the probity of art."

Opposed to this view is Delacroix, whose inborn feeling for color was intensified by acquaintance with Constable and Turner,

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as well as by a visit to northern Africa, where, under the blaze of a sub-tropical sun, color for him took on an entirely new meaning. That his insistence upon it should have shocked anyone is hard to understand in view of the fact that painting deals inescapably with pigment. Yet the academicians did maintain the superimportance of drawing, and even at the present time the same is more or less true of them. For that reason Delacroix's adventure into the province of color is of prime importance in a discussion of the evolution of modern art.

Two points of view were thus established hostile to the classical: the acceptance of non-heroic themes as appropriate pictorial material, and the recognition of the great importance of color as the chief agent in painting. Both ideas were capable of practically unlimited development. Both were soon the matter of serious consideration. To be sure the academy resisted valiantly—Cabanel, Bouguereau and Baudry continuing to produce voluptuous, or saccharine, works impeccably perfect in drawing. But the homely pictures of the Barbizon group of landscape painters, Millet's challenge that truth is always beauty, his demonstration in the glorification of toil, and Courbet's sometimes brutal assertion of unvarnished fact placed the academy entirely on the defensive. These rebels widened the horizon of art. No longer were the unusual and the picturesque considered the only suitable themes for landscape painting, and no longer were epic heroes the only actors on the stage. Art had come down from Olympus to Arcady. And herein lay the danger: for who was to say where art should stop in its wanderings afield?

Whatever else may be said of the movement away from classicism one fact stands forth with peculiar clearness. It taught painters to think. Beautiful as much academic painting is, faultless in drawing and seductive in modelling, it is still undeniable that its concern is not so much with the exploration of the mysterious phenomena of nature as with the elegance of historical and literary statement. In opposition to the academician the romantic and realistic landscape and portrait painter was fascinated by the brilliancy of light, and the fugitive nuances of color under the inconstancy of that illumination. Manet discovered that the human form, bathed in light, has the appearance of baffling simplicity. This effect he undertook to reproduce with a corresponding simplification of planes and a purification of color. In the subject itself he seems to have had no particular interest. At one time he delighted a conservative public with as winsome a picture as the "Boy with the Sword," at another he shocked the same public with as startling a canvas as the "Olympia." Contrary to his academic critics he gave less and less thought to the subject, *per se*, and increasingly more was concerned with the manner of presenting the subject.

This applies not only to figure painting. It applies with equal force to landscape. Poussin and Claude had insisted upon the grandiose. With them the subject counted most. For Monet one haycock, or one row of poplars, was sufficient material for weeks of work. Art had shifted its attention from the object considered as a fact to the problem of presenting it under different conditions of light and atmosphere. Monet and his followers realized that light and color are the important factors in denominating nature—that what in a certain complex of conditions appears to be one thing, in another is entirely changed. Painters began to wonder about the mysterious qualities in nature which have so much power to change the drab and commonplace into things of exquisite beauty. To a certain degree this implies the acquisition of technique. But more than that it meant the subordination of the historic or narrative element to the realization of the beauty of nature in terms of color, light, mass and form.

Art had started out with the thesis that the subject is of first importance, the theory that this subject must be exotic and remote, and that the forms employed must measure up to standard types. Soon emerged the consciousness that remoteness or nobility of theme are not essential. Yet, even then, it continued to be thought imperative that some particular interest inhere in the story, whether the latter be inspired by classic legend, mediæval romance or contemporary life. Only in comparatively recent times, possibly since the third quarter of the last century, have artists recognized generally that subject is less important than the beauty that clothes it, because of certain conditions of color and atmosphere.

The new movement means that men were

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approaching their work critically. After Manet showed that the impression of reality could be better produced by simplification of plane and color—in which matter he was only following a law which the Greeks had discovered five hundred years before Christ—after he had demonstrated the potentials of simplification, it was easy for Gauguin to extend his planes and reduce not only the tones of his colors, but the actual gamut of color itself. With this disregard of nature's particularities it was natural that a mind like Gauguin's, verging on the abnormal, should feel no impropriety in disdaining the verity of natural color. A green horse or a magenta dog was no offense to him. If such colors fitted into the scheme of his picture he saw no reason why they should not be borne by a dog or a horse as well as any other object. He had never seen a purple cow, but, unlike the poet, he had no objection to seeing such a creature.

So, too, with form. If, as in color, correspondence with fact was looked upon as unessential, with form it was quite as permissible to take liberties if the effect desired could thus be obtained. Michelangelo changed the natural proportions, why then should not men like Gauguin see no offense in what may mildly be described as exaggeration?

Perhaps the most startling feature connected with this new movement was a tendency to speculate about the character of things in nature. It was this philosophical habit that caused Cézanne to note that objects in close proximity appear to modify their respective shapes. This phenomenon is familiar to everyone in the seeming mutual distortion of certain closely adjacent lines. Consciousness of this habit led Cézanne to imagine that an increase of these aberrations must intensify the suggestion of reality, and caused him in his pictures to wrench from rectitude the forms of animate as well as inanimate objects. The more he became interested in his new theory the less regard he had for actuality, until it is fair to say that much of his painting is not representation but symbolism, or something even less easy to define.

After Cézanne made his pronouncement as to the apparently mutual distortion of objects, other artists who liked to be classed among the "illuminati," easily elaborated this doctrine. Naturally men less intellectually gifted than Cézanne misunderstood what he meant. From the artist's statement that all natural forms are based upon those of the cone, sphere and cylinder, Picasso assumed that all objects in nature are cones, spheres, or cylinders. Out of this grotesque misunderstanding, or perhaps wilful distortion of truth, evolved that abnormality in art known as cubism.

Of these modernists one might truly say that too much thinking had made them mad. Cézanne had seen that objects in imminent contact seem to qualify each other's forms. Thereupon other artists discovered that when they recalled this or that thing—say, for example, a vase—they not only saw the front, which was turned toward them, but also the back, which was turned away. This phenomenon results in part from the mind being so familiar with the objects as to be able to supply what would actually be concealed from the artist's view. Also it is true that when we look at a vase, since we use two eyes in observing it, we do somewhat encompass the sides with our sight.

Possessed of this knowledge certain painters depicted objects in such a fashion that several aspects are presented simultaneously. When this point is reached painting ceased to be representative. At that moment began the modernist movement. One might almost say that painting was no longer an art but a phase of philosophy. Artists, seemingly incapable of understanding that a mind untrained to examine the facts of nature rationally must, perforce, err in its judgments, seized upon what seemed to them obvious truths, made a hobby-horse of them, and rode it to death.

For example, once it was granted that many aspects of a static object might be represented simultaneously, it was, or at least seemed to be, a logical sequence that objects in motion might be represented at once in the several progressive stages of that motion. For this point of view there was, apparently, some justification, since if we visualize, let us say, a man running to catch a train, we see not a man at any one place in his mad career, but we follow him, independently of the element of time, from the initiation to the completion of his course. The artist is aware of this without recognizing that what may be envisioned in a flash

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by the mind does not present itself for such instantaneous apprehension to the physical eye. So while undoubtedly an artist might visualize a nude figure descending a staircase, he could not represent on his canvas the progress of this nude from the top to the bottom of the stairs without producing a result which, in our most expansive mood, we are compelled to call fantastic.

Much as we may protest against these cubists, at least we must admit that they deal with more or less recognizable forms. Perhaps it was not their fault. In fact one suspects that they would have divorced themselves from recognizable shapes had they known what to substitute in their places. As it is they moved as far away as possible from what seemed to them the contamination of mere representation.

With their minds turned in that direction it is not astonishing that the futurists, frankly disavowing any interest in form, concentrated their efforts upon abstractions. Russolo disdained the old-fashioned method of suggesting motion by showing the blurred spokes of an engine-wheel, and a spurt of steam escaping from the cylinder; his contention being that what you really have is an engine at rest, a pattern of steam also at rest, and a wheel, though blurred, equally still. Said he: only by the acceptance of certain conventions do we understand that such a picture suggests speed. Therefore he would have none of it. He desired the actual presentation of speed to the spectator; speed devoid of the accident of the object in motion; speed so shown that one is at once borne along by the impetuous onrush.

This tendency to use pictorial agencies to express abstractions is but one phase of non-academic art. If we return to the post-impressionists we shall see that another path was taken by an equally anti-academic group. Manet had preached the doctrine of simplicity; Gauguin elaborated, or, if you please, exaggerated that idea. It remained for Matisse, the classically-trained and able draughtsman, to find in the sensuousness of Gauguin's color and his symbolic distortions of form an inspiration to carry the idea of simplicity to an ultimate conclusion. Form as such did not appeal to him; color he valued only in proportion to its power to stimulate emotion. Had he been able he would have eliminated entirely from art the necessity of acknowledging the existence of form. He was drawn toward what he believed to be the essence of things. Could he exorcise that from form, it mattered little what happened to the latter.

His theory of simplicity of expression caused Matisse to think that primitive man, unconfused by the involutions of modern society, sees things with a clearer vision than the present-day man. This quaint doctrine drew him toward negroid sculpture, and deceived him into believing that the steatopygous monstrosities produced by these primitive sculptors show an artistic forthrightness. He failed to understand that primitive man, because of his uncomplicated existence, is not necessarily a clearer thinker. It never occurred to him, nor to those who patter about the sweetness of primitive life, that the primeval man is of lesser brain capacity than the modern, and that, far from having a keener vision because of his primordial innocence, is much less able than his more cultivated brother to see things either clearly or correctly. More simply he does see them, but with a simplicity rather of ineptitude than calculation. The theory that would place early man as the model for moderns is identical with the idea that simple childhood comes nearer to a realization of nature's mysteries than thinking maturity; yet anyone who has observed the artistic efforts of an untutored child can hardly agree to such a proposition. From time to time we hear such theories propounded, but they are as futile as those which would have the grown man once more return to the enjoyments of his infancy. You cannot turn back the hands of the clock. Even in the work of so subtle an artist as Paul Manship such a theory produces little more than an academically artificial beauty. Water cannot be made to flow back under the bridge.

Unquestionably such pictures as Matisse produced, along with the teaching of Cézanne, helped make cubism possible. To the historical critic such reversions to a remote past for inspiration spell disaster, because experience teaches that when an art becomes archaistic it is, if not already decadent, at least headed for decadence.

The futurist, whatever else may be said of him, did not look backward. Like the soul in the theory of transmigration, he thought to approach perfection by a con-

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tinual elimination of the earthy from his make-up. Russolo could represent, or at least thought he had represented, the dynamic force of an automobile. Another artist might allow a sinuously indeterminate line to writhe across an otherwise innocently white sheet of paper and call it "rhythm." Such an artist, maybe, would depict "Music" by tender stains of tint or staccato dots of color, according to the whim of the moment. One speculates fearfully how a really emancipated modernist would represent sound or smell. A crashing drum or an enticing bottle might have sufficed the old-fashioned artist. But this would be too obvious—too banal for the present-day radical.

The inevitable question is—whither has it all led? What has this radicalism done for the good of art? If I have made myself clear it must have appeared that from the start there has been a revolt against the traditional canon of the academy. It must have appeared also that not until the advent of the post-impressionist, or just possibly a little earlier with the impressionist, did the anti-academic group neglect the substance of art for an attempted exploration of the spirit. Once for all the idea of representation was discarded; pictorial art began to do what has been attempted in modern music—to try to analyze and interpret matter which, it would appear, lies outside the capability of its technique. You are asked to adventure into a non-physical, tenuous world of which we know little, and that little not at all well.

Could it be proved that this revolt against academic canon is entirely the work of improperly equipped artists, we might dismiss the question of the modernist movement as a bit of stupid charlatanism. But in the face of the fact that many of these rebels could, when they so chose, draw well even according to academic standards, we must look closer at the matter.

The situation seems to be this: Startled by the dawning consciousness that the academic group had bogged down into an uninspired habit of work which prevented it from really appreciating nature, and dimly aware that there are many mysteries in the natural world awaiting investigation, these protestants quickly passed from what seemed the more obvious and apparently easy task of recording visible forms to an attempted analysis of the essence of things. The movement is of the same cloth with the psycho-analytical tendencies of the last few years. As soon as art became a means for investigating the problems arising in connection with a study of one's environment, it was quite possible for the idea of beauty to recede beyond the horizon. Foolishly or not, these painters fancied themselves deep thinkers, philosophers whose investigations carried them above the need of mere beauty. The misfortune is that the farther their art moved away from the traditional type the more it found itself compelled to use a symbolism intelligible only to the initiated. Art thus becomes a cult. In some instances color is treated with consideration so that the layman still experiences a pleasant sensation. But natural form is aborted into a shape bearing little resemblance to the subject supposed to be represented. Often, too, color bears no relation to that which is native to the object. Its function is quite as learnedly cryptic as the drawing. So baffling to the ordinary person are these super-pictures that one is fairly justified in believing that in some cases their fantastic ugliness and unintelligible confusion is the masquerading charlatanism of inexpert daubers.

At the same time it would be incorrect to say that the modernist movement has produced no good results. Rebellion always accomplishes some good. It was, for example, the impressionist's eagerness to record the fugitive aspects of nature that taught the artistic world that color in nature is not bounded by the conventional rules of the studio. The modernist also made it clear that form has a solidity which is due to the play of light on color. This fact had never once glimmered in the consciousness of the tradition-reverencing academician. Through the modernist's efforts man's appreciation of the beauty and mystery of nature has been quickened. Therefore if in their speculative audacity they err in attempting the unattainable, they should be credited at least with jolting the academician out of the rut of contentment and complacent self-appreciation into which he had fallen.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 7.

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THE
FINANCIAL SITUATION

In the "Dull Season"

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

THE pause which midsummer usually brings to financial, industrial, and sometimes political activities, affects the financial community's ideas and impressions in two different ways; its effect depending on whether observers of the situation are trying to look into the future or are making comparisons with the past. To those who are gazing forward, midsummer is a period of uncertainty. How uncertain a season it is in politics, nothing proves better than the misgiving which has prevailed in the summer of our own presidential years, even with parties and candidates whose subsequent victory at the polls was overwhelming.

The Pause of Midsummer Markets

Mr. Roosevelt's uneasiness over his own campaign at the end of summer in 1904, with his 2,500,000 popular majority ahead of him, was no less typical than Mr. Lincoln's deliberate conclusion at the end of August, 1864, that he was destined to be defeated, although the sweeping majority of election day was hardly two months away. In financial and industrial markets it is always a matter of controversy in the markets, even after a springtime trade revival, whether the midsummer relaxation means that the forward movement has spent its force and is destined to be followed by reaction in the autumn, or whether the midyear halt represents only the gathering of energy for resumption on a larger scale of the forward movement.

THERE are midyear uncertainties in the tangible factors making for prosperity or adversity. Even before the war, the question as to good or bad outcome of home and foreign harvests, with the important bearing which the character of those harvests always had on the purchasing power of the people, on foreign-exchange rates, on movement of gold, on volume of railway traffic, necessarily hung in the balance during the summer months, subject to vicissitudes of the season. Even in years which are now remembered for their immense grain production in the United States, this uncertainty prevailed. Nowadays, the famous American wheat crops of 1914 and 1915—exceeding respectively by 140,000,000 and 270,000,000 bushels the largest pre-war harvests—are remembered only because of the part played by those unexampled yields in averting European food shortage during the first half of the war. Probably even the grain trade has forgotten that for many weeks the winter wheat crop of 1915 was threatened by unseasonable rains which disheartened the markets, and the spring wheat crop of 1914 by a midsummer hot wave which reduced its condition from 92 per cent of a perfect crop in July to 74 per cent in August.

Uncertainties of the Season

But to the thoughtful watcher of the situation whose eye is turned to comparison with the similar midyear season of uncertainty a year or more before, the question of economic revival or reaction, and of the scope of either, is answered by the record. The midsummer pause in 1921 brought great uncertainty to financial markets, but even then the markets knew that the long and precipitous decline in prices had been checked, that the tightening of the credit market had reached its end, and that conditions were altogether changed from what they had been in midsummer of 1920; a time when every merchant and producer knew that his business affairs were drifting rapidly toward violent readjustment.

THE midsummer halt of 1915 aroused anxious inquiry as to whether the American trade revival, which had begun

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in the springtime after the autumn "war panic," could possibly be carried farther.

During the "War Boom"

But a moment's comparison of the surrounding circumstances with the economic chaos into which the whole financial and industrial world had been plunged with the coming of midsummer in 1914, was enough to convince the most timid or sceptical observer that for this country at any rate, the position had been completely reversed; that, whatever should be in store for the country's economic fortunes later on, America was on its financial feet and moving toward the position of central credit market which London had relinquished.

The disturbing considerations, to those who tried to look ahead in midsummer of 1915, were the facts that the world was at war, that destruction of life and property was proceeding at a rate never paralleled in the history of war, and that capital was being wasted in the work of devastation as it had never previously been wasted. Then how was financial and industrial revival possible, even to a neutral state? We know now what actually followed; the scope of the American business expansion which ensued is on the record, and nowadays in retrospect it is easy to see that no other result was reasonably to have been expected under the circumstances which were plainly visible in July and August of 1915.

Trying to Look Ahead

WE cannot look ahead with any more assurance in the summer of 1922 than in the summer of 1915. Precisely as it was then asked how a forward movement of finance and industry was possible with the incubus of a great war overshadowing the situation, so it is asked now how trade and industry can revive, even in America, with Europe in a state of reaction, collapse, and economic confusion. But we can at least look back a year and see where we stand as compared with midsummer of 1921.

When one recalls the spirit of utter hopelessness regarding Europe's economic dilemma which then pervaded the minds even of the most experienced financiers, and next considers what has happened in the intervening period—the seemingly inexhaustible resources of investment capital which have come into play, the extent to which private American investors are now financing even Central Europe, the discussion by practical bankers of a billion-dollar loan to finance the German reparations payments, the rise in value of all the European currencies except those of Germany, Austria, and Russia, the beginning of a series of international conferences to find the way out by united effort—it is impossible to doubt the immense change for the better from the situation of a year ago, and the long steps taken toward solution of the central problem. But such a retrospect has its significance in regard to the future also, precisely as it did in the first year of the war. It may not indicate that financial and industrial recovery is bound to continue at an increasingly rapid pace. But it does mean that its continuance may be reasonably looked for.

The Midsummer Situation

FOR the considerable reaction in prices which occurred on nearly all markets at the beginning of summer, Wall Street assigned particular causes, as it always does; ascribing the decline of 5 points or thereabouts on the stock market to the coal strike in this country, the threat of a railway strike, and the postponement of the plan for a German loan by the Paris conference of bankers; explaining the average decline of 1 or 2 per cent in bonds to the fact that the investing public had grown less enthusiastic in subscribing to new loans simultaneously offered in large quantities; ascribing the reaction in foreign exchange (which in June brought the pound sterling 13½ cents below the month's highest rate of $4.51¼ and the franc 1 cent below the year's high point of 9⅜ cents) to the doubtful position in which the German reparations controversy was left by the failure of the Paris negotiations. All these influences played their part. Nevertheless, the teaching of experience has been that substantial reaction in values was in any case bound to follow so prolonged and rapid an advance as had occurred on all these markets.

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 258)

Such reaction is very apt to come along with ıe summer-time reaction of general business ctivity. Even in years when the forward ıovement of prosperity subsequently turned ıt to have been unchecked, the midsummer :action on the Stock Exchange equally oc-ırred. Looked at in retrospect, the reason :emed to have been, first, that the momentum : a speculative market always carries prices eyond the point at which visible conditions :e fairly measured, and, second, that the tan-ible movement of trade and industry comes ıto play in the spring and autumn seasons, ut that the summer is apt to be a period of ncertainty as to the scope of autumn business xpansion.

Among the traditions of the Stock Exchange re the heavy midsummer break in prices dur-ıg the year of speculation for the rise, 1919, nd the even more violent downward reaction ı the summer of 1916 and 1915, although ev-y one of those years was marked out by a se of prices during both spring and autumn. ven in the most celebrated period of expand-ıg American prosperity, covering 1899, 1900, nd 1901, although the New York stock market eflected that expansion by a series of notable dvances, there were also several exceedingly violent intermediate reactions in prices, extending over periods of weeks and on one or two occasions reaching momentarily to almost panicky proportions.

IF the speculative markets, then, are not at such times a sure guide to the actual condition and outlook of finance and industry, it is the more necessary to examine the visible indications in the business field itself. In that direction, the experienced observer will at present find both encouragement and disappointment—encouragement because the evidences of a situation changing steadily for the better have already presented themselves with a distinctness which very few people would have predicted six months ago; disappointment, because the hopes of vigorous and tangible revival of trade during the early months of 1922, which were aroused by the enthusiastic markets of April and May, have not materialized.

The Feeling in Financial Circles

The signs of promise may be most readily discovered through contrast of the existing situation with the situation which existed a very short time ago. But Wall Street frequently misleads itself by the very fact of making and exaggerating such comparisons. It is

(Financial Situation, continued on page 43)

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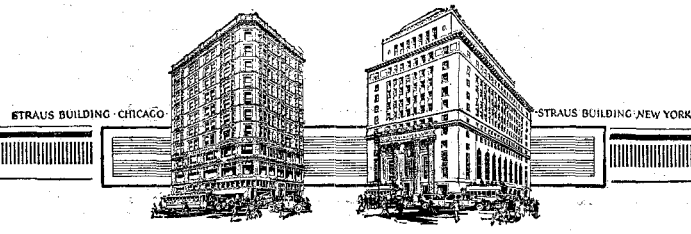

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 41)

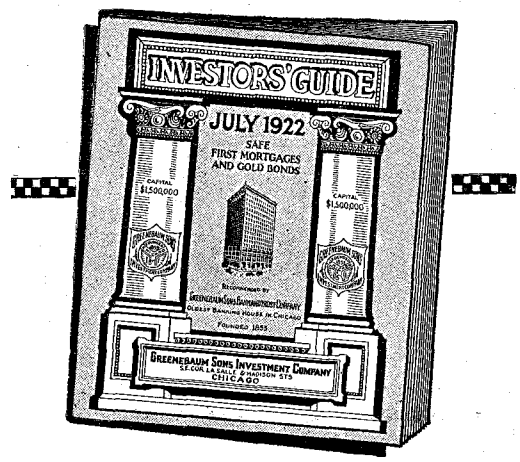
aracteristic of the underlying spirit of optiism which prevails in American finance and inistry that the preliminary achievement in the ay of recovery after a severe industrial setack is habitually discussed, not merely as roof that the turn in the tide had come but as uarantee of an immediate "business boom." hen something of this belief had begun to preail last spring, the absence of anything reotely resembling the business boom, the conant reiteration by the mercantile agencies in eir weekly bulletins that, although "increasg confidence" was evident in commercial circes, nevertheless the active general trade had iled to materialize, seemed to mean disapointed hopes. People began to ask whether e signs of coming recovery had not been illuon.

WHETHER and to what extent the prolongation of the coal miners' and the texe workers' strike, and the attitude of railway bor toward the Labor Board's reductions in e wage scale, were dominant influences in the recurrent reaction of prices on the Stock Exchange, it would perhaps be difficult to say. The particular incidents of the season, in the field mine and transportation labor, have emodied one peculiarly interesting phase of the onomic readjustment which followed the onomic upheaval of war time. It is possible w to see that, in the immediate sequel to e war, expectation in regard to the wage ale was subject to misjudgment, even among perienced observers, as complete as was the riod's misjudgment regarding the probable urse of prices and cost of living. When the ar ended, belief was very general, even among e largest employers of labor, that wages ould not be reduced to any material extent om the much higher average level to which e industrial exigencies of war had raised em.

: to the bor uestion

There was a double ground for this belief. In e first place, when the war ended labor itself emed to have control of the situation. So as its own interests were affected, it was le to exercise such control not only industally but politically; the question of 1919 emed to be, not merely whether labor was t able to exact its own terms, but whether it ght not be able also to insist on a direct are and partnership with its employers. e attempt to secure this last-named prerative broke down, in the form which it had en assumed; its breakdown being partly at-

(Financial Situation, continued on page 45)



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(Financial Situation, continued from page 43)

tributable to the complete collapse of the Russian experiment, partly to the flat rejection of the idea in the United States, but mostly to recognition, even by labor, of the inconsistency of asking to share as a partner with capital in the profits of industry, while putting aside any intention or possibility of sharing in its risks or losses.

BUT the controlling influence which labor did not retain through its political power, it continued for a considerable time to hold through the nature of the industrial situation. The peculiar economic character of the first year after the war arose from a series of perplexing facts. Goods already in supply were held back from the market on borrowed money for the purpose of exacting higher prices. The high prices which actually prevailed, and expectation of a still greater rise, caused speeding up of production in every industry. Labor supply of the moment, with its efficiency much reduced, turned out to be inadequate to keep up the pace of production. Yet manufacturers, probably with an instinctive sense that the seemingly boundless demand for their products could not last, became urgent bidders against one another for the labor which they needed. Wages, therefore, instead of falling from their higher war-time level, advanced with great rapidity during the year or year and a half after the war was over. All this is what differentiated the history of the wage scale after the great European War from what had happened to it in the immediate aftermath of all other great wars.

Labor's Position at the End of the War

In short, the very prevalent belief of 1919 that wages could not come down had its basis both in the fact that rapidly rising prices made payment of the higher wages possible and in the fact that the increased cost of living made higher wages just. As compared with 1914, the data of the United States Labor Department's Bulletin fixed the increase in average cost of living at 74⅜ per cent by the end of 1918, at 99⅓ per cent by the end of 1919, and at 116½ per cent by the middle of 1920, when prices were at their highest. The extent to which wages had risen along with and because of this rise of prices and rise in cost of living, has been shown by the Department in a highly typical comparison for union labor in the building trade, whose average pay per hour in May of 1919 was 43 per cent above 1914, but in

(Financial Situation, continued on page 47)

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 45)

May of 1920 was 96 per cent above that first year of war and in May of 1921 was nearly 100 per cent above it. Spinners in the Massachusetts cotton-mills earned 15.8 cents per hour on the average in 1914, and 29.6 in 1918, but in 1920 the average had risen to 60½. While the department's computations showed the cost of living to have risen 52 per cent between December, 1917, and June, 1920, the United States Labor Board reported that the average increase in railway wages during the same interval had been 63½ per cent, on top of a series of advances between 1914 and 1917.

The Reaction of 1920

IT will have been observed that the rise in prices and in cost of living proceeded at a far more rapid pace during the eighteen months after the armistice than it did in the war itself. But in 1920 came the downward readjustment of the prices in every industry, whose rapidity and violence was of a wholly unexpected character. A year later the decline of wholesale prices from the highest average of the period had run nearly to 50 per cent. Nothing quite like that had ever before been witnessed in economic history. With a margin of business profit for industrial production thus reduced from that of 1919 or 1920, maintenance of the 1920 wage scale became a practical impossibility.

It must be remembered that this fall in prices of what the manufacturer had to sell was not a consequence of home or foreign competition, or of deliberate revision of their price-lists by producers. It resulted from the sudden, obstinate, and continuing refusal of the retail customers to pay the abnormally high prices any longer. The illusion of the buyer regarding his own capacity to buy without limitation had disappeared, and with it had gone the illusion of the seller regarding the market which was to be indefinitely open for his increased production. In a great number of industries the alternative now presented was of lowering all costs or abandoning production. But evidence of the economic necessity for wage reduction under the circumstances was presently followed by evidence of its fairness. Living expenses necessarily declined in the end along with prices. Between June, 1920, and March, 1922, by the Department of Labor's calculations, which I have already cited, the average cost of living had decreased 27 per cent, this notwithstanding a rise in house-rent, which at both dates was included in the estimates.

(Financial Situation, continued on page 49)

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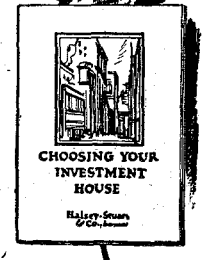

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 47)

GENERAL revision of wages followed as a matter of course, but they were nowhere owered from their highest level in the same ercentage as the decline in prices and cost of ving, except in a few trades like the textile industry, in which the preceding advance of wages had been wholly out of proportion to the advance in prices of the product. Most of the reductions were proposed directly y the employers to their organized employes; sometimes they were accepted, sometimes esisted. But the course of events was espeially interesting in the railway industry, in hich an unusual experiment had been introuced; the final decision on petitions of railway mployees for the raising of wages, or on petions of the railway companies for lowering f wages, being left by the Transportation Act f 1920 in the hands of a Railway Labor Board, stablished by that statute. That board was o be made up of a membership of nine apointed by the President of the United States, ith the ratification of the Senate.

he ailway aw of 920

Of these nine members, three were to repreent the carriers and to be nominated by them, hree to represent the employees and to be ominated by them, and three to represent the eneral public. The Board was to base its ulings, in the language of the Transportation ct, on "the scale of wages paid for similar nds of work in other industries, the relation etween wages and cost of living, the hazards the employment, the training and skill required, the degree of responsibility, the character and regularity of the employment and equalities of increases in wages or of treatent, the result of previous wage orders or ljustments."

AS its first act under this authorization, the Board increased the railway wage scale 20 er cent, as of May, 1920, when cost of living as at its highest. A year later the Board deeased the wage scale on the average 12 per cent, as of July, 1921, when prices had made their 50 per cent decline and wages in all other industries had fallen correspondingly. This ange affected mostly the operating forces. ast May the Board supplemented that decion by further revision of the wages of railway op employees and unskilled labor, the result which was virtually to restore the average age scale as it existed before the advance of 20. The Board's statisticians then reported at, whereas under the award of 1920 average

tion of e Labor ard

(Financial Situation, continued on page 51)

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 49)

ages were increased 139.9 per cent as com-
ared with December, 1917, as against 52 per
nt increase in cost of living, the wage scale
fixed last May was 69.4 per cent higher than
the 1917 date, while cost of living averaged
increase of only 17.2 per cent.

Such, so far as the evidence is laid before us, the position of affairs. It is a phase of the cial and economic situation which had not een generally looked for, certainly not at so rly a date, when the war came to its end—ly more than had the precipitous decline in ices. It has been very largely a consequence, ot of disturbance of the economical relation things during the war, but of the disturbance them in the period of violent inflation of alues during the year and a half after the war as over. But these now well-recognized facts ave not made the problem of wage readjust-ent any simpler. It was bound to be a pain-l and difficult process, not less so when or-anized labor has the near recollection of a me when, under the illusion that unprece-entedly high wages meant an equally unprec-dented margin before income and cost of ving, the wage-earning class was among the ost lavish and wasteful spenders of the two ears after the armistice.

THE labor organizations are right in being on their guard against unfair and excessive pplication of an inevitable readjustment. ut the problem is at best a difficult one, and uman instincts are too strong to make it possible for one side in the controversy to accept even the demonstrated facts on which the other side bases its contention. What was called he "strike vote" of the railway unions in 1921 nd again in this present year, was a strong llustration of this aspect of the matter. Rail-ay workers whose wage-scale had been re-luced in line with the Transportation Act's provisions, were asked through a referendum of he unions to say individually whether they ccepted or rejected the decision. But in so far s their response was merely approval or dis-pproval of the wage reduction, human nature lone was sufficient to insure a vote of rejec-ion; certainly not less so when exactly such a ote by large majorities on the railway wage eduction of last year was not followed by a trike.

Difficulties of the Situation

Yet on the other hand labor-union politics, he sense which every elected officer of the nion has of being watched by factional op-

(Financial Situation, continued on page 52)

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 51)

ponents for some action which could be utilized to unseat him, has made the path of the union leader difficult. Perhaps the varying point of view, the deadlock of opinion, were even more forcibly illustrated by the fact that in the decision for lower wages by the Labor Board in June—a decision which the Board itself approached reluctantly—all the railway representatives voted for reduction and all the labor representatives against it, leaving the matter to be decided by the vote of the three representatives of the public.

The Present Period and Others

THIS is the situation which is working itself out in the series of industrial disputes made inevitable by such circumstances. It is in many respects a peculiarly complex situation. In the period following our Civil War statistics show that the average wage-scale in this country increased during every one of the eight years after 1865 and that this occurred even when the general average of prices was declining. But a little study of the figures shows that the case of the sixties was one in which wages during the war itself, instead of keeping pace with the rise in prices as they did between 1914 and 1919, had advanced scarcely half as rapidly as prices. It was also a case in which the violent reaction of trade and industry, the precipitous fall in prices, which in our own recent case occurred less than two years after return of peace, and in the compass of a single twelvemonth, did not then begin in earnest until eight years after the end of the Civil War.

There are other complicating considerations. The individual laborer is naturally restless that a reduction in his wages should be based on statistical averages of a changing cost of living. His own idea is to better his condition under any circumstances, and his own experience very probably may be that he has recently increased his own scale of expenditure because of his higher wages. On the other hand, there is necessarily a limit to the wage cost which producers or transportation agencies can sustain in a falling market for their goods and services.

YET as against even this consideration, the renewed activity of springtime in certain industries, such as steel production and build

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construction, brought employers in those ustries into the market as urgent bidders for labor because of actual scarcity. This fact suggests the question what would happen in the field of employment if a vigorous industrial recovery were to spread to most of the other trades, at a time when new restrictions on immigration have cked the old-time automatic increase in our ›ring population from that source.

Labor blem ıe ıstrial ıre

What shape will be assumed, in the longer iod of economic readjustment, by this prob- of change in the wage scale, whether up- d or downward, is one of the questions in financial and industrial outlook which it is dest to answer confidently. There has been ınd both for encouragement and discour- ment in the course of events since the war ed. The great increase in the size and ver of the more important labor organiza- ıs, which it was once imagined might ag- vate the severity and violence of industrial ıggles, has on the whole resulted differently. : very magnitude of its responsibility has illed something of caution, not to say con- vatism, into the union leadership. Wide- ead recourse to violence in the conducting ı strike has been absent to a degree that ıld have seemed remarkable two or three ades ago. The Federal Government has :e and more positively accepted, as a mat- of course, the duty of intervening and set- g nation-wide disputes when production or ınsportation of necessities was stopped by failure of negotiations between employers l employees.

Beyond these facts, the problem is still in doubtful and experimental stage. Whether arbitral board established by the railway to pass on the merits of wage controversies he industry points the way to the solution, en it is possible to enforce such decisions inst the employing company or individual not against the labor-union, is yet to be ermined. The one really assuring consid- tion is the attitude of the general public: complete disappearance of the old idea t a struggle between capital and labor something in which the public cannot e a hand in the way of peremptory settle- ıt.

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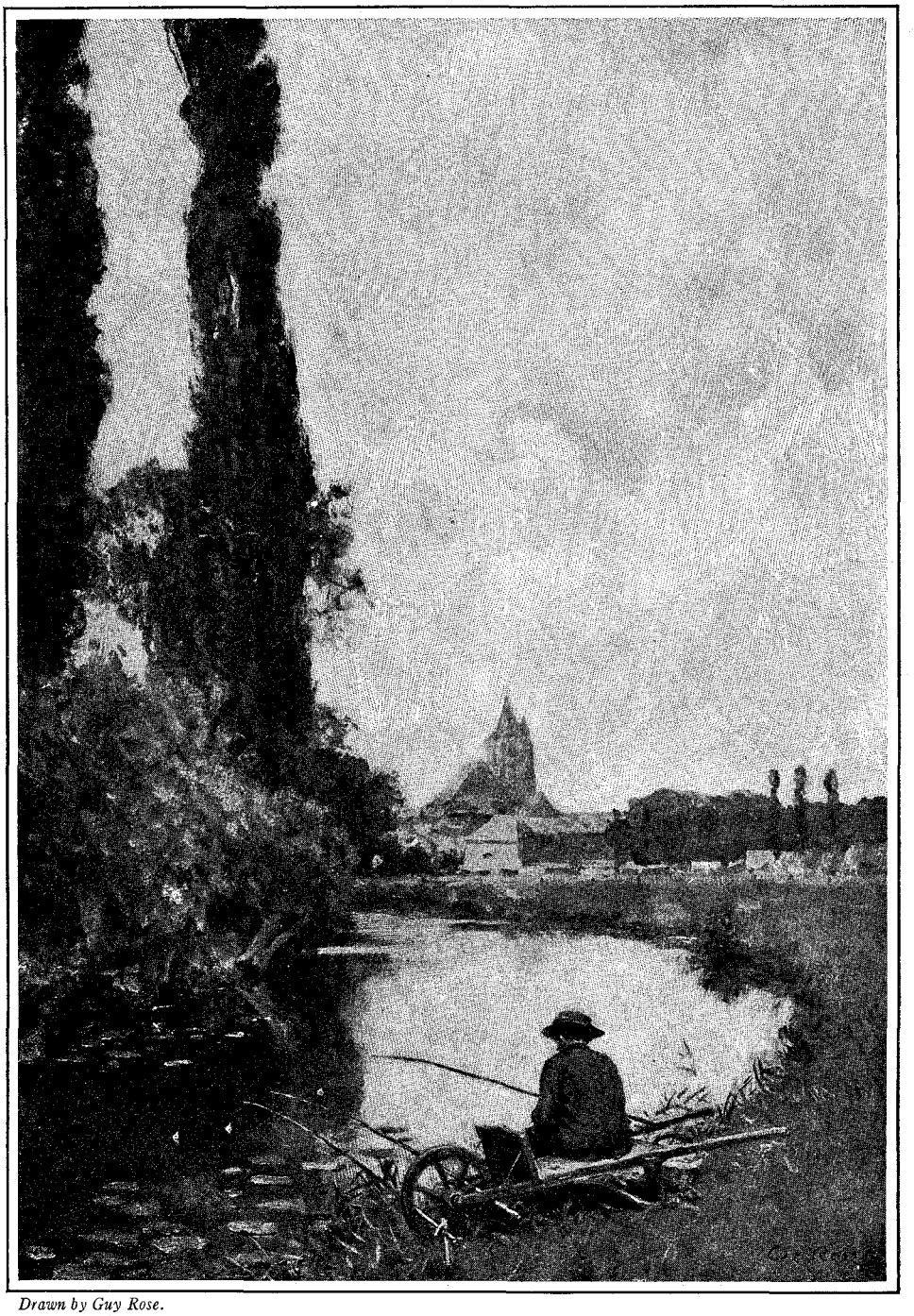

Drawn by Guy Rose.

POLLARD WILLOWS ON THE BANKS.

—"Coarse Fishing in France," page 281.

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